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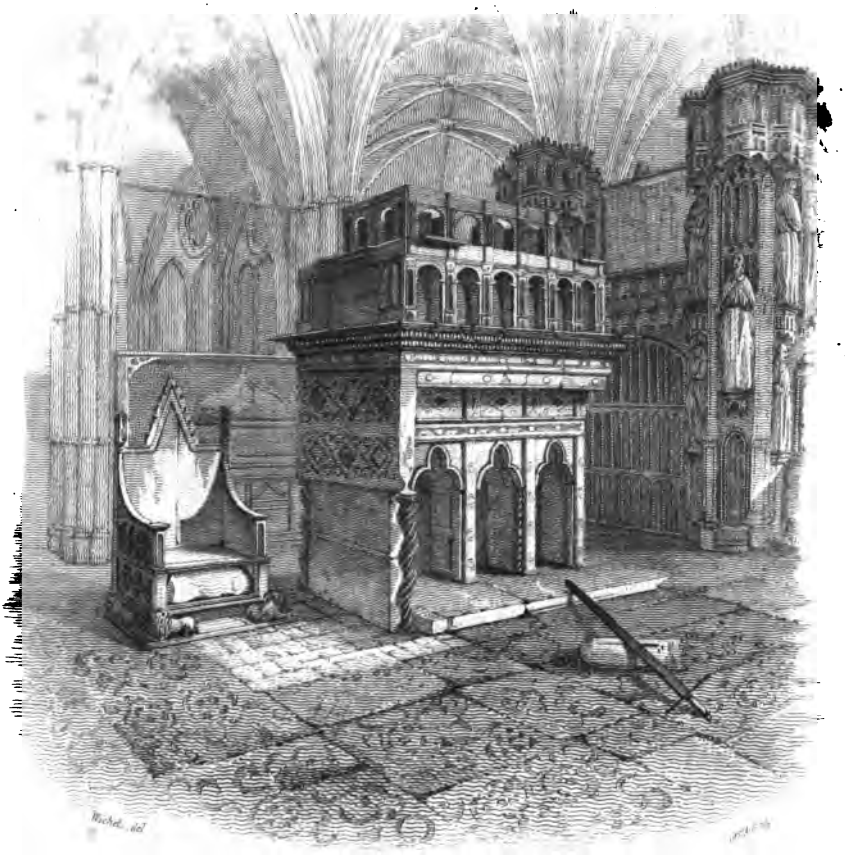

Shrine of Edward the Confessor,

and the Coronation Chair.

THE

CATHOLIC MISCELLANY.

NEW SERIES.

"In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus charitas."

Sr. Aug.

JULY——DECEMBER.

MDCCCXXVIII.

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1828.

CONTENTS.

JULY.

	Page
Priestly Influence	1
CATHOLIC ANTIQUITIES.—No. I.—Shrine of Edward the Confessor—the Coronation Chair	9
The Fate of Youth, by D. S. L.	16
The Rev. Mr. Pope's Inaccuracies	17
Dr. Milner's Grave, by D. S. L.	21
Canzonetta	22
A Chapter from History	23
Transrhenane Memoirs	27
The Convict	36
Song of the Wexford Insurgent	46
Italy	47
The Reformation in Somers' Town	54
The British Catholic Association	56
Antiquities, Fine Arts, &c.	59
Domestic and Rural Economy	62
Monthly Intelligence	*ib.*
Marriages, Births, Obituary	64

AUGUST.

Men and Things in Ireland	65
The Body of St. Cuthbert	74
Planché's Descent of the Danube	76
The Rev. Mr. Pope's Inaccuracies	81
Lines, after Receiving the Sacrament	84
The Rev. Mr. Berington—Letters to the Rev. Mr. Evans—On the Doctrine of the Real Presence—The Rev. Mr. Berington's Correspondence with Mrs. Hannah More	85
Ancient Coins, Medals, and Gems	99
A Morning Ramble in Somerset House	109
The Bishop of Hermopolis's Defence of Christianity	114
The Oscotian	120
Politics	122
Antiquities, Fine Arts, &c.	123
Rural and Domestic Economy	125
Monthly Intelligence	126
Marriages, Obituary	128

SEPTEMBER.

CATHOLIC ANTIQUITIES —No. II.—Henry the Seventh's Chapel—The Cloisters, Westminster Abbey	129
Letters to the Rev. Mr. Garbett—Letter II.	133
The Jacobite's Hymn to the White Rose	136
A Spinster's Tour in France	137
The Rev. Mr. Pope's Inaccuracies	145
Protestantism in Germany	148
Original Letters of the Rev. Joseph Berington—To the Protestant Fabulist—To the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Winchester	155
The Rev. Mr. Peach's Sermons	160
The Oak	162
The Insanity of Martin Luther	163
Earl Kildare	166
Securities	16

Page

My Note Book"—Ignorance of an Overseer—Dr. Parr—"The Courier" Newspaper and Purgatory—Orangemen—Ireland in Danger 183
Antiquities, Fine Arts, &c. 189
Rural and Domestic Economy 190
Monthly Intelligence 191
Births, Deaths, Marriages, &c. . . . 192

OCTOBER.

The Brunswick Clubs 193
The Rev. Mr. Pope's Inaccuracies . . . 201
The Ancient Irish 203
The Turks and Russians 213
To ——— 220
Dr. Machale's Evidences of Christianity . . 221
Fenelon 228
The Oak 236
St. Petersburgh 237
The Rev. Mr. Richmond's Translation of the Amicable Discussion 243
My Note Book.—No. II.—Priestly Influence—Progress of Christianity—Schism amongst the Wesleyans—Scandal in the Kirk 250
Antiquities, Fine Arts, &c. 253
Monthly Intelligence 255
Births, Marriages, Obituary 256

NOVEMBER.

The History of Orangeism in Ireland . . . 257
Brutus, or the Fall of Tarquin 277
Letter of the Rev. Mr. O'Farrell to the British Catholic Association 282
Epitaph on a celebrated Saint 283
Catholic Countries described by Protestant Travellers—I. Portugal 284
Musings on the Days of Youth 296
Cash, Corn, and Catholics 297
Recollections of a Fortnight in Ireland . . . 303
Montgomery's Universal Prayer 307
A Trip to Penenden Heath 312
Antiquities, Fine Arts, &c. 317
Rural and Domestic Economy 319
Births, Marriages, Obituary 320

DECEMBER.

Notes on the Netherlands 321
Lines, by D. S. L. 327
The Last Days 328
Catholic Antiquities.—No. III.—The Tomb of Prior Rayhere in the Church of Saint Bartholomew the Great—The History of Hospitals—The Tomb of Henry V., Westminster Abbey . 337
Flodden Field 344
Catholic Countries described by Protestant Travellers.—II. Spain 345
Scenes in an Irish Village 359
Monthly Intelligence . . . . *ib.*
Netley Abbey 363
The Oscotian 365
Memoir of Daniel O'Connell, Esq. M. P. . . . 368
Saint Cuthbert 369
My Note Book.—No. III.—Witchcraft . . . 374
ntiquities, Fine Arts, &c. 378
ıral and Domestic Economy 379
ths, Marriages, Obituary 380

THE
CATHOLIC MISCELLANY.

JULY, 1828.

PRIESTLY INFLUENCE.

It is generally—we may say universally—believed by Protestants that the Catholic clergy, throughout the Christian world, exercise a vicious influence over the minds of the poorer classes committed to their spiritual guardianship, and that they feel it incumbent on them to repress any spirit of inquiry that may manifest itself among their flocks. All this is taken for granted in this country: it is repeated in St. Stephen's, and delivered from the pulpit; it finds its way into books which treat of every variety of subject; we have met it in works devoted to science; no theological publication is without it; and it diffuses a glow of orthodoxy over the ephemeral pages of the modern novel. Notwithstanding the established canon on the subject, we are inclined to question its accuracy. We have thought long, and not, we trust, superficially, upon the matter, and the result of our inquiries will be considered by Protestants, we doubt not, somewhat novel; for we have come to the conclusion that the Catholic priesthood never did, nor ever can, exercise a vicious influence over a great body of people. We shall now furnish the reader with the means of judging for himself; we do not argue the question theologically, and our references shall be uniformly to Protestant authorities or to authorities recognized by Protestants.

I. An influential priesthood and an ignorant people are incompatible; they never did exist permanently together. Barbarous nations either have no priests, or refuse to pay any great deference to those they have. Most of the American Indians have no religious ceremonies, and consequently no priests. There have been pretenders to medical skill and sorcery among them, but these were not considered religious teachers.* The Esquimaux, it appears, are still more independent of priestly control.† Nations still further advanced admit religious teachers, but their influence is extremely limited. In the Sandwich Islands, the Methodist missionaries encountered hardly any opposition from the priests, who were, indeed, the creatures of the chiefs, and who, at the command of the king, demolished the idols of the country. The prejudice of the people, however, has not yet been overcome.‡ In the East we witness similar results. "In Cochin China, and Tonquin," says Mr. Crawfurd,§ "as in China, there is abundance of absurd and harmless superstitious practices; but apparently no real devotion,—no enthusiasm, and no fixed dogmas to which the people are wedded. The ministers of religion, instead of being honoured, reverenced, and powerful, as in Buddhist and Brahminical countries, are few in number, of the meanest orders, and little respected. They seem, in short, to be looked upon as little better than a kind of fortune-tellers. Numerous petty temples and other places of worship are to be seen, to which solitary votaries repair for the purpose of offering sacrifices, as may suit their convenience; but there exist

* See Stevenson's Narrative of Twenty Years' Residence in South America, and Chateaubriand's Travels in America.

† See the Narratives of Franklin, Lyon, and Parry.

‡ See the Narratives of Ellis and Stewart. The one recently published, the other a year or two ago.

§ "Embassy to Siam and Cochin China."

no spacious temples where the people assemble to perform their devotions in common, or to receive religious or moral instruction."

In China priests have no influence;* and though the Mogul priests are on the borders of the empire munificently provided for, they seem to be in no very marked repute with the people.† The same phenomenon presents itself in ancient times. The Scandinavians manifested a contempt for religious practices; they dared their God to a personal encounter:‡ and the Anglo-Norman priests seem to have exercised very little influence over the people.§ In Ireland the Magi offered but little opposition to the progress of the gospel;‖ and, though we have heard a great deal about the Druids, we must observe that there has been very little proved. Borlase quoted Toland, and Toland Borlase, and both were equally ignorant of the subject.

II. Our next proposition is, that the influence of every priesthood over the poorer classes of people, uniformly depends upon the general propriety of their conduct. They must not only inculcate moral principles, but exemplify in their conduct their belief in the doctrines they teach.

That virtuous actions all tend to the production of good, will hardly be denied. "There are," says a profound thinker,¶ "certain actions, which cannot be contemplated, without the instant feeling of approval, and which may therefore be denominated *morally right*. Nature," he continues, "has *everywhere* made the production of *good* desirable for *itself*, and the production of evil *desirable*, when it *is* desired and approved, only because it is accompanied, or supposed to be accompanied, with good; the very desire of the compound of good and evil, *on this account*, is itself a proof not of love of evil, but of love of good. It is pleasing thus to find nature in the wildest excesses of savage ignorance, and in those abuses to which the imperfect knowledge even of civilized nations sometimes gives rise, still vindicating as it were her own excellence,—in the midst of vice and misery, asserting, still, those sacred principles, which are the virtue and the happiness of nations,—principles of which that very misery and vice attest the power, whether in the errors of multitudes who have sought evil for some supposed good, or in the guilt of individuals, who, in abandoning virtue, still offer to it an allegiance which it is impossible for them to withhold in the homage of their remorse."

"Cast your eyes," says Rousseau, "over all the nations of the world, and all the histories of nations. Amid so many inhuman and absurd superstitions—amid that prodigious diversity of manners and characters, you will find every where the same principles and distinctions of moral good and evil. The paganism of the ancient world produced, indeed, abominable gods, who on earth would have been shunned or punished as monsters, and who offered, as a picture of supreme happiness, only crimes to commit, and passions to satiate. But vice, armed with this sacred authority, descended in vain from the eternal abode: she found, in the heart of man, a moral instinct to repel her. The continence of Xenocrates was admired by those who celebrated the debaucheries of Jupiter—the chaste Lucretia adored the unchaste Venus—the most intrepid Roman sacrificed to *Fear*. He invoked the god who dethroned his

* See Account of Lord Amherst's Embassy.
† Timkouski's Travels of the Russian Mission.
‡ Mallet's Northern Antiquities.
§ Lingard—Turner.
‖ Lanigan's Eccles. Hist. of Ireland.
¶ Brown on the Philosophy of the Human Mind.

father, and he died without a murmur by the hand of his own. The most contemptible divinities were served by the greatest men. The holy voice of nature, stronger than that of the gods, made itself heard, and respected, and obeyed on earth, and seemed to *banish*, as it were, to the confinement of heaven, guilt and the guilty."

The Bramins of Hindostan, notwithstanding the complexity of their institutions, and the extensive ramifications of their order, have been unable to make the people lovers of immorality. The domestic virtues may be considered as universally recognized* and the priests possess much less influence than is generally supposed.† Extreme fanaticism is confined to devotees and small sects, and seems to proceed less from any design on the part of the priesthood, than from the nature of the predominant religion.

The people everywhere—when removed from utter barbarism, are not deficient in moral information. "But," says an author already quoted, "without taking into our consideration the rich endowment of a (cultivated) mind like this, let us think of one of those *humble* minds to which I have alluded. How vast are the acquirements even of a mind of this humble rank,—and acquirements, too, which a few years, that may be said almost to be years of infancy and apparent imbecility, have formed! Indeed, if all human science were to be divided, as Rousseau says, into two portions, the one comprehending what is common to all mankind, and the other only that stock of truths, which is peculiar to the wise and the learned, he can scarcely be regarded as delivering a very extravagant paradox, in asserting, that this latter portion, which is the subject of so much pride, would seem very trifling in comparison of the other. But of this greater portion we do not think, as he truly says, partly because the knowledge which it comprehends is acquired so very early, that we scarcely remember the acquisition of it, and still more, perhaps, because, since knowledge becomes remarkable only by its differences, the elements that are common in all, like the common quantities in algebraic equations, are counted as nothing."

Leaving the abstract part of the question for the practical, we arrive at the same conclusion. "In every civilized society," says a political moralist,‡ "in every society where the distinction of ranks has once been completely established, there have been always two different schemes or systems of morality current at the same time; of which the one may be called the strict or austere; the other the liberal, or, if you will, the loose system. The former is generally admired and revered by the common people: and the latter is commonly more esteemed and adopted by what are called people of fashion. The vices of levity are always ruinous to the common people, and a single week's thoughtlessness or dissipation is often sufficient to undo a poor workman for ever, and to drive him, through despair, upon committing the most enormous crimes. The wiser and better sort of the common people, therefore, have always the utmost abhorrence and detestation of such excesses, which their experience tells them are so immediately fatal to people of their condition. The disorder and extravagance of several years, on the contrary, will not always ruin a man of fashion, and people of that rank are very apt to consider the power of indulging in some degree of excess as one of the advantages

* Abbé Dubois. † See Bishop Heber's Narrative, and Mr. Rickards' "India."
‡ Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations.

of their fortune, and the liberty of doing so without censure or reproach as one of the privileges which belong to their station. In people of their own station, therefore, they regard such excesses but with a small degree of disapprobation, and censure them either very slightly or not at all.

"Almost all religious sects have begun among the common people, from whom they have generally drawn their earliest, as well as their most numerous proselytes. The austere system of morality has, accordingly, been adopted by those sects almost constantly, or with very few exceptions; for there have been some. It was the system by which they could best recommend themselves to that order of people to whom they first proposed their plan of reformation, upon what had been before established. Many of them, perhaps the greater part of them, have even endeavoured to gain credit by refining upon this austere system, and by carrying it to some degree of folly and extravagance; and this excessive rigour has frequently recommended them more than any thing else to the respect and veneration of the common people."

Illustrative of these opinions we make the following extract from a popular work,* attributed to a protestant nobleman.

"Of the various classes of our countrymen who betake themselves to foreign lands in search of liberty, of health, or of amusement, there are none which so astonish and perplex the people of the Continent as our English priesthood.

"I am one of those orthodox persons who deeply feel all the sins of the Catholic Church; and none certainly filled me at one time, as a Protestant, with more triumph, or does at present strike me with more regret, and perhaps disgust, than the ignorance, the low birth, and consequent vulgarity of the Catholic priesthood. The influence which these very defects give them over the peasantry, can prove of little advantage, except to their own stipend and comforts; whilst the higher and middling classes of society are abandoned to their rule of faith or no faith, and powerfully alienated from religion by the necessity of stooping for advice, consolation, or absolution, to beings whose only glimpse of knowledge is bigotry, whose pride is ignorance, and whose only education has been to misunderstand the Gospel.

"Our own system, however, which takes the minister of religion from the superior class of society, or raises him to that rank, has also its inconveniences; and perhaps upon a review of both plans it will be found, that more influence is lost over the lower orders, than is gained over the higher, by the gentility of our divines.

"It is only, however, as far as appearances are concerned, that this discussion is entered into; and even this not for the sake of invidious comparison, which, if it included serious points, would soon be rendered decisive, but for the sake of marking some blots upon our excellent system, which fail to strike those who are unacquainted with any other save it.

"And first, it may be observed of the Church in general, as of all human institutions, that where there is most wealth and prosperity, there is most scandal. That this was true of the Catholic Church in ancient times, too many chronicles tell. That it is not so of its present humble renascent state, may be asserted with equal boldness. From the northern to the southern extremity of its rule, from Brussels to Naples—(of the countries politically agitated by the priesthood, as Spain, we need not speak, for there the Catholic religion, far from being in an humble state, is decidedly in the prosperous and the scandalous)—throughout this far extended region, travellers and natives can bear witness to the universally decorous behaviour, moral conduct, and ardent zeal of the ministers of religion.

* The English in France.

They are poor, they are ignorant, if you will, and the religion they practise is not perhaps many degrees above mere *fetichism*—to use a French expression of modern date. But here your accusation rests—it goes no further. They present no glaring instances of immorality, none of indecorum. A crime, if a single member of the church commit it, is certain to be repeated, signalized, and exaggerated:—a step of imprudence, of ill regulated zeal, of folly, is published to the world with equal speed and distortion. And it is surprising how few occurrences of the kind can be grasped, to fill a paragraph in the liberal papers. No doubt this hostility and vigilance exercised towards the Catholic Church in France, and even in parts of Italy, though more tacitly, is the principal cause of its present scrupulous and unimpeachable character. Whatever be the cause, we must give them credit for the salutary effect.

"Surrounded, indeed, as are the priesthood of France, by an unbelieving apathetic population, who detest religion, with some reason, for its former bigotry, intolerance, and for its having formed the strongest links of that chain which bound and galled them, their life is full of trial and of peril. In most instances they have to re-preach the gospel; and the name of missionaries was not misapplied to those bold ecclesiastics, who ventured, at the hazard of their lives, to address the people of populous towns on the subject of religion. Even with the authorities at their back, they with difficulty escaped stoning. And whilst we condemn their ill-judged zeal, it is but practising that tolerance which we preach, to attribute their efforts as much to a pure and disinterested love of their religion, as to selfish or political motives.

"To these assertions of the morality, the good conduct, and the zeal of the priesthood, it should be added, that in despite of the bigotry of individual prelates, and the supposed association of some of them for purposes political as well as religious, the minister for ecclesiastical affairs in France, and consequently the chief of the Church, has made an uncalled-for declaration from the National Tribune, that the Gallican Church condemned in its opinions none of those beyond its pale, heretics or unbelievers, to the loss of salvation. And what is more important, this declaration of M. de Freyssinous was not only spoken in their parliament for the purpose of a show of tolerance, but it is repeated in the elementary books of the Colleges, and is one of the maxims which the candidates for the priesthood first meet with in their preparatory studies. Zeal and tolerance united, form certainly the perfection of the Christian pastor.

"I have been led thus far without intending it. However, let it rest.—Now, suppose a people accustomed to this class of priesthood, humble, poor, ignorant, excluded and excluding themselves from the society of their fellows, separated from them even in garb, and still more by their vows. I do not enter into the absurdity and inconvenience of this. But such are and have been the French priesthood—the lower orders of the nation never conceived any other kind. Now, imagine this people, beholding, for the first time, the arrival amongst them of divers individuals, the members, they are told, of a foreign priesthood—the ministers, in fact, of a rival religion. They naturally look with a severe and scrutinizing eye. All men love to form judgments, and none can form them but from the little they may behold. Hence, nothing is more natural, than that our reformed religion should be judged in France by the conclusion that can be drawn from the manners, lives, and appearance of our clergy abroad. What these are in most instances, shall I say?

"First of all, a minister of religion, coming abroad for the purpose of amusing himself, drinking good claret, driving his carriage without extravagant expense, marrying his daughters, or for any other of those reasons that seem so innocent and natural to us, is an enigma, if not an abomination, to the foreigner. He cannot comprehend the use of sacerdotal vows so idly made and so idly kept—these numerous *hors d'œuvres* of our Church,

who turn their noses in all the pride of gentility at the humble vulgarity and poverty of the foreign priest, are, even when best conducted, a scandal to the pious foreigner—a mockery to the impious one. And if our absentee clergy of the moral and well-conducted class excite these sentiments towards them, pray what ideas are excited by the cleric rabble, those monuments of shame to religion and the priesthood, who with the Reverend obstinately prefixed to their name, throng in the capital, the frequented towns, the watering-places of France? What shall we say of their dissoluteness, their profligacy, their gambling, their duels? What do the French think? What did they say, some months since, in a gay watering-place of France, when a minister of the Church of England, having quarrelled at the gambling-table with some one, went out and killed his man? The said clergyman is probably an honourable, upright man, and perhaps a zealous Christian—provocation might have been great:—granted. I only repeat, what are foreigners to think?

"Could not some remedy be found for this? There is a *soi-disant* Bishop in France: perhaps an actual and real one. Yet it is to be doubted if he could interfere, or keep the host of stragglers in orders. It is the title of Reverend that marks all these gentlemen for priests. Methinks they might lay it aside, and pursue pleasure abroad under some other banner than that of the ministry. Might not the title of an employed or beneficed clergyman be different from that of their unattached and wandering brotherhood? The name of Abbé was once found to be very convenient in that respect, and covered a large body of idle and dissolute expectants, thus saving the name of priest from extensive profanation. No doubt, it is natural, that the most idle, most dissipated, and least respectable of the clergy should betake themselves to foreign lands, to escape vigilance and perhaps creditors; but how explain this to foreigners, ever ready to grasp at a conclusion impeaching our national superiority in piety or morals?

"I must own, that in every argument with foreigners on the subject of the two religions, my mouth was always stopped by an example of this kind adduced. They are never wanting. In vain would I recur to the monkish annals of former times, and the old disorders of the church. I was recalled to the present, and defied to produce even from hostile journals any set-offs to what was alleged against me. In vain would I refer them to the exemplary lives and profound learning of our divines at home. They could only judge by what they beheld, and their obstinacy did not appear unreasonable."

It does not consist with our present purpose to notice the different matters introduced here, nor are we now commenting upon the spirit which dictated the observations on the humble origin of some of the French ecclesiastics. The main fact, for which the extract has been made, is valuable on many accounts, and has been particularly serviceable in supporting our proposition. We have, we think, demonstrated, very satisfactorily, first, that rude and barbarous minds are incapable of entertaining proper religious feelings; and secondly, that a priesthood which is not moral and pious, can possess no permanent influence over the minds of a people.

We might even go somewhat farther than this, and show that the people are much more likely to influence the priesthood than the priesthood the people. Whenever they have acted politically, the influence of the priestly character was merely apparent, not real. They led, to venture upon a seeming bull, by following. They adopted the opinion of the people; and acquired influence merely by taking that station which laymen, similarly qualified, would have filled quite as efficiently. Their acquirements on such occasions, and not their canonicals, were the real secret of their power. In support of this, we could adduce a thousand

historical proofs; but there is a negative argument, which will enable us to dispense with facts. When have a priesthood persuaded the people to do that which they thought would be prejudicial to the common interest? When have they, by their moral influence, introduced a change, even in the discipline of the national church? Every one acquainted with history must be prepared to answer in the negative. Their expositions of doctrines are, of course, listened to with attentive respect; but in matters of temporal interest, if they wish to retain—collectively or individually—a useful influence, they must adopt—at least they dare not oppose—the popular will, particularly when that will is excited.

Our business, however, is with the practical part of the question; and here we appeal to the history of Christianity in proof of the fact, that the moment a priesthood ceased to preserve a moral, pious, and austere character, they lost the good opinion of the people. The great Bossuet, and the profound Milner, have not hesitated to attribute the reformation, in part, to a laxity of discipline, which, in some places, pervaded the Church at that period; and the converse of the picture is still more instructive, because it is most agreeable to look at the bright side of humanity. The Stoics were in greater repute with the people than the Epicureans; and the more austere the clergy, the more popular.

Those, therefore, who charge the Catholic clergy with the possession of priestly influence, are paying them, unintentionally, the highest possible compliment, and proving by the charge, that the moral perception of their flocks is acute and sensitive. We dislike comparisons that may look invidious, but the clergy of the established church possess no such influence; their power has passed to a body—the Dissenting preachers, which less frequently provoke moral disapprobation. The aristocratical liberality of Protestantism might be urged as a powerful argument against its institution; in condemning religious austerities, it tacitly admits its unfitness for universality. The Catholic Church, unlike all other churches, is adapted alike to the feelings of the poor and the rich. Its discipline no less than its tenets teach its ministers that fine benevolence which is

> "For ever exercised, yet never tired."

In the institution of religious orders, it has amply provided against all possible contingencies; and the influence of its priesthood can never be exercised to the disadvantage of society. Lest the case of the Catholic clergy of England, from the paucity of their flocks, might be considered inapplicable, we shall go to Ireland, where the influence of the priesthood is frequently alleged in proof of the dangerous tendency of the Catholic religion. Parliamentary documents, however, prove that they are neither ignorant themselves, nor the cause of ignorance in others. They have never attempted to do any thing inimical to the interest of their country: such an act would instantly destroy their utility. The priest's character is public property; he must conduct himself with more reserve than ordinary men; the Omnipotent has sent him forth, on

> "The great career of justice—to exalt
> His generous aim to all diviner deeds,—
> To chase each partial purpose from his breast;
> And through the mists of passion and of sense,
> And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,
> To hold his course unfaltering, while the voice
> Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent
> Of nature, calls him to his high reward,—
> The applauding smile of heaven."

While acting in the only manner that can preserve his own useful influence, he is necessarily promoting the happiness of his flock, and laying the foundation for their intellectual improvement. We have already shown that deep religious feeling implies a certain mental advancement, and Dr. Brown* has demonstrated that the impetus once given to mind, nothing can resist its future progress. Indeed, Catholicism—the adoption of which transformed the uncultured barbarian into an intellectual freeman—compels its professors to think: their church is not a thing of yesterday—it appeals to history, to holy writ—it refers to the holy fathers—it adduces, for instruction, the virtues and labours of legions of martyrs and saints; and these are things which must enlarge the mind of him who contemplates them. The poor ill-used Spanish peasant, who is not allowed a Bible without note or comment, knows more of sacred history than the Protestant who labours to discover a creed for himself out of the sacred volume.† The Catholic Church encourages knowledge—it is her interest to do so; for every discovery in ethical science tends to demonstrate her superiority.

This subject, however, merits a separate consideration: at present, we think, we have said enough to warrant the assertion with which we set out. The great truths we have advanced will bear universal application; and we have instanced the Catholic clergy of Ireland in proof of our position. The Irish priest possesses influence, and it is fortunate for Ireland that he does; if it were greater it would be still better; and while he perseveres in the discharge of a sacred duty, he is doing that which is acceptable to THE ALMIGHTY, and beneficial to society;

"Murmuring *parsons* hate him and admire;"

but neither the lover of his kind, nor his own conscience, will ever reproach him.

In conclusion, we might illustrate our remarks by a reference to the proselyting attempt recently made in Ireland. "That some helpless persons," says Mr. Ensor,‡ "recanted, under the auspices of Lord Farnham, I do not doubt. 'Misery acquaints us with strange bedfellows.' One great cause of slavery is hunger. To prolong life, men sell their children and themselves. Then, it is not wonderful, that some lied, to escape present distress. In Cavan, probably, malignity aided famine. She, who brought a perjured charge of incontinence against a priest of the same county, would have, with equal ease, had it appeared as profitable, embraced, sacramentally, the New Reformation.

"The New Reformation! Indeed, Dr. Magee stated, that the Reformation had been only lately preached in Ireland. Yet, it began with Henry the Eighth, and was continued unremittingly in every reign. In Edward the Sixth's reign, the Book of Common Prayer was printed in Dublin, and the archbishop laboured to extend it to all those who could read English. In 1571, Queen Elizabeth sent over types to have the New Testament printed, in the Irish language. Bedell endeavoured to Protestantise through the Gaelic, and Boyle had the Church Catechism published in the Irish language. The New Testament appeared in 1680, and the Old a few years afterwards in the same dialect. Soon after this, the English was substituted for the Irish. This change of purpose fully evinced the impotence of the means used to *reform* the

* Philosophy of the Human Mind. † See Mr. Jacob's Travels in Spain.
‡ See his eloquent letters on the New Reformation, recently published.

Irish. Then came the Revolution. Again and again, various efforts were made to bring the Irish to the Englishman's creed. The means were complicated and extreme, hope and fear, favouritism and persecution, remunerative and penal laws; a Catholic was *feræ naturæ*, his property lawful prize; there was a bounty for the breach of filial ties, and honours were promised to make the inmates of families spies and informers; the nearest kindred were suborned by the most flagitious crimes, till man's homestead was more exposed than a beast's layer in an open country.

"Other means were applied—the Catholic was bribed—so much by law, for the priest-convert, and *no questions asked*. The lay-convert was paid according to his former station, by money and offices: as there are spectacles for all ages, there were, and are places, and pensions, and perquisites, for all sorts of converts. How they are fondled by the law-church! Yet, even the parsons, while they love the treason, detest, as all must abhor, traitors to their country. The converters employed other artifices, they attempted those afflicted with poverty, and they beset the infants. Catholic children were decoyed into charter schools, and every viceroy's speech, even the present Lord Fitzwilliam's, inculcated the duty of parliament to provide liberally for this great engine for protestantising the rising generation of Irish. Even now, these miserable jobs are continued, when the linen board is dissolved, and the parliamentary vote is stopped for distributing wheels, looms, &c. while a grant for charter schools is continued, for these schools, ineffective in every way, as proselytizing seminaries, as places of instruction, as preparing boys for trades and service. For the last century they have cost the nation about two millions of money. Last year (and I suppose in the present) they contained 1883 pupils, of whom 928 were above 21 years of age. Thus, these mature youths, these *school-men*, are a downright drug. Yet, let them remain at school, at the national charge, till they are grey beards, they are pets of the prerogative faith.

"All these schemes, practices, and artifices, failed against the Catholic Irish. Nothing disheartened, the Gospellers conspiring with the sons of the law church, resumed their operations: they acted with more caution, they adopted new courses, they actually proceeded, in opposition to their former conduct. By an act of Henry VIII, Protestant rectors are sworn to keep schools in their respective parishes; yet, so late as Primate Stuart, they failed in this particular, and he called them in his charge, at his visitation, perjured for their neglect. Yet, on a sudden, the clergy of the Established Church became school-mad and bible-mad, though they had been prudent in granting Bibles to all. The perversions and contradictions of the times are numerous. Those clergymen, who considered appearing in the pulpit once a month, a task only fit for the curate, drudging at less than sawyers' wages in the country, became, at once, controversial preachers twice a week. Thus the Sybarites of the law-church toiled in the service of the new reformation, rivalling Hercules and his labours. Never was such energy displayed since St. Paul preached and worked—nay, endurance sublime! Rectors also examined, at fixed periods, the children of the parochial schools, and it was an edification to hear how the saintlings blundered without note or comment. The restlessness and the extravagances in the late efforts, recognised

nothing reasonable or ordinary, and this was particularly evinced by the agents employed to work the 'new reformation.'

"Beside, the anti-Catholic sermons, and the itinerant tradesmen reading to the cabin inmates, there was occasionally a roving show of controversialists. Kilkenny, Carlow, Balinasloe, &c., received the motley host; it was truly a sparring tour, with this exception, that the gentlemen of the *fancy* cuffed one another for love, and were so liberal that the invited might take the gloves and try their science; but the theological bruisers solicited the Catholics to hear their religion abused, and by the ordinances of the saints in their societies, the abused were precluded from rebutting the insult, or addressing the meetings."

Notwithstanding this unnatural coalition, the scheme has not succeeded; and why? because the Irish Catholic clergy are what a Christian clergy ought to be.

CATHOLIC ANTIQUITIES.—NO. I.

SHRINE OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.—CORONATION CHAIR.

WHEREVER the Catholic religion has been introduced, the moral and intellectual improvement of the people has followed. The reception of its tenets implies a certain elevation of mind; and, unlike all other systems, it exalted its professors, however previously degraded, in their own estimation. The Romans held possession of Britain for centuries; but notwithstanding their boasted civilization, they failed to effect even as much temporal good for the people as Augustine and his monks accomplished in almost as many years. In softening the disposition of their rulers, Christianity claims the merit of having first ameliorated the condition of the Britons; and from the nature of the religion which was introduced, the face of the country naturally underwent a mighty change for the better. "To erect," says Dr. Lingard*, speaking of the early Missionaries, "edifices worthy of the God whom they adored, to imitate the solemnity of the Roman worship, and to arrest by external splendour the attention of their untutored brethren, were the principal objects of their ambition: and in the prosecution of these objects, they necessarily accelerated the progress of civil as well as religious improvement.

"The architecture of the Saxons, at the time of their conversion, was rude and barbarous. They lived amid ruins, which attested the taste of a more civilized people; but their ignorance beheld them with indifference, and their indolence was satisfied with the wretched hovels of their ancestors. The first impulse was communicated by the missionaries, who constructed churches for the accommodation of their converts. Those built by the Scots were of oaken planks, those by the Romans, of unwrought stone. Both were covered with reeds or straw. But when the Saxons, in their visits to the tombs of the apostles, had seen the public buildings of other countries, they blushed at the inferiority of their own, and resolved to imitate what they had learned to admire. The considerations of labour and expence were despised; and every art, which that age connected with the practice of architecture, was introduced or improved. Walls of polished masonry succeeded to the rough erections of their ancestors; the roofs of their churches were protected with sheets of lead; lofty towers added to the size and appearance of the building: and, to the astonishment of the untravelled multitude, windows of glass admitted

* Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church.

the light, at the same time that they excluded the wind and rain. The names of those to whom the more southern nations were indebted for these improvements, are unknown; but in the north, the labours of St. Bennet and St. Wilfred have been gratefully recorded by contemporary historians. The neighbouring churches of Weremouth and Jarrow established the reputation of the former, and were long the admiration of his countrymen. The efforts of the latter were more numerous, and more widely diffused. His first attempt was to repair and beautify the cathedral church of York, which had been originally built by Edwin of Northumbria; and now, after the short interval of forty years, was rapidly hastening to decay. By his instructions the walls were strengthened, the timber of the roof was renewed, and a covering of lead opposed to the violence of the weather. From the windows he removed the lattices of wood, and curtains of linen, the rude contrivances of an unskilful age; and substituted in their place the more elegant and useful invention of glass. The interior of the church he cleansed from its impurities, and washed the walls with lime, till they became, according to the expression of his biographer, whiter than the snow. His success at York was a fresh stimulus to his industry, and at Rippon he raised a new church, which was built from the foundations according to his design. We are told that the masonry was nicely polished, that rows of columns supported the roof, and that porticoes adorned each of the principal entrances. The monastery at Hexham was the last and the most admired of his works. The height and length of the walls, the beautiful polish of the stones, the number of the columns and porticoes, and the spiral windings which led to the top of each tower, have exercised the descriptive powers of Eddius, who, after two journeys to the apostolic see, boldly pronounced that there existed not, on this side of the Alps, a church to be compared with that of Hexham. It is, indeed, probable that these buildings, which once excited raptures in the breasts of their beholders, would, at the present day, displease by the absence of symmetry and taste. But we should recollect, that they were the first essays of a people emerging from barbarism, the rudiments of an art, which has been perfected by the labours of succeeding generations. The men, by whose genius, and under whose patronage they were constructed, were the benefactors of mankind, and might justly claim the gratitude not only of their contemporaries, but also of their posterity."

This may be considered a universal picture, so far as the Church of Rome was concerned: the same thing took place in nearly every country of Europe; and the necessity which there was for splendid edifices not only tended to improve the taste of the public, but to lead to an international intercourse still more beneficial. The acquisition of one nation became the property of all; for the society of Masons,* in travelling from country to country, carried with them those improvements which diminished their own labour, or added to the perfection and beauty of their work. The Catholic Church, in all its institutions, tends to unite men in one great bond of useful brotherhood. In extending its doctrines it was providing for the temporal as well as for the eternal happiness of

* Mr. Hallam (Hist. Mid. Ages) and Mr. Brewer (Antiq. of Ireland) are mistaken, in supposing that we owe the fooleries of Freemasonry to these societies. Mr. De Quincey, in the "London Magazine," says that Freemasonry took its rise in the beginning of the seventeenth century. It is somewhat singular, however, that there has been no guild of Masons.

mankind. It has been said, however, that it is a system which seeks the aggrandisement of its ministers only; and that the ornaments of its temples bespeak their ambition and vanity, rather than their zeal or devotion. To this we shall let a Protestant architect† reply.

"It is totally impossible that any style of building should be peculiarly calculated for a particular set of opinions. Some Protestant writers attribute to Gothic architecture a mysterious connexion with the Roman Catholic religion, and, indeed, seem to think that all magnificent churches have a tendency to support that system. Such an opinion does not deserve consideration, but it is certainly true that some buildings are calculated to excite emotions favourable to religious impressions, to produce a serious frame of mind, and one in which we are more inclined to acknowledge the present existence of superior power, and more ready to submit to the influence of this conviction. Such means of excitement are liable to abuse, and no person can remain long in these edifices, and observe what passes before him, without being made sensible of the power they possess by the degree to which it is abused. But as this abuse is by no means a necessary attendant on the use, it is not a fair argument against it. Mankind in general, at least in France and England, are dull and sluggish in the affairs of religion; they find it difficult to detach their thoughts sufficiently from worldly affairs. It is desirable, therefore, that every help should be given to them, for in this, as in every other good object, human means are to be used, when they are put within our reach. A place of worship should, therefore, in the first place, possess in its style and decorations a decidedly different appearance from a common dwelling-house: this tends to break the associations with the every-day employment of life, and gradually to form new associations with the objects of religion, which become of considerable importance in the government of the attention. A merchant, on entering his counting house, is more strongly led to think of ships and commerce, than on coming into a dining-room. Secondly, a place of worship should possess a decided character of power and sublimity: if from the conditions of our nature any style of building is calculated to induce serious feelings, that style is fitted for a church. In the third place, if any style be already connected in our imagination with the duties of religion, it is fitter for the purpose than one, which, having equally the two former qualifications, is deficient in the latter. These considerations point out the Gothic architecture as preferable to every other, for the churches of our own country; but it would not be at all necessary, in the erection of new structures, to retain the awkward arrangements usually found in a parish church."

It therefore appears, that not only good taste, but the interest of piety, was consulted in the erection of ecclesiastical edifices; and as we shall, in the course of these articles, have occasion to enter more particularly into the subject, we will conclude these prefatory remarks, and proceed at once to those antiquarian remains represented on the plate.

One of the authors of "The Beauties of England and Wales" very candidly observes: "To the zeal of English monachism, now so much abhorred, are we indebted for some of the finest remains of Gothic architecture, and one of the most ancient and valuable edifices in Europe; but, unfortunately, like all other similar relics of the piety, taste, and skill of our forefathers prior to the Reformation, the iconoclastic zeal and mistaken policy of a purer faith, have involved much of its earliest history in obscurity. The furor of two state ecclesiastical reformations has lessened the evidence of its former magnificence, by ravaging its archives, and committing to the flames, as records of popery, many documents

† Mr. Woods.

which are now required in the elucidation of its history." He wonders, as well he might, that Westminster Abbey escaped the destructive frenzy of former times. This edifice was rebuilt by Edward the Confessor, of whom the great historian of England draws the following character:—

"The monarch previously to his decease had the satisfaction of witnessing the dedication of the church of Westminster, which had been the great object of his solicitude during his latter years. When the witan opposed his journey to Rome, Leo IX. authorized him to commute his intended pilgrimage for some other work of piety. With this view he set apart the tenth of his yearly revenue, and rebuilt from its foundation the church of St. Peter, at the western extremity of the capital. On the vigil of Christmas he was attacked by the fever which ultimately proved fatal. For three days he struggled against the violence of the disease, held his court as usual, and presided with affected cheerfulness at the royal banquets. On the festival of the Innocents, the day appointed for the dedication of the new church, he was unable to leave his chamber. The ceremony was, however, performed. Editha took the charge of the decorations, and represented the royal founder. But his absence and the idea of his danger, diffused a deep gloom among the thousands who had assembled to witness the spectacle. After lingering a week longer, Edward died on the 5th of January, and was buried the following day with royal pomp in the church which he had erected.

"If we estimate the character of a sovereign by the test of popular affection, we must rank Edward among the best princes of his time. The goodness of his heart was adored by his subjects, who lamented his death with tears of undissembled grief, and bequeathed his memory as an object of veneration to their posterity. The blessings of his reign are the constant theme of our ancient writers: not, indeed, that he displayed any of those brilliant qualities, which attract admiration, while they inflict misery. He could not boast of the victories which he had won, or of the conquests which he had atchieved: but he exhibited the interesting spectacle of a king, negligent of his private interests, and totally devoted to the welfare of his people; and by his labours to restore the dominion of the laws; his vigilance to ward off foreign aggression; his constant, and ultimately successful, solicitude to appease the feuds of his nobles, if he did not prevent the interruption, he secured at least a longer duration of public tranquillity, than had been enjoyed in England for half a century. He was pious, kind, and compassionate: the father of the poor, and the protector of the weak: more willing to give than to receive; and better pleased to pardon than to punish. Under the preceding kings, force generally supplied the place of justice, and the people were impoverished by the rapacity of the sovereign. But Edward enforced the laws of his Saxon predecessors, and disdained the riches which were wrung from the labours of his subjects. Temperate in his diet, unostentatious in his person, pursuing no pleasures but those which his hawks and hounds afforded, he was content with the patrimonial demesnes of the crown: and was able to assert, even after the abolition of that fruitful source of revenue, the Dane-gelt, that he possessed a greater portion of wealth, than any of his predecessors had enjoyed. To him the principle that the king can do no wrong, was literally applied by the gratitude of the people, who, if they occasionally complained of the measures of the government, attributed the blame not to the monarch himself, of whose benevolence they entertained no doubt, but to the ministers, who had abused his confidence, or deceived his credulity.

"It was, however, a fortunate circumstance for the memory of Edward, that he occupied the interval between the Danish and Norman conquests. Writers were induced to view his character with more partiality

from the hatred with which they looked on his successors and predecessors. *They* were foreigners, *he* was a native: they held the crown by conquest, he by descent: they ground to the dust the slaves whom they had made, he became known to his countrymen only by his benefits. Hence he appeared to shine with a purer light amid the gloom with which he was surrounded; and whenever the people under the despotism of the Norman kings had an opportunity of expressing their real wishes, they constantly called for the 'laws and customs of the good king Edward.'

"He was the first of our princes, who touched for the king's evil. The surname of 'the Confessor' was given to him from the bull of his canonization, issued by Alexander III. about a century after his decease."

The chapel which bears this monarch's name is an object of great curiosity. Into it the king retires to refresh on the day of his coronation; the access is by ten wooden steps. "The pavement," says a recent author, "was at one time of exquisite workmanship; but the constant tread of visiters, the depredations of idle persons; and, as a modern writer supposes, also the 'depredations' of 'weak devotees,' have almost worn away, in many places, the stones from the marbles inlaid upon them.

"The ground-work of this fine pavement consists of large irregular dark stones, cut into circles, intersecting others, triangles, within triangles, and many other geometrical figures, which are all filled with thousands of pieces in the above shapes, of the same valuable materials that compose the pavement above the altar.

"In this chapel is the ancient shrine of St. Edward, once the glory of England; but now neglected, defaced and much abused. A few, hardly perceptible, traces of its former splendour exist. Only two of its spiral pillars remain (and one of these in a very precarious state), the western; and a capital at the east. The wooden Ionic top is much broken and covered with dust. The Mosaic is picked away in almost every part within reach. The inscription on the architrave is partly legible:—'*Omni— insignis: vistutum: laudibus: heros: Sanctus Edward.*——' On the south side: '*Die*——' On the east side: '—— *Moriens*' 1065 ——*Super Æthera scandit*——*sursum corda,* on the north side.

"The letters of this inscription are gradually becoming more indistinct, and some of them are discernible with the greatest difficulty.

This shrine was the production of Pietro Calvalini, who invented the Mosaic species of ornament. It is conjectured that the Abbot Ware, when he visited Rome in the year 1256, brought this artist back to England with him. Weever says that Ware brought with him "certain workmen and rich porphyry stones, whereof he made that singular, curious, and rare pavement before the high altar; and with these stones and workmen he did also frame the shrine of Edward the Confessor."

This shrine was erected by Henry III. upon the canonization of Edward. This king was the last of the Saxon race. He was canonized by Pope Alexander III. who causing his name to be inserted in the catalogue of saints, issued his bull to the Abbot Lawrence, and the convent of Westminster, enjoining, "that his body be honoured here upon earth, as his soul is glorified in heaven." He died in 1066, and was canonized in 1269.

Before this shrine, says Pennant, seem to have been offered the *spolia opima.* The Scotch regalia, and their sacred chair from Scone, were offered here; and Alphonso, third son to Edward I. who died in his childhood, presented the golden coronet of the unfortunate Welch Prince, the last Llewellyn.

The engraving represents this venerable piece of Catholic antiquity—the shrine of Edward the Confessor—as it originally appeared before puritanical zeal had defaced it, and the chair which stands before it, on which most of our kings have sat on the days of their coronation,* once belonged to the regalia of Ireland. It was subsequently removed to Scotland; and we know, at least, from authentic history, that Edward I. brought it from Scone in 1297, having set a much higher value upon it than he did upon the Scottish records.† This chair, as its name imports, (Liasfail—stone of destiny) was held in great veneration; and when Bruce demanded its restoration, the people of London, not less superstitious than their neighbours, rose tumultuously, and forbad its removal.‡ It was then believed that the fate of empire was connected with the possession of this piece of antiquity; and there are some Irish verses, still remembered, which perpetuate the opinion. The mechanism is extremely rude, and under the seat is deposited an oblong rough stone, vulgarly supposed to be "Jacob's pillow."

This fact is calculated to provoke a curious enquiry. Stone worship appears to have once prevailed among the Goths of antiquity. It undoubtedly preceded the systems of Buddha and Brahma, and was far more rational. These religions arose evidently upon its ruins, for veneration for single stones continues throughout the East, although no one can now explain why. Mr. Crawfurd§ found them in the temples at Siam; and Bishop Heber gives a very curious account of one, held in great veneration in the fortress of Chunar.‖ It is remarkable that they are all black, indicating, we are told, at once the obscure nature of the Deity, and the unity of the Godhead.

Stone worship, of which we have very imperfect accounts, once prevailed in Ireland: long, dark,¶ rough stones are still to be met with every where; and the coronation chair is a proof, that veneration for these objects of a former worship survived, for many centuries, the introduction of Christianity. Clogher derives its name from one of these stones;** and, perhaps, the one deposited in the Scone relic resembles the *leac coithurgi*, on which the king of Cashel used to be appointed, and which was formerly to be seen on the ascent to the cathedral.†† The Irish peasantry, to the present day, have a dread of lonely stones, particularly if they be situated in lonely places.

The late venerable Charles O'Connor has clearly proved that George IV. is an *Irishman;* and as he was crowned while sitting in the chair of Ireland's kings, it would be a calumny on his fine feelings, and his *pure* blood, to suppose, for an instant, that he could be insensible to the claims of the Irish people. J. B.

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* On such occasions it is richly covered with gold tissue, and is brought before the altar.

† These he destroyed. See Innes's Critical Enquiry.

‡ Chronicle of Lannercost.

§ Embassy to Siam, &c.

‖ Journal of a Tour through India.

¶ The idol destroyed by St. Patrick was called *Crom-dubh* (the Black Idol, or rather Black Stone.) It is doubtful if the Irish had idols; they are only mentioned in three lives of St. Patrick, remarkable for inaccuracies. (Colgan.) The saint himself, however, says that the people worshipped *idola et immunda*. *Conf.* also *Vallancey's Vindication.*

** Ogygia.

†† Jocelin, Seward.

THE FATE OF YOUTH.

BY D. S. L.

The tide of life, in its wreathed foam,
Is sparkling down to its ocean home;
And the laugh of Spring, and its melting smile,
Are dimpling o'er my cheek the while,
Though the dark, cold gale of an early blight
Has passed o'er the noon of my boyhood's light.

My brow is fair as the summer sky,
Ere the tempest-cloud hath travelled by,
And my cheek is flushed with the rosy joy
That mellows the lip of the guileless boy;
But my heart! my heart! oh! look not there,
For its blood is streaming with wild despair.

The bloom, the bliss, and the radiant blaze,
That lit the course of my infant days;
And the blithesome sounds of revelry,
As young hearts met 'neath the green-wood tree;
And the balm of Spring and the dream of night—
All, all are gone from my blasted sight!

The world may glow with the sheeny mirth
Of Spring-tide over the flowers of earth;
And the lovely eye of the soft and fair
May blaze its light on the Iris air;
But the twilight time and the abbey's shade
Are meetest far for hopes decayed.

'Twas the sleep of night and I stood alone,
Gazing abroad on the heaven's blue zone;
And I thought of the many, whose foot had trod
Together in youth o'er our heath-dressed sod,
And they had perished, like leaves, away,
Withering down to their kindred clay.

I stood alone, and a spirit came
Of fear and dread o'er my fragile frame,
And the moon above, from her cloud-veiled shrine,
Looked sad and dim on this form of mine,
And it seemed to omen that *I* should lay,
Ere long, forgotten and cold as *they!*

My life is young, and the voice of death
Thus poured around its putrid breath;
And the soft of eye and the fair cheek's bloom
Have been to me as things of the tomb,
And from all that earth has of bright or gay,
In chill disgust have I turned away.

The soul of song and its music band
Have led me oft through their fairy land;
And in fancy's bowers I have loved to dwell,
Roaming, the live-long day, through each haunted dell:
But that spell is gone, and that soul is fled,
As the poet fades to the bloodless dead.

Ah! weep me not, when the wall-flower's shade
Shall tell where my coffined pride is laid;
And place no stone, as a beacon, nigh,
To woo the prayer of the passer by;
But let willows wave, and the rank grass be
The only thing to remember me!

THE REV. MR. POPE'S INACCURACIES.

MR. EDITOR,—The conclusion of my last letter brought me down to the fifth day's discussion, the subject of which was the Doctrine of Transubstantiation. Previous to my recommencing my examination of Mr. Pope's quotations and authorities, allow me to make one or two prefatory remarks, which, I trust, will be found of essential service to our opponents of the established church when consulting the pages of the primitive fathers on the doctrine of the holy Eucharist. Whoever has made the precious documents of ancient tradition the subject of his attentive study in investigating the dogma of the blessed Eucharist, could not but be struck with the different modes of expression adopted by the fathers when treating on this mysterious sacrament. At one time we find them propounding, with the utmost perspicuity, the real presence, and the transmutation of the bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ; at another we observe them designating the oblation by the names of types, symbols and representations of the body of Christ: and this diversity of language is observable, not only in different fathers, but frequently in the same father; so that in one passage of his works a *real presence* is evidently taught and strenuously maintained, and in another a *figurative presence* would seem to be expressed. And how then is this apparent discrepancy of language to be accounted for? The question is certainly one that has not been frequently started, though it admits of very easy solution; and an attention to the answer will infallibly preclude all danger of error and misrepresentation on the part of the Protestants when they have recourse to the ancient and venerable doctors of the Catholic church on this awful subject.

The answer to this very important question is simply this; and had Mr. Pope, or rather his fore-runner and model Mr. Faber, and the whole motley and vituperative host of our polemical adversaries been acquainted with it, they never would have erred so egregiously in their interpretations of the holy fathers, where they treat of the mysteries of the Eucharist. It is then an undoubted historical fact, that the Fathers and Christians of the first five centuries lived under the discipline or the law of what is termed the *secret*,—that is, of uniformly and designedly maintaining a strict and unconquerable silence as to the mysteries of religion, and especially as to the mystery of the Eucharist: and this *secrecy* they observed so strictly and so tenaciously, that they showed themselves ready to pour forth their blood rather than violate this conventional and precautionary observance by divulging the mysteries of their faith to the Pagans, and exposing them to their ridicule, their insults and their blasphemies. Consequently, when Pagans were led by curiosity to the assemblies of the Christians, or when the Catechumens or uninitiated were still present, the pastor never failed to veil his explanations of the mysteries of religion in figurative, obscure and enigmatical language, as it was not allowed, observes the great St. Basil, to "write or circulate among the public what the uninitiated are forbidden to contemplate."—(On the Holy Ghost, c. 27.) But if the assemblage consisted exclusively of Christians or Neophytes, figurative and symbolical language was discarded, and the real presence explained with all the openness and precision, which it was possible for words to convey. Bearing in mind then, that, during the above-mentioned period, this disciplinary prohibition was uniformly and invariably adhered to, it will infallibly be found, that

where the fathers express themselves openly and without ambiguity, whether in verbal or literary instructions, they are addressing themselves to an exclusively Christian congregation; and that when they employ disguised terms and enigmatical expressions, they are necessitated to do so by the presence of Pagans or of those, who have not as yet been initiated in the mysteries of religion. That this is perfectly true, will be seen to demonstration by every one, who will bestow a careful perusal on the masterly "Answer to the Rev. G. S. Faber's Difficulties of Romanism," by the very learned Bishop of Strasbourg, and which overwhelming work has been presented to us in an English dress by the zealous and indefatigable pastor of Cossey.

This distinction is absolutely necessary for arriving at the real meaning of the primitive writers on the mysteries of religion, and particularly with reference to the Eucharist. This will be found to be the key of their respective writings and familiar instructions on these particular subjects. Had Mr. Faber and Mr. Pope been possessed of this key, they would not, as they have done, have had recourse for our belief on the dogma of the Eucharist to those writings and instructions, in which the authors positively declare that they are interdicted from divulging and explaining them,—in their public apologies, for instance,—their writings against the Pagans and Heretics of their times, and in those discourses that were delivered to promiscuous assemblies, and with open doors before Catechumens and Gentiles. No;—instead of doing this, they would have ranked themselves among the Neophytes, or newly-baptized; they would have listened to the Christian instructer when addressing himself unrestrained by the presence of Catechumens and Gentiles, and when he professed and knew himself to be under the strictest obligation to expound the mysteries of religion, and develop their nature and bearings, as far as the knowledge of them is connected with our happiness here and our eternal welfare hereafter. But in despite of ten thousand admonitions to our Protestant brethren, we poor Papists are still doomed to suffer from their ignorance, their obstinacy, or their malignity. They will not even give us credit for understanding our own doctrines, but continue with ceaseless barbarity to re-echo the angry notes of slander and misrepresentation so abundantly supplied to them from the venal pens of our multitudinous and unprincipled enemies. Why visit such poisoned sources? Is not such a mode of learning our doctrines the very perfection of folly? To him, who acts thus in our regard, might we say in the language of Rousseau, "il faudroit etre bien simple pour croire qu'il suffit d'entendre les docteurs *de son parti*, pour s'instruire des raisons du parti contraire." But, as Vossius observes in answer to Grotius, who reprobated the merciless conduct of Protestants towards the parent church, it is expedient for the public good of the reformed religion, "since," adds he, "if we leave off such language our people will soon leave us."—Jam satis.

1. Mr. Pope, in his first speech on the fifth day's discussion, after taxing the Douay Bible with a "strange alteration in the text" (in the celebrated passage descriptive of the character of Melchisedech) by rendering the copulative Hebraic particle "and" by the casual particle "for," quite forgot to state that very frequently in scripture the copulative requires to be rendered by the casual, as is manifestly the case in the present instance. He forgot too to tell us that consistently with the urgent bearing of the context in this noted passage, his own bible of 1552, and

many other editions, have rendered the verse precisely as the Douay edition has it, viz. "*for* he was a priest of the most high God."

He next proceeds to draw upon his Roman Catholic authorities, and heads his extracts with a scrap from the famous Ocham. No doubt Mr. Pope honours him with priority of station, because he was a celebrated English schoolman; but though a native of our own island, still the self-accommodating polemic, very conveniently it would seem for his own cause, omits to acquaint himself and us that it was this Ocham who was excommunicated by John XXII., and who, in the paroxysm of his anti-papal fury, made the following memorable tender to Louis of Bavaria:—"Sire," said the meek Ocham, "lend me your sword for my defence, and my pen shall ever be at your Majesty's service." Why does not Mr. Pope produce something like a respectable evidence? Hitherto he has scarcely adduced a single Catholic authority that is entitled to credit and respect. I ask, does this say much in favour of the cause, which he stands forward to advocate?

2. The next quotation worthy of notice Mr. Pope, in his first speech on the fifth day, selects from St. Augustine (Practatus 26.) and gives it to us in the following words:—"Why preparest thou thy teeth and stomach; *believe, and thou hast eaten it.*" He has rendered the Saint's words correctly, excepting the little word *it*, which he has appended, with what view he himself best knows. I suppose the great polemic thought this extract needed not a word of comment;—it was no doubt, in his estimation, triumphant of itself. However, I must say, that I strongly suspect Mr. Pope had other reasons for leaving it unaided by any adventitious auxiliary of gaudy decoration. It was prudent in Mr. Pope not to throw around it any additional attractions, but to leave it in its dignified solitariness. Mr. Pope knew very well it would not stand the test of scrutiny, and therefore left it to its fate,—cherishing a hope that under the mighty name of St. Augustine, it would be a "tower of strength." But if the champion thought proper to offer no comment, I trust he will not deem it improper in me to present him with the comment, and supply that deficiency, which would have been so advantageous to himself. Permit me then to inform Mr. Pope, that in this passage there is not even an allusion to the doctrine of transubstantiation, against which it was expressly and directly adduced by him;—the question is simply about faith in Christ. A literal translation of St. Augustine's words, as they stand in connection with what immediately precedes and follows the extract, will raise a blush on Mr. Pope's cheek, if he is capable of blushing, and, as Bacon tritely says of a bold fellow when put out of countenance, will throw his face "into a most shrunken and wooden posture."

The words of St. Augustine, then, are simply these:—"They therefore said to him, what shall we do to work the works of God? This interrogatory had been elicited by our Saviour's saying to them, Labour for the food that perisheth not, but which remaineth to life eternal. What shall we do then, continue they? By observing what shall we be enabled to comply with this precept. Jesus in reply said to them, This is the work of God, that you believe in him whom he hath sent. This is to eat the food that perisheth not, but which abideth to life eternal. Why then preparest thou thy teeth and stomach? Believe, and thou hast eaten (crede et manducasti). Faith is indeed distinct from works; as the apostle declares, that a man is justified by faith, independent of th

works of the (Jewish) law. And some works there are that appear to be good without faith in Christ, and they are not good, because they are not directed to that end on which their goodness depends. For the end of the law is Christ unto justification to every man that believeth." Such is the language of St. Augustine. I need not ask what has this to do with Mr. Pope's argument against transubstantiation. I will not say Mr. Pope knew, or ought to have known, that it had not the shadow of a reference to transubstantiation. It is neither more nor less than sheer misrepresentation and palpable perversion. Literally true is the statement of Lord Falkland, who, speaking of the Protestant clergy of his own time, says, "They labour under so many passions and prejudices, that the cause of the Catholic religion was never worse stated than by them."

3. The next passage from St. Augustine which Mr. Pope brings (in the same speech as above) as an objection, is the Saint's rule for the interpretation of figurative passages. "If," observes this celebrated father, "the passage is preceptive, forbidding crime, or commanding good,—it is not figurative; but if it seems to command some heinous crime, or to forbid something good,—it is figurative. For example, 'except ye eat the flesh,' &c. This seems to command a heinous crime,—therefore it is figurative," &c. The reasoning and the inference of Mr. Pope from this passage are false and untenable, because they are erected upon an imaginary basis. Mr. Faber, and after him the biblical controvertist, have overlooked the meaning of the learned father, and have consequently deduced a wrong conclusion. No, the Saint's rule is perfectly correct, and when applied in connection with the context, and as it is applied by St. Augustine in the present instance, militates not in the least against the dogma of the real presence; but, on the contrary, establishes it. As the Rev. Mr. Corless, in his excellent little pamphlet, very justly observes, St. Augustine is evidently still assailing those gross and carnal notions which the Jews had conceived from misunderstanding our Saviour. Understood in this gross sense, undoubtedly the words "except ye eat," &c. would seem to enjoin something heinous, since they would command our Redeemer to be mutilated and distributed like meat purchased in the shambles, as the Saint expresses himself; therefore, invested with this meaning, the passage is figurative. But in the sense of a Catholic it enjoins nothing flagitious, and consequently is in perfect accordance with St. Augustine's rule—it contains no figure. Thus Mr. Pope has drawn one conclusion—I have drawn the very opposite. And the reason is obvious—he has either misstated or misinterpreted St. Augustine's meaning, and a careful examination of the passage will show this to be the real state of the question.

4. The next extract adopted by Mr. Pope (same speech as above) is from Tertullian, and is given *verbatim et literatim* from the Rector's "Difficulties." As Mr. Corless has demonstratively shown that Mr. Faber has unfaithfully quoted Tertullian and falsified his meaning, Mr. Pope will be pleased to take to himself the weighty charges laid to the account of his shameless prototype, since he has condescended to be led by so blind and malicious a guide as the Rector of Long Newton. To present you with Tertullian and Mr. Pope (he is identical with Mr. Faber) in a few words—Tertullian says that bread in the old law was a symbolical representation of the Eucharist; therefore, observes Mr. Faber or Mr. Pope, bread and wine are nothing more than figures of Christ's body and blood in the new law. Now I would ask, who, but such a writer as

Mr. Faber, or Mr. Pope, would have reasoned thus? Is it not natural to infer the very contrary? Most assuredly; for, as the Bishop of Strasbourg very sensibly remarks, the figures of the Old Testament were not repeated, but realized by our Saviour. If, agreeably with Mr. Pope's reasoning, bread and wine are nothing more than figures in the New Testament, to be consistent he ought to have said, that in the Old Testament they were *figures of the figure* of the body and blood of Christ. However, we will leave Mr. Pope to retain his predilection for figures and symbols, and to feast on types and shadows; but as for ourselves, we will prefer to feed on the substance, and banquet our souls (to borrow the energetic language of the golden-tongued Doctor) with the precious "blood of the *truth* shining in the mouths of the faithful." (St. Chrys. Hom. ad Neoph.)

But, Mr. Editor, I am calculating too extensively on your pages, as well as too largely on the patience of your readers. To be brief, then, allow me to conclude these observations by remarking that Mr. Pope possesses all the qualifications of an able polemic, except those that are strictly and essentially required for every honourable warrior who enters the field of controversy,—I mean accuracy, honesty, and veracity. These in vain have I looked for in his pages. And Mr. Pope must be perfectly aware, as Cicero remarks, that the man who disregards these primary and indispensable qualifications cannot hope to live honourably in the memory either of the present or future generation. "Nihil honestum esse potest, quod justitiâ vacat." (De Offic. lib. i. c. 62.)

CANDIDUS.

DR. MILNER'S GRAVE.

BY D. S. L.

MORNING had risen on the world—bright, fair,
And young in warmth, laughing, as its blue eye
Beamed its sun-glories on the melting air,
Fresh sparkling with the sweetness of the sky.
The dressed earth smiled, as if there was no tear
Upon the cheek of manhood's revelry;
And quick and boundingly my free heart soared
To breathe its homage to its star-throned Lord.

God of the humble! thou, whose radiant throne
Is pillared by the seraphim's crowned throng,
Circled by lucid cherubs, as a zone
Round Beauty's bosom, exquisite yet strong;
I love this time, upon the hills, alone
To laud thee with the matin hymn of song:
And ever do I feel my spirit rise
Within me, as it bows to morning's sacrifice!

But where am I?—with the day breaking through,
In dim distinctness, the far-shadowed aisle!
There is a spell upon my soul, a hue
That mantles it with joy and grief, the while:
And every burst of thought that thrills to view
Seems trembling with the pressure of the pile,—
The deep, deep soul of prayer,—the sleeping sound
Of 'silence palpable,' that floats around!

Where am I? with the tabernacled dome
Above me, like a path that leads to heaven;*
And the felt stillness of the hour,—the gloom,
The holy gloom, by meek Religion given
Unto the heart, where she has built her home,
Stealing around me, like the shade of even?
There is a feel that it were bliss to die
With breathings of this hour—but, where am I?

——That lonely niche, where the sun's first beams shine,
As they were dancing o'er a warrior's plume—
What means the glory, which enwreaths that shrine
With all the pomp of Heaven's effulgent gloom?
Thy foot is on immortal dust! Twine, twine
Hope's fadeless garlands over MILNER'S tomb!
Hang up thy harps, for *he* has rested too,
The last—the greatest son that Juda knew!

Touch not the soil, for *he* is sleeping there
In a rich shroud that never shall decay,
And pure the watching lamp shall shed its glare
Of living lustre round his couch of clay!
Sleep on, enduring name, sleep on thy bier
Of mortal rottenness,—sleep on, and lay
Thy name within the blaze of Heaven's gemmed page,
To cheer the struggles of each after age.

And thou art with the dead, and every deed
To which the flesh was heir has slept with thee!
Shrined in thy slumbers, Glory be the meed
That hallows thy repose of sanctity!
Child of the Godhead's martyr-peopled creed,
Bright be thy place amid the clouds, for we
Shall deem the upward skies more pure and fair,
While Hope reveals that MILNER resteth there!

CANZONETTA.

(From the Italian.)

WANDERING through the starry air,
Gently, breeze of summer, blow;
In your bed of foam and sound,
Azure streamlets, blandly flow.

Virgin flowers of timid spring,
Wave in beauty on your stem,
Brightening on the fairy earth,
Like pearls upon a diadem.

Swains and Naiads of the vale,
Fondly o'er the meadows creeping,
Soft your footsteps through the grove,
Where my Phillis—love—is sleeping.

D. S. L.

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* The new chapel at Wolverhampton. The writer has here attempted to trace his impressions on first entering the splendid building, neath which rest the ashes of Dr. Milner.

A CHAPTER FROM HISTORY.

"And very much unlike what people write."—BYRON.

"IN what can exist the policy of telling seven millions of high-minded subjects that the brand of servitude shall remain for ever stamped upon their foreheads?" "What can be the end and aim of blotting the records of English legislation with the blackest and most enduring intolerance?" These are questions, which have been moulded into every different shape, that mixed debate, popular discussion, ardent controversy, or the more humble pamphlet, could supply; they have been repeated *usque ad nauseam;* and they have been dwelt upon until men grew wearied of making the interrogation, and sick from the stupidity with which it was received. Every man of sense in the kingdom—if he is not deterred by the pursuit of church preferment,* or if, by taking orders, he has not "vowed a vow" against the influence of liberality and and truth—will unite in condemning the system of mad impolicy, which tells seven millions of people that they and their childrens' children must submit to be as helots and as serfs, in the land of their fathers; that they must tender obedience to the domination of a heartless ascendancy; and that, although their blood may be necessary to cement, and their treasure to support, the stability of the British throne, they must be content to endure the labour without participating in the reward. If the exclusive administration of the present day was not sufficient to awaken the indignation of every independent spirit, the Catholics of these realms need only turn the eye to the pages of their own history; they present a detail too frightfully appalling to be looked upon with calmness: but, while on the one side we see instances of the most heroic virtue, unexampled constancy, and devoted loyalty, we are surprised to behold the scale overbalanced by a more than equiponderant weight of injustices, at which pagan despotism would have blushed; of cool-blooded heartlessness, which would seem to intimate that the feelings of nature had received a new direction; and of misrepresentation and falsehood, which are enough to mark reprobation on any creed or government that could authorize them.

England, the "lady of the sea," the "wonder and envy of surrounding nations," would fain persuade us that she stands forward on the page of Europe with proud pre-eminence: she would arrogate to herself the privilege of granting the charter of emancipation to South America, and she would wish the world to believe that in her is exhibited the most perfect liberality and freedom of government. But *where* can she offer evidence to support the assertion, and *how* can she furnish facts to give credibility to the boast? Protestantism, pure and glorious Protestantism—engendered in the pride, cradled in the lust, and matured in the obstinacy, of the arch apostate—forsooth, possesses within itself all the principles of human happiness and civil freedom! Buoyed upon the flood of unrestrained passion, its progress, no doubt, materially contributed to the improvement of the morality of mankind; and breathing extermination, wherever it could obtain the ascendant, it gave crushing evidence how much liberty of conscience formed one of its acting principles. But, on

* A young student of Trinity College, Dublin, having been asked by a friend of his, on what he founded his opposition to the Catholic claims, replied, "I am an emancipator, but as I am preparing for orders, I could expect no advancement from Dr. Magee, if I were to advocate the cause!!!"—*Dublin Paper.*

the contrary, Catholicism was teeming with the basest of pollutions; ignorance and priest-craft had been so interwoven with her, as to become a very part of her being, and intolerance had grown into her very essence!! While the proceedings of the Star Chamber are forgotten, the proceedings of the Inquisition are dragged into light: while the loyalty of those who were attached to the Stuarts is constituted treason, the regicides of the Cromwelian times are uncensured: while the eve of St. Bartholomew is made to live for eternal execration, the excesses of the German fanatics are buried in silence; and while the fires of Smithfield are made to blaze with undiminished intensity, the burnings and quarterings attendant on the penal code have elapsed into forgetfulness. Such is the principle of fair dealing and of candour by which our Protestant antagonists are actuated, when speaking of Catholicism. Dispassionate enquiry is thrown out of the question: the prescriptions of logic are unremembered; and, like Watts,* who, while he warns us, in one page, against the consequences of permitting the judgment to yield to prejudice, in the next gives us an instance of the extent to which he himself labours under the deficiency against which he guards us. When *popery* becomes the subject of attack, the parson seems to forget that charity had ever been a doctrine preached from his pulpit. This is a principle which, however, is far from being confined to the study of the controvertist, or the closet of the statesman. It descends into the policy of domestic life, and is found acting upon the relative situations of families. If a member of a Catholic family has been induced to apostatize from the religion of his hope, we pray for his conversion and sorrow for his aberrations; but should a Protestant find resistless conviction force him into the profession of our immutable faith, the consequence is diametrically opposite. The voice of intimidation is raised against him, a worrying persecution is commenced, and if his constancy is not found to succumb to reiterated attacks, he is flung upon the world, and disclaimed by those to whom nature had bound him. But upon this topic, at present, I shall not speak more at length. While the "bloody Mary" and the Gunpowder Plot† haunt our imaginations, let us see what are the pictures, we shall see presented by the annals of the "good Bess."

The Earl of Arundel‡ in his early life had been one of those, whose fortune it was to find favour in the eyes of Elizabeth. To a handsome person and courtly manners he united other qualifications, which secured to him the protection of the sovereign; and for an indefinite period he continued to enjoy the sunshine of royal patronage. However the historians of party may seek to extol the court of Elizabeth, however brightly they may consider it to have been adorned by the presence of knightly men and ladies of high degree, they must concede that it was not the most exemplary for its devotional or moral feeling. Under the immediate eye of the head of the church, virtue kept at a respectful distance, and vice increased with becoming luxuriance: immorality was publicly sacrificed to; and not, during the dreariest epochs of "Popish" darkness, had the court of St. James's been so utterly depraved, as dur-

* For numberless instances of this, see Watts' "Logic," *passim*.

† For an admirable article on this same Gunpowder Plot, I would refer my readers to the second series of "Captain Rock," pp. 129, 161.

‡ Philip Howard was the eldest son of the Duke of Norfolk, by Mary Fitzallan, daughter of the Earl of Arundel. At the age of eighteen he was introduced to Elizabeth, who received him graciously.—LINGARD.

ing the reign of this immaculate queen. For some time Arundel mixed with the crowd, and was hurried along by the torrent, which flowed strongly upon him; but being reserved for a happier fate, he soon became disgusted with debauchery, and, embracing the religion of his fathers, incurred the displeasure of his haughty mistress. From a favoured courtier he became a suspected recusant; from glittering in the train of majesty he retired to the privacy of his own estate; and finally, after having been harassed and wearied by constant suspicion, he was conveyed as a prisoner to the Tower. Here he had remained for some years, suffering every privation and indignity, and deprived of the consolations of that religion, in whose bosom *he had sought rest and had found it*. However, the queen had now resolved on his death; and accordingly we find her in a chamber of her palace, attended by Burleigh, and preparing to set her seal to the warrant for his execution.

The apartment was small, and rendered gloomy by the heavy style of the furniture, and the dark colouring of the oaken wainscoting with which it was loaded. The queen was dressed negligently: a cloak of sable ermine floated round her; her neck was bare; instead of the court ruffles she wore a plain manteau thrown across her shoulders; and, as she lay on the couch, her eye seemed disturbed and rolling, with her cheek pale and sardonic. With a wily sneer of befitting gravity, Burleigh stood by her, ready to minister unto her will; and before her lay the warrant for Arundel's death, awaiting the sign manual. It seemed as if her resolution was as yet fluctuating, and the indetermination of her mind was legible in the disturbed characters of her countenance. Burleigh was urging her to write the fatal word; and at last, as if persuaded rather by her own inclinations than by any arguments that the minister had been advancing, she took up the pen, and was about to apply it to the paper, when the door of the presence-chamber was opened, and a female, attended by some of her officers, rushing in, flung herself at the royal feet. The queen, surprised at the intrusion, started from her seat, and, with a voice that spoke a boiling spirit, coarsely cursed the guards, and as violently demanded the business of the suppliant.

She was clad in habiliments that intimated high rank; and although sorrow had deputed its canker-worm to revel on her bloom, she yet retained the "relics of a form once fine." It was the Countess of Arundel; and as Elizabeth recognised, in her person, the wife of her unfortunate prisoner, her rage became ungovernable. Her hair was streaming in wild confusion, her bosom was heaving with agitated hope, and her cheek was pale from constant anxiety, as the imploring countess knelt before her relentless sovereign. Unfortunately she had always been a subject of jealousy to Elizabeth; and her suppliant attitude and marked suffering, so far from working on the tenderer feelings of the queen, seemed to add fresh fuel to her ire. There was no positive crime proved against Lord Arundel; his religion formed the "head and front of his offending;" and for his adherence to that had the heartless tyrant doomed him to die.

With all the eloquence of female love, when pleading for some dear and worshipped being, did the miserable countess argue her husband's cause. She insisted upon his innocence, she dwelt upon his personal attachment to the queen, she suggested the impropriety of giving a man of his rank to the disgrace of a public execution without the existence of adequate guilt, and she concluded by appealing to her woman's feelings,

if such had a place in her breast. But argument and intreaty were equally vain. Yet Burleigh himself felt inclined to relent, and even went so far as to request that she would not be too precipitate in pronouncing a fatal decision. But all availed not; and, starting from her seat with a frenzied air of high-wrought tyranny, she gave a frown of cold unpitying contempt at the countess, who lay fainting at her feet; and signing her name to the warrant, flung it to the minister, adding, "Go, woman! By ——, thy husband, if he had ten thousand lives, should lose them all! Go; and, as you value your own safety, I warn thee let me hear no more of thy plaints."

Before she had finished her sentence, the wretched lady had swooned into frightful insensibility; and, equally regardless of her delicate condition as of every other sentiment of humanity, the despotic queen harshly ordered that she should be borne from her presence. When the warrant was handed to the lieutenant of the Tower, Arundel was stretched on his uncomfortable pallet, in a miserable room, in that abode of sorrows. Here had he pined for year after year, wishing for no solace save in religion, and seeking for no respite save in the grave. Accordingly, when the expected summons came, it was received without surprise: his only request was that he might be permitted to have a farewell interview with his wife. However, this was not conceded; although the execution of the warrant was deferred from day to day, through a persuasion which Burleigh and Hatton had forced upon the queen that it would be prejudicial and unnecessary to condemn him to the ignominy of a scaffold. "She had taken the life of the father: let her not stain her reputation with the blood of the son." In this state of suspense did she allow him to remain for some time, not knowing, when he arose in the morning, whether he should not be summoned to meet his eternal Judge before evening. "In 1595 he was suddenly taken ill at table: the skill of his physician checked the rapidity, but could not subdue the force, of his disease; and he died at the end of two months, in the eleventh year of his imprisonment."*

This fact of history, unembellished by any of the horrors with which fancy might have gifted it, stands forward to bear testimony to the benign spirit which governed the proceedings of Protestant Elizabeth. The Protestants would persuade us that *they* monopolize every principle of liberality; but the truth is, their very existence seems to have been secured, and their very duration built, upon the most revolting intolerance. These are facts which are disguised from the English reader: Protestantism is presented to him in a fair and spotless garb; while, in his mind, Catholicism, from the earliest years, has been associated with all that is most appalling:—it becomes a phantom of blood, from which he instinctively shrinks, while he is taught to look upon it as the Juggernaut of a superstitious idolatry. Now, it is only necessary that facts should be stated as they really are—that they should be examined with impartiality, and an intention of abiding by the truth—and the mirror of history would be found to reflect a very different face. The worst deeds

* Lingard's "History of England," vol. viii. p. 350. In a note to the same page we find that Lord Arundel was taken ill "after eating some teal." This circumstance provoked a suspicion of poison; while others attributed his decease to his religious austerities. Camden, 706. In 1624 his body was transferred to Arundel; and his son recorded his suspicion in his epitaph—"Non absque veneni suspicione." MS. Life, xvi. xviii.

ascribed to Mary stand not in comparison with those which Elizabeth is known to have perpetrated. There may be some excuse for the former—there can be none for the latter: the one was engaged in preventing the abolition of the ancient religion, the other was employed in *compelling* the introduction of a sensual and a baseless creed. As I purpose giving, in the pages of the Miscellany, some desultory sketches illustrative of Protestant liberality, in regard both to historical and modern times, for the present I shall not encroach further on the indulgence of my readers.

D. S. L.

TRANSRHENANE MEMOIRS.*

THE Catholics of these countries are frequently accused, by Protestants, of an unbecoming excess of zeal in the making of converts; but the charge has been preferred in the total absence of proof. The fault, i any, lies on the other side. We have been too long compelled to act upon the defensive—to venture into the camp of the enemy; and have been, until recently, more solicitous to prevent apostacy than to persuade others to embrace our creed. Converts, however, have been made. The learned and the illiterate have been among those who, attracted by the inherent beauty and consistency of truth, have preferred our church, under circumstances which leave no room to question the purity of their motives. In a temporal point of view they were sufferers; and it would appear that we have been on some occasions at little pains to diminish the difficulties which they necessarily had to encounter. They have not always found friends amongst Catholics, whose sympathy might atone for those they had lost; and Mr. Best, the author of "Four Years in France," in a moment of irritation no doubt, insinuates that the only way to acquire our notice and regard is to vilify our religious principles. The author whose work is on our table, and who is a near relative of Mr. Best, has also found himself under the necessity of uttering a still more serious complaint. He has preferred our church, has studied her doctrines, and is now a political sufferer from principle, but he has not succeeded, it would appear, in convincing his Catholic countrymen that he is worthy of kneeling at the same altar with them.

In this there is undoubtedly great exaggeration; but still, we fear, the plain facts of the case will be found to reflect some discredit upon those more immediately alluded to. As members of society it becomes incumbent upon us to applaud that moral heroism—a novelty in our day, which prefers truth to temporal advantages; and though the superiority of Catholicism to all other creeds must be apparent enough to those who examine its doctrine, there are circumstances which would entitle the individual preferring it to that commendation which is seldom denied to the higher efforts of intellect. In this country, the conversion of a Protestant, whose personal claims are unquestionable, ought to be regarded as a kind of moral phenomenon. For three centuries, every effort which interest, and power, and law, and influence—individual and collective—could make, has tended to bring Catholics and their religion into contempt. The press has teemed with misrepresentations; and the pulpit, round which the people crowded to listen to what they thought the words of truth, has been converted to the unholy purposes of intole-

* "Transrhenane Memoirs." By John Richard Best, Esq. 'Author of Transalpine Memoirs.' London: Longman and Co. Cruttwell, Bath.

rance. The parson, who claimed to be the representative of Christ's apostles, did not hesitate to act in contradiction to the injunction of Him whose servant he assumed to be, and bear false witness against his neighbour. Wherever there had been discussions, from the humble shop of the barber in Wapping, where loud logicians fiercely contended for victory, to the venerable hall of St. Stephen's in Westminster, where grave legislators wage a more important war of words, there have been calumnies. The poor and the wealthy were equally zealous in the work of vilification; and the matron of the poor-school, and the provost of the college, vied with each other in inculcating tenets inimical to the Church of Rome. The habits and customs of private life were founded in a great measure upon a no-popery basis—and many of the public institutions of the country, as well as its literature, grew up under this spirit of Protestantism, which pervaded the whole mass of society, its laws and legislation. That hatred of the ancient creed, which was imbibed from the literature of the nursery, was confirmed by the maturer studies of the man, and the worldly-minded, as well as the ambitious, were equally concerned in perpetuating prejudices, which afforded additional opportunities for the advancement of their individual interests.

Such was the system with which individuals had to contend before they dared to think of mental emancipation. It was a great effort of mind to arrive at truth, obstructed as it was by such formidable obstacles; and though fully persuaded of the errors of the church in which they had been educated, it required no ordinary degree of moral courage to set at defiance the persuasion of friends, the sneers of enemies; the "oppressor's wrong, and the proud man's contumely," and take their places among those who existed only as it were by connivance, whose creed was made matter of personal reproach, if not of personal danger; and whose movements were circumscribed by penal fetters. Such men deserved at our hands more than common courtesy. Their conversion, under such circumstances, was a mighty testimony in proof of the superiority of our holy religion; and we ought to regard them as so many triumphs over our calumniators. The frequency of such gratifying occurrences—and they are daily increasing—should not diminish our estimate of their value. They are incidents in the progress of society, which operate favourably for the cause of truth; their influence is not limited to this country or to this age; they are matters of record; they interest men of mind throughout the universe; and cannot possibly be regarded by any one with indifference. The most intolerant of our calumniators must pause in his opposition when he reads Mr. Best's Reasons for abandoning the Established Church; his prejudice must have encountered a shock, when he hears of his conversion. It could hardly be otherwise: here was a man of superior endowments—of great attainments—in holy orders—and the son of a prebend! Few are blessed with a hardier intellect, or a more logical head; yet he has shaken off the prejudice of his education—of his country; and embraced the creed of the proscribed. His motives must have been pure; those who condemn him admit his sincerity, and do not pretend to a greater capacity. These are reflections which involuntarily arise in every mind; and which will continue to arise: they are tacit arguments which undermine those prejudices they fail to destroy; and being in our day daily provoked, must ultimately modify, if not alter, the nature of public opinion in Protestant countries.

It is for the fanatical advocates of inconsistent creeds to encourage

apostacy by tangible inducements; the converts to Catholicism find their reward in the tranquil happiness which the very act communicates—we have nothing to bestow upon them—we would not bestow it if we had; but it is neither Christian nor wise to treat them with indifference. If we cannot give them an equivalent for the temporal losses they sustain, let us not aggravate the disabilities they voluntarily encounter, by a cold inertness, which is neither Catholic nor British. They are entitled to our sympathy, in some measure to our thanks, and ought to find amongst us the sweets of social intercourse. If they be full of probity and talent, as most of them are, we must be proud of them. In their conversion we have a religious triumph; and surely we should manifest any thing but feelings that elicit reproof, and which thereby operate unfavourably upon the minds of those who are contemplating an abandonment of error. We very properly feel grateful to those kind Protestant friends who advocate our cause conditionally—who find fault with our creed, but support our civil claims; surely then we ought not to view with indifference those who forsake the ranks of our opponents, and generously take their stations by our sides. Their accession is of far greater importance than is generally supposed.

These remarks have reference only to a few extreme cases. The Catholics, of course, are actuated by those sentiments which influence the conduct of other men; and feeling as they do, a lively and sincere interest in the progress of religious truth, they cannot but rejoice when individuals seek consolation in the bosom of the Catholic Church. These they have uniformly treated with marked kindness, many of them experienced the liberality and fraternal regard of our venerable prelates, and not a few of them are now zealous and efficient teachers of those doctrines which they once maligned, because they did not know them. But it is an undoubted truth, that several of those eminent men, and they are not a few, who have recently entered the bosom of Catholicism, have complained of the coldness with which we have treated them. Their great talents, the influence of their stations in society, and the moral worth of their characters, gave them no ordinary claims to regard; and we are persuaded all these circumstances were fully appreciated by every Catholic in Great Britain. The want of opportunity must have prevented a manifestation of this feeling; and where this has not been the case, many things may be alleged in palliation. Accustomed as we are to have the ceremonies and discipline of our church ridiculed by Protestants, it was natural that we should receive with suspicion, whatever their professions—those who endeavoured to add to the ridicule. Mr. Best, in his "Transalpine Memoirs," indulged in a latitude of remark upon some of the religious ceremonies that take place in the "eternal city," which, if not indecorous in a Catholic, was at least imprudent. It is quite true that matters of discipline are not matters of faith; but it is equally true, that vast numbers are not aware, or will not be aware, of this very obvious and important distinction. Neither should the author have forgotten that his work was published in a Protestant country, and treated of a popular topic in a popular style: it addressed itself to the frivolous as well as to the serious; and it was hardly to be expected that English readers would pay much attention to the disclaimer in the Preface: they were likely to have their erroneous notions confirmed by encountering a ridicule of Catholic religious customs in a Catholic writer.

We are not now pronouncing an opinion upon the merits of his remarks; and we are sure there was quite enough in his book to shield him from the charge of infidelity. For our own parts we have not a doubt of his orthodoxy; and we know that the exercise of his talents has proved useful to our cause. "The German Reviews," he says, "praise me, because, 'though a Catholic, I am not a bigot.'—I thank them for admitting that the two characters are not necessarily allied: let English Catholics do as much; their religion does not stand in need of the paltry, despicable, imagined aid of bigotry."

In the work on our table, the title of which is sufficiently fanciful, Mr. Best conveys the impressions made upon his mind during a rapid journey through parts of Germany. The narrative is lively and interesting—the anecdotes piquant and instructive—and some of his observations very creditable to his taste and patriotism. He does not enter upon any of those important questions, which are now undergoing what may be called a test in Germany; but his incidental notices are entitled to consideration. In May 1827 Mr. Best left France and proceeded to Metz; on the road he sketches the "Conducteur."

"Paley, in his Natural Theology, mentions, as one great proof of the existence of a Creator, the different coverings which are so appropriately given to each species of living beings. 'Could chance, or any fortuitous circumstances,' he exclaims in well-founded admiration, 'have created feathers to the bird, scales to the fish, and hairs to the cattle?' What would the divine have said, had he heard his whole train of argument overturned by the *conducteur* of the *diligence* from Metz to Strasbourg, who, finding a short hair in the dish of meat before him, observed, with a most ludicrously grave countenance, '*le bon Dieu ne devoit pas mettre de poils sur le dos des bêtes*,—God did wrong in putting hairs on the backs of oxen.'

"I was much interested in the character of this man. With that ignorance of all acquired knowledge usually found in those of his situation, he had a clear, reasoning head, free from prejudice, and spoke on all subjects of a general and political interest—for such subjects are, in France, agitated by all classes of people—with a degree of truth and clear-sightedness which is seldom found in the conversation of his superiors. Mixed with this cool, investigating mind, he possessed a great fund of sensibility, which occasionally burst forth in an interesting manner.

"'No!' he exclaimed, taking part in the conversation, 'No, the general was old enough to die. Wherefore should he have desired to remain here more than sixty years? His children were grown up, and no longer wanted his support; his wife could no longer look upon him with her first affection. What would a delay of ten additional years have availed him? None should wish to exceed his age—sixty years. According to his allowance, I myself have twenty years more to pass in the world: but were I not wanted, were not my existence useful, and very, very useful to my seven young children—I would not wish to see another day. It is not that I am anxious to die; but wherefore should the poor man desire to live? What pleasure have I upon the earth? A continued routine of labour, without the most distant hope of ever bettering my situation——No, no; a poor man ought not to pray for a long life.'

"The depth of feeling with which he said these words was affecting."

On entering Germany, he observes,

"The crosses which rose here and there by the road-side have now disappeared. In the eastern part of France, through which I have just passed,

their number becomes greater towards the frontier. In the states of the Duke of Baden they are also very frequent: but the greater part of the population of Wurtemburg is Protestant. This custom of erecting crosses is, perhaps, in some places, carried too far; but, on the whole, I like it. It is impossible but that the sight of that symbol should produce some effect, however slight, upon even the most unthinking mind: and that effect would be more often produced, were the crosses alone erected—without the revolting, ill-executed figure, which is frequently attached to them. I have heard Protestants regret that this symbol was not more respected by those of their religion. It is generally found on the summit of their churches—true; but the Catholic custom of signing one's self with the sign of the cross was too beautiful, too eloquent, too feeling to be abandoned: it ought to have remained a mark of recognition to all those who believe in Him who died upon it. A Catholic Englishman related to me that a poor Irish labourer once called upon him in England: my friend told him that he was, like himself, a Catholic: 'Oh! you all say so,' the peasant distrustfully replied: the Englishman made the sign of the cross on his breast: 'now, indeed, I know that you're a true one.' "

Subsequently, when treating of his journey from Linz to Vienna, he remarks:

"In this district, and indeed in every Catholic district of Germany, we see a greater number of crosses and of statues of saints than are met with even in the States of papal Rome. Many of these are bedecked with flowers, which had been renewed for the present solemnity. To these images, Protestants affirm that the Catholics address their prayers: they will not believe our assertions to the contrary; they know our creed and our hearts more intimately than we do ourselves. Will they believe me when I declare that one of these marble statues which I saw thus adorned, had, either from accident or intentionally, been deprived of its head; that that part of the stone from which the head had been struck was already moss-grown; but that, nevertheless, this statue was adorned with flowers, and continued to receive the same honours as were granted to its less-mutilated companions? The conclusion to be drawn from this fact is unanswerable: if it were true that the ignorance of the people ever led them to believe that any supernatural virtue was contained in the statue, would not that same ignorance have taught them that the statue, that the *being*, when it had lost its head, could no longer understand their prayers? But if, on the contrary, they only beheld in the statue the image of an immortal protector, it little mattered to them whether that image had or had not a head;—a sufficient portion of it still remained to recal to their remembrance him whom it represented; and *him* they honoured when they adorned his broken statue.

"'Make us a picture of the Crucifixion to place in our church,' said a deputation of poor labourers from a village in the south of France. 'Do you choose for the figure of Christ to be represented dead or still living?' demanded the artist. This was a question on which the projectors of the painting had never thought: but, after consulting together for some moments, they replied to my friend, the painter, 'You had better make it living, because, if it does not please us *so*, it can be killed afterwards.' Who does not see in this simple expression of their limited idea of the art of painting, that they intended to look upon their future picture as a mere memorial?—else would they have talked of putting to death their God?"

On the same road he witnessed a *Fête-Dieu*.

"This day was the *Fête-Dieu*—the festival of *Corpus Christi*—which, as is well known, is celebrated in Catholic countries with grand, so-called, *religious* processions, in which the sovereign and his court join. The streets of the different villages through which we passed were lined with

branches of elm trees, the whole population was dressed in its best clothes, the flowing hair of the children was adorned with garlands of flowers, every one was hastening to the call of the church bells.

"A religious procession, formed by the poor inhabitants of a humble village is very different from one of the same nature which a sovereign and his court follow through the streets of a town. In the one case, it is, most probably, an act of real devotion; in the other, it is, almost of necessity, an act of worldly parade. Disguise it as you will, the sovereign who walks on foot after the host, is, in the minds of most beholders, the principal object, and that one which attracts the most attention in the procession: while the noisy rabble, the rushing crowd, the threatening soldiery, and the whole city bustle, are but bad accompaniments to an act of devotion. But when a few peasants, headed by their priest, meekly walk through the lanes of their village; when there is no rush, no ostentation, no show—the impression produced is far different: and when they carry their God through the fields which his bounty fertilizes, and under the bright sun and the pure air which breathes of his splendour and his holiness—they worship him in a temple more worthy of his majesty, than the worldly, polluted streets of a capital."

Travelling in Germany is not conducted with that rapidity to which we are accustomed on our Mac Adamized roads. The government owns all the stage coaches, and secures itself from the inconvenience of competition, by prohibiting all rivalry. The vehicles, however, are much superior to such things in France, and the whole equipage does not fall very short of a 'turn-out' in this country. The inns are but indifferent; and, improving on the Italian plan, the host compels his guest to sleep between two beds of equal warmth, his feet remaining uncovered, as temporary conductors of the night air. An Irishman being thus accommodated, imagining that people lay in tiers, politely requested that those who were to take their places above him might lose no time, as he did not wish to be disturbed by their getting into bed when he should be asleep!

Civil liberty may be considered as practically unknown in Germany. No one can move a mile without a passport, and the denial or permission rests with an irresponsible police. Vienna has the look of being the residence of 'civilized feudal lords,' and the court occasionally undertakes to instruct those who seek amusement in the art of politeness: the king demands one clap more in the theatre than the most popular performer! The Germans, however, though a sombre, heavy people, are not without their good qualities: morality suffered at the period of the reformation, and immorality is still superinduced by the tenets of the reformed sects.

"'My peasants,' said a Hungarian countess to me, 'judge of the riches of a neighbour by enquiring how often he has been married: for each wife brings an increase of fortune, and soon sinks under the ill-treatment of the husband. Moreover, divorce is common amongst them. The greater part of the population is Catholic; but often does a married man or woman come to me, saying, 'Madame, I wish to change my religion, and become a Protestant.' 'Why so?' 'I think I shall be happier in that creed.' Of course I cannot refuse consent. He has his conversion registered; divorces his wife; marries another; and, six weeks afterwards, returns to his first faith. Divorce, you are aware, is forbidden by the Catholic Church, though the Protestant allows it to its followers. Thus a Protestant man is able to divorce his Catholic wife; but *her* religion does not permit her to marry again during the life of her first husband. And in my country of religious toleration, a change of belief is almost always the pre-

lude to a change of partner;—the which end being accomplished, the party immediately abandons the creed he had hypocritically and momentarily adopted. It even often happens that, after this lawful inconstancy, a man divorces his second, and is again married to his first, wife.

" 'And do your laws present no obstacles to these frequent divorces?' 'None; the illimited religious toleration established by the Emperor Joseph still subsists?' 'Religious toleration,' I replied, 'has no warmer partisan than myself. I believe that in that state, the legislature of which should not inquire what religious creed its subjects professed, or whether they professed any whatever,—both the temporal and spiritual authority would be more loved and respected. But marriage is a civil, as well as a religious, engagement; and the frequency of divorce which you describe, is evidently opposed to the civil well-being of any society, and ought, therefore, to be opposed by the civil authority—even though permitted by the spiritual courts.' "

Madame de Staël made similar remarks, long since, and Mr. Russell, an English Protestant, bears witness to the fact! Is it any wonder that thinking men are eager to be admitted into a church, whose doctrines are immutable, and whose morality is unquestionable? As in this country the churches are useful only once a week: in Catholic countries the temples of God are always open, and never without the presence of some one offering up his devotions to the throne of grace. But Protestantism places an interdict upon prayer: in refusing the intercession of the saints it necessarily limits the frequency of the act. Speaking of Ulm, Mr. Best says,

"This is an ancient and irregularly built town. Little known in former days, it is now pointed out as one of the proud land-marks of Napoleon's genius. Here General Mack, at the head of thirty thousand Austrians, allowed himself to be surrounded, and, without attempting a vain resistance, was compelled to surrender to the fortune of the Emperor of France.

"The façade of the Protestant cathedral is of a fine gothic architecture. I wished to see the interior of the church, and walked round to all its doors: I found them all shut. The rain was falling in torrents, and I hope I may be excused if the exclamation 'D—mn these Protestants!' did chance to escape from my disappointed lips. But I do assure the Protestant reader that it was uttered without any feeling of ill-will; that it broke forth in a moment of unthinking peevishness;—for reflection would have told me that *my* curses were superfluous.

" Critic, forbear! allow me, also, to joke on your idea of the Catholic faith; and detach not this sentence from that which follows. I concluded the last paragraph in the spirit of that belief which Protestants attribute to us. But the Catholic Church only asserts that contradictions cannot be equally true; and that, believing in its own doctrine, it is, of necessity, compelled to consider all other doctrines false. Nor does it pretend to determine what will be the future state of those who unintentionally follow false doctrines: but, believing that one particular doctrine has been revealed, it cannot recognize in any the right to differ from it:—those who do differ from it, do so at their own peril. One would suppose that reason and common sense forced this belief upon the followers of every possible creed. But no;—a sort of Christian polytheism is now the fashionable doctrine of the day."

Protestant travellers regret when they find a noble religious structure in the possession of Protestants; they are sure to be denied admission, unless they happen to apply on the sabbath. We wonder a spirit of justice does not animate them when they are describing those edifices, to which there is always access. Ridicule ought to be reserved for very

different occasions: and they ought to know that there is neither wit nor originality in laughing at sacred things, particularly when they are alike ignorant of their use and history. Our author has some sensible observations on this subject: they occur frequently. One of them we shall extract. He is speaking of the cathedral at Prague.

"In this cathedral the body of St. John Nepomucen is interred with the following epitaph: 'Under this stone lies the body of the most venerable and most glorious Thaumaturgus, JOHN NEPOMUCEN, doctor, canon of this church, and confessor of the empress; who, because he had faithfully kept the seal of confession, was cruelly tormented, and thrown from the bridge of Prague into the river Muldaw, by the orders of Wenceslas IV. Emperor and King of Bohemia, son of Charles IV. 1383.'

"I insert this inscription for the information of some whom I have heard scoff at the statues and other images of this great man. Had similar circumstances accompanied the death of any personage of the Roman history, the same travellers would have revered as a hero him whom they now despise as a Catholic saint. Why should he who admires Regulus sacrificing himself rather than act contrary to his oath to the Carthaginians, withhold his approbation from John Nepomucen, dying rather than break his solemn engagements to his God and his fellow men."*

The Germans have an intuitive taste for smoking and fiddling: every man has got a pipe, and a musical instrument, and spends a great part of his time in "blowing a cloud," or whistling an air. They appear to excel the Italians in musical genius, and some of the inspiration is supposed to be caught by our professional ladies and gentlemen, merely by passing through the country.

"Who were my travelling companions? I had immediately found out from one of them that he was a Saxon baron, now returning to his country after a long residence in Italy. My two other fellow-travellers—a man and a woman—preserved an unbroken silence, and it was some time before I discovered that I was in company with two compatriots. What I was able to learn and guess of their condition and their motives for travelling is too curious to be passed over in silence. It was amusing to see the surprise of the Saxon when—after much probing and a strict cross-examination, which English taciturnity, or rather non-communicativeness rendered necessary—I learned that they had left London only six weeks before; had landed at Arnheim; had travelled through Franckfort to Darmstadt, Stuttgard, Ulm, Munich, Passau; had then descended the Danube to Vienna; and were now on their way to Dresden and Berlin, with the intention of hastening from thence, through Leipsig and Cassel, to embark at Ostend and return to England! Six weeks only had passed since they had left London, and in six weeks more they intended to have performed the whole of their immense journey!

"'Can you deny,' said the baron to me, 'that the English are mad? Here are two people, a brother and sister, to whom every *florin* they spend is evidently an object of calculation, but who have left their country to traverse, as fast as the coaches can carry them, foreign nations of which

* "In the sacrament of penance, so indispensable is the law of secrecy, and so far does it extend, and the minister is bound, by all laws, so much to be upon his guard in this respect, that he may say with St. Augustin, '*quæ per confessionem scio minus scio quam quæ nescio*—what I know by confession, I know less than what I do not know at all.' Without this indispensable secrecy, the very precept and obligation cease. And this law is expedient also to the public weal; for by it the minister will often draw sinners from dangerous designs which otherwise would never have come to his knowledge; as F. Coton shewed to the entire satisfaction of Henry IV. of France."—See Butler's 'Lives of the Saints,' vol. v.

they scarcely understand the language! Are not the English incontestably mad?'

"What could I answer to an appeal backed by such argument? I desired him, nevertheless, to defer his judgment, as, perhaps, we might hereafter and by dint of *probing*, find out that these, my two country-people, had some rational motive for their apparently irrational journey. And so it was: for, from his passport, it was discovered that the gentleman was an '*étudient en musique*;' while a few half-spoken words, and the general turn of her conversation, led us to conclude that his sister was travelling in search of information in the same harmonious line. But so it ever is,—from one motive or another, there is

'no earthly place
Where we can rest in dreams elysian,
Without some cursed, round, English face
Popping up near us to break the vision.'

"Though I had not anticipated many 'dreams elysian' amongst the corn-covered hills of Bohemia, yet I had certainly expected to find them 'free from London kind.'"

We have all heard a great deal about German literature; it is still, however, in its infancy.

"The great fair is now holding at Leipsig. I went to several hotels before I found one that could accommodate me with an apartment. At length I was shown into a back bedroom, with which the necessities of the case compelled me to be contented; and having passed the day in a mailcoach, I thought it natural to demand a basin of water and a towel. But long were my applications unheeded: I had already waited a good half-hour; the door opened; a servant entered, bringing me—a smoker's spitting pan!

"In the dining room below there stood a stove surmounted by a statue of Minerva. Minerva upon a German stove! In the Tuillerie gardens at Paris, I have seen the casts of the Grecian statues of the Fawn and the Wrestlers smiling and writhing beneath a white, shivering coat of northern snow.

"The Leipsig book-fair is renowned throughout Europe. So strong is the influence of prejudice and prepossession, that I have heard this fair brought forward in argument to support the often-asserted literary superiority of Germany over other countries. But what does it in fact prove—except that the book trade is here still in its infancy, is still carried on according to erroneous notions? The unfolded printed sheets are alone brought into the fair; it is not many years since the people of Dresden were astonished by seeing, for the first time, a new book folded into a readable form and exposed for sale at a shopman's window. In England, all fairs are now little frequented; and when the German publishers shall understand their trade as well as it is understood by their brethren of London, Leipsig book-fair will cease to exist."

These are evidently the opinions and reflections of an acute and cultivated mind; and we confess, on closing the volume, that we should not have been displeased had the author been less brief. Travellers, with his qualifications, do not often visit Germany; and had he remained somewhat longer amongst the people, and given us more details of the moral and religious aspect of the country, he could not fail to communicate information of great value. Brief, however, as the work is, it has given us much pleasure; and though we should not have been displeased to find some obtrusive "sentimentality" omitted, the contents of the volume, upon the whole, are highly creditable to Mr. Best.

THE CONVICT.

THE approach to Mallow by the Cork road is by no means devoid of beauty; the residence of opulent persons is indicated by near and distant trees; and the aspect of the place is peculiarly pleasing: there are no scenes of what some would call striking grandeur or sublimity; but there is a sufficient inequality in the grounds to give the view all the advantages of a rugged variety. In winter it is sombre enough, but in summer it assumes a look of comfort, which, to a benevolent traveller in Ireland, must prove highly gratifying. In those happier months, when the twilight of evening is merely the harbinger of morning, it glows in all the beauty of the season; and at such times even the people, half forgetful of their wrongs, feel the full influence of every thing around—they actually look happy! But the monotony of tranquil enjoyment is unknown in Ireland; that country, like oriental climes, seems only destined to exemplify the political truth that the deeds of man can mar the works of Providence.—The heart of the Irish peasant is often the only sad and lacerated thing which is to be met with; and a fine morning—a brilliant sun—a lovely view—only serves to remind him of some of those fearful incidents which have given a tone of melancholy and sorrow to the domestic annals of his country. None of the people west of Mallow will approach that neat little village at an early hour on a summer's day, without recalling the fate of a poor convict. "It was on such a morning," they will tell you, "Mark Harper broke his heart, and the heart of his boy;" and if this short but comprehensive history of the unfortunate man is not accompanied by tears, it is because your informants feel too much—think too much, to let their anger and their pity be calmed by so womanish a practice. While they narrate the story of his life, "even from his boyish days," an acute observer might discern no slight manifestation of an unsettled purpose—something between a design of obtesting Heaven for vengeance, or of assuming the terrible office of dispensers of justice themselves.

A few years before, and the province of Munster did not know a happier or more independent peasant than Mark Harper. Unlike many of his neighbours he was perfectly contented. His farm was small, but his wishes were bounded; he inhabited the lowly home of his ancestors: its very disadvantages had become, by long familiarity, essential to his happiness; he could not bear to see improvements that might mar the associations of his youth; and however inconvenient others might consider his dwelling, it was perfectly agreeable to its owner. He had been reared upon its earthen floor; he had listened in boyhood to interesting legends from the lips of age, around its social hearth; and in the same place, he had experienced in manhood, the delights of friendly intercourse, and the charms of domestic love. Gay, susceptible, and virtuous, he had early wooed and wedded; and as he looked upon his chubby offspring and their pleased and pleasing mother, he was quite willing to subscribe to the good Vicar of Wakefield's axiom, that he who marries young and brings up a numerous family, does more for the State than he who continues single, and talks of population.

Mark's exterior was rough, and his mind had profited little by the "march of intellect," he had never busied himself like the old woman, in George Cruikshanks' "Scraps and Sketches," in the "pursuit of Letters;" but he bore the image of his Maker, had a humane soul, and felt that

he was formed capable of enjoying happiness. He did enjoy it; toil had for him nothing but delight, because he found an ample reward in the comfort and independence which was the consequence of it. He was not ambitious of wealth, but his principles of honesty made him dread poverty. He therefore laboured hard and owed nothing: his rent was paid punctually; the tithe proctor was sure of his enactment; and secure from those ills which beset the unfortunate, Mark allowed his affections to flow uninterruptedly over his little family. He loved his wife—he adored his children; and never was parental fondness more amply returned. Many were the innocent contests about sharing the "envied kiss;" but it generally terminated by Billy, the eldest boy, retaining that post of honour—the father's knee.

One evening while Mark was pleasingly employed in encouraging the boisterous hilarity of his contented household, his heart surcharged with kindness, and his little ones as happy as innocence and health could make them, a somewhat splendid equipage was seen advancing along the road at the end of the *boreen*. From what he had previously heard, he was persuaded that it belonged to Captain Boyle, his landlord; and being in the habit of acting more from impulse than reflection, he started up and proceeded after the cavalcade towards the long-deserted mansion of Baysfield. Of the captain he knew little or nothing. During the last twenty years he had not been in the country; and though his tenantry had nothing very particular to expect from his presence, they felt an indefinite kind of satisfaction on hearing that in future their natural protector was about to reside amongst them. They never enquired to what motive or sudden impulse of patriotism they were indebted for the recent resolution of their landlord; it was sufficient that he had come to such a determination; they saw what they were taught to consider a great man amongst them; and it almost necessarily followed that they were to rejoice on the occasion. Mark was not the least loud in giving expression to his feelings; and certainly he had no sinister motive in hailing the arrival of his landlord's family. He never experienced any kindness at their hands—he expected none in future—but their name had been familiar to him; and he had been taught to look up to them with respect, and those we venerate we wish to see.

This manifestation of good will, was not answered by a corresponding feeling of kindness on the part of Mr. Boyle's family: there was a sectarian stiffness about the ladies, and the captain himself evinced none of that rough heartiness which we expect to see in a military man, and which becomes a soldier quite as well as his laurels. There was a formal precision in every thing about him, and in expressing his obligation for the attention of his tenantry, there was mingled some spiritual advice, which was to the peasantry quite as inexplicable as his conduct.

Mark Harper, who never had occasion to disguise his feelings, expressed his opinion of the captain very freely on his way home. "He is a swaddler," said one. "He is *a nothing*," said another; "I don't care a *traneen*," said Mark, "what he is; I pay my rent and have a long lease. He may pray till his knees grow as stiff as the *huff* of an ass, what's it to us, so we'll hould our whust, and let the landlord folly his own figaries. But boys, hunny, did you ever see such queer looken fellows as the sarvants. Every man ov'em would pass for a *black-cap*, down in town of Mallow on a Sunday morning; an troth I expected every moment to hear 'em up wid a bit of a psalm, and betune our-

selves; the ladies, God bless 'em, seemed well enough inclined to join 'em. Isn't it mighty strange entirely that a gentleman born would turn swaddler?"

To this query no satisfactory answer was returned; and the party separated for the night,—the last night they were destined to spend in conscious innocence and undisturbed tranquillity.

Next day while Mark was occupied in his little fields, his eldest son Billy came running towards him in breathless haste—"The fine ladies and gentlemen," cried the boy, "is wantin you. Oh! they are all so grand an so nice, an see what they've given me;" he continued, pulling a bundle of religious tracts out of his hat, where he had carefully deposited them. The fond father cast a careless glance upon the wood-cut embellishments of the literary presents, and having kissed the glowing and ample forehead of the child, hurried home. On his arrival he found his little cabin filled with what he considered distinguished visiters. The captain, his lady, their two daughters, and a male friend, were in serious conversation with Mrs. Harper; and Mark, who felt himself particularly awkward in the presence of such "great people," soon learned that matters of religion were being discussed with sufficient seriousness, by one party at least. The holy water-pot was the subject of debate, and the rude picture of the Crucifixion, which ornamented an unoccupied space by the side of the dresser, had been forced from his "peg of suspension," by Mrs. Boyle, who, shocked at such a manifestation of idolatry, could not resist the pious temptation of tearing in pieces the representation of the Redeemer's Suffering. Mrs. Harper knew very well that a few fresh eggs given to the next pedler who passed, would enable her to replace the "picture," whose fragments now strewed the floor; but still the act of the fair Iconoclast being a kind of outrage offered to her religious feelings, she felt somewhat angrily; the blood mounted up to her face, and she looked inquiringly towards Mark, tacitly asking whether she ought to resent the insult.

The Irish peasant is proverbially shrewd—no man knows better how to disguise his ordinary feelings; and not unfrequently he nods approval when his understanding is far from being convinced. There are limits, however, beyond which this prudence, which necessity in some measure has enforced upon him, does not extend. Religion, in his estimation, is too holy and too sacred a thing to be laid aside for a momentary convenience—he dare not trifle with his God; and however subservient he may appear on other occasions, he assumes all the nobler qualities of his nature when his faith is impugned. His creed is not conventional, it cannot be called accidental; he has studied it, if not profoundly, at least sincerely; and he professes, because he is convinced: he does not take too much for granted—he has inquired—listened, and believing, as well he might, that his religion is pure, and immaculate, and immutable, he feels pride in being in possession of the truth. In the common intercourse of life he is perhaps too ready—*necessitas quod coget defendit*—to succumb—to cringe—but in matters appertaining to religion he is upright, frank, candid—fearless—he does not shun discussion: he may feel his own inefficiency, but he has full confidence in the merit of the doctrines he supports.

Mark, in this respect, differed but little from his countrymen; he felt himself dignified in his belief; and though he necessarily wished to treat his landlord with all possible respect, he could not refrain from insinuating

a remonstrance against the impropriety of insulting the religious feelings of a poor man. He explained, in his rude manner, that in imputing idolatry to his family, the lady who had destroyed the engraving had been misled, and then very gallantly hinted that the lover who could treat the "image" of one of the young ladies indecorously, would be showing anything but an Irish or a Christian spirit. The inference was obvious enough: the fair visiters blushed to their toes; and no resistance was made to Mark as he proceeded to restore the holy water-pot to its wonted niche at the head of the bed. The firmness of his manner modified the zeal of his visiters; but it could not silence their enthusiasm—they assailed him with scripture quotations, and seconded each hasty argument by placing a tract in his hand. They seemed to have come provided with these fugitive treatises, on all possible subjects; and when they had loaded every individual of Harper's family with controversial and pious publications, in addition to a portable bible, they took their departure.

The astonished farmer was some moments before he could breathe freely. The torrent of pious declamation still sounded in his ears, and when he discovered the nature of the literary wares which had been so liberally bestowed upon him, and not estimating their contents very highly, he pacified the irritation of his wife, by thrusting a bundle of them under the potato pot.

In the mean time the pious captain and his relatives visited successively the cabins of his tenantry, and returned home late to dinner, with an incipient conviction upon his mind, that the only cure for Irish popery was to be found in the plan recommended by that sapient senator, Sir Joseph York. Nothing could remedy the people's folly but another deluge. Being better acquainted, however, with the Bible than the Science of Mechanics and Hydraulics, he was not aware of its perfect practicability, and therefore thought it advisable to assail the yielding principles of the young, rather than run the risk of encountering the obstinate prejudices of the old. Schools were immediately decided upon—it was so charitable—it was desirable—the Misses Boyles would look piously interesting superintending diurnal seminaries; and besides, their "mamma" would then have a frequent opportunity of gratifying her penchant for delivering orally the "Word of the Lord." The impression which she was to make on the susceptible minds of infants was so pleasing in perspective, that no time was lost in opening a proselyting academy, to serve as a kind of "model school" to future philanthropists, who might wish to ameliorate the ignorance of juvenile Paddies.

The people, taken by surprise, yielded a surly assent to Mrs. Boyle's proposition; the village school was partially deserted, and those who had puzzled their young heads about the story of "Tommy and Harry," and the fable of "The Boy who stole Apples," illustrated as they were by those specimens of ancient woodcutting, were now plunged at once into the mysteries of the Jewish law. Leviticus formed the morning lesson, and the repetition of the Songs of Solomon concluded the A, B, C, blasphemy of the day.

While the young ladies and their mother were busy in defining the shadowy outline of "Grace" and "Free Will," the captain was engaged in carrying on the work of the Reformation on a more extended scale. He had read a critical analysis of Mr. Malthus's Theory of Population in the "Edinburgh Review," and deeming the reasoning unan-

swerable, he came to the comfortable conclusion that there were too many people in the world. The misery of Ireland he had no doubt was owing to the redundancy of the population; and he spent some months in searching the sacred volume, to see if there was not some passage that would justify infanticide. One or two texts struck him as remarkable; but the support which these might lend his incipient theory were quickly abandoned, on discovering that the Old Testament allowed the patriarchs the Mahometan comfort of many wives. His college learning, too long forgotten, immediately recurred to him. There are just as many men born as there are women; but the rich are allowed to appropriate to themselves as many women as they please;—*therefore*, some poor men *must* want wives, and as what was intended for one poor man was intended for all poor men—*therefore*, Providence did not intend that any poor man should have a wife; and as what Providence did not contemplate should not be allowed—*therefore*, poor men should not have wives! The syllogism was not very scientifically put, but the conclusion would have been quite satisfactory, had it not been for the demolishing rhetoric of Mrs. Boyle, who denied his premises. The Methodist parson, too, disallowed this effort of private judgment, and thus assailed behind the curtain and before the pulpit, the captain found his position in the martial phrase untenable. He abandoned it, however, with reluctance; and though not prepared to carry the principle into practice in his own house, he was determined to proceed upon it in regard to his tenantry.

For centuries the Boyles had been absentees; their estates were managed by middle men—those patrons of liberality and population*—and under their influence a goodly race of boisterous Hibernians grew up around the domain. They were legitimately begotten; and unlike the men who resulted from the sowing of the seed-bones, they were formed for permanent happiness, and every way qualified for obtaining it. To the economic eye of Captain Boyle, however, they were unsightly objects. He had conversed with the late Mr. Butterworth upon the subject before he left London, and was fully satisfied that what Ireland wanted was a diminution of her people, and a resident aristocracy, who would employ none but orthodox labourers, and prohibit farms of less extent than three hundred acres. Men of less piety, but of greater pretensions to wisdom, have come to the same conclusion, and apparently by the same means—a total disregard of local circumstances.

Armed with a book on Agriculture, and a Scotch steward, the captain lost no time in setting about the improvement of his estate. Those who had no leases, or whose "time" had expired, received legal notice to quit; and lest the proceedings should bear the appearance of inhumanity,

* Though I have never attended the "Ricardo lectures," I must say that the people of Ireland have manifested some injustice in their perpetual denunciation of Absenteeism and Middle-men. To both of these, however, they owe the liberty they possess, and the influence they exercise. Had not the great absented themselves, the original spirit of intolerance would have continued, and Catholics would have been excluded from the estates of bigots, as they were formerly. Middle-men, however, were *dealers*—and commerce is of no religion—they preferred Catholics, because Catholics paid the highest rent—and under their protection a Catholic population may be said to have sprung up. To numbers and the forty shilling franchise—and be it observed, it was small farms that gave influence to this privilege—Ireland is indebted for the relaxation of the penal laws. Of the effects produced by a resident bigot, of extensive property, we have recently some melancholy instances.

they were told that it was much better for them to be employed on the estate than to be left to cultivate their own little farms. They did not exactly credit this—they did not believe it, and consequently their murmurs were loud and frequent. The county newspaper, however, lauded the captain, prognosticated that his estate would become a kind of Eldorado, and broadly hinted that men of such active dispositions were only wanted to banish misery and discontent from the country.

Mark Harper witnessed these innovations with regret: he could not conceive that it was the interest of a people to be dispossessed of their little fields; and, in his own way, calculated that it was quite impossible for the dispossessed to find constant employment under the new system. These, however, were calm speculations, carried on under the comfortable impression of individual security: he *had* a lease, twenty years of which were still unexpired, and though he saw how unsightly his tenement would look in the centre of that unobstructed waste which marks the progress of agricultural improvement, he was determined to yield to no terms, the consequence of which would be the abandonment of the home of his forefathers.

The poor are everywhere in dread of the anger of the rich—in Ireland this is peculiarly the case: the law there is partial or inoperative.—Mark knew this; and notwithstanding the steady independence of his character, and the natural firmness of his mind, he hesitated to do any thing that might excite the displeasure of his landlord. The proceedings of Mrs. Boyle at the school had excited some displeasure; the priest had already remonstrated with her on the proselyting spirit which pervaded her mode of instruction, and Mark had observed with pain, that Billy was beginning to imbibe notions of a dangerous tendency. One or two persons had withdrawn their children from the school; and though convinced that they did not resort to the measure without sufficient reason, Mark had not courage enough to follow their example. An accident, however, soon brought him in closer contact with his landlord than he desired. Billy, on going to school, usually carried with him provender for the day—a wine-bottle contained his milk, and his coat-pocket was loaded with good barley bread, well baked on a griddle. When "toil relenting lent its turn to play," the cravings of a healthy stomach were first to be satisfied; and one day, while little Billy was proceeding to discuss the contents of his pocket and bottle, the paper, in which the sable cake was enveloped, caught the eye of one of the young ladies, who, pouncing upon it with a pious avidity, tumbled Billy's dinner upon the floor, and, O horrible! revealed, free from unhallowed crumples, the "History of the early Reformers!" in the form of a penny tract. Her mother stood transfixed with amazement, and when her wonderment at the profanation of her pupil had been sufficiently expressed by pious gesticulation, the astonished Billy was assailed with a shower of interrogations, so thick and constant that reply was impossible, even though he had taken a lesson at the bar. When the violent eagerness of the fair devotees had somewhat subsided, the truth began to develop itself—somewhat after the manner of those bundles of papyrus found in the recesses of Pompeii—with astonishing tediousness. The fact, however, was ultimately revealed; the poor boy confessed that he had no respect for tracts, and that the majority of those so liberally distributed to the young Harpers, were converted to the useful purpose of boiling the "whiteyes." A look of resignation, on hearing this "tale of tears," was cast up to

Heaven; pretty eyes ejaculated prayers for the pardon of the culprits, and, with a gentle admonition, Billy was permitted to eat his bread in silence.

That evening a somewhat solemn procession approached the house of Mark Harper. The captain, his lady, and two daughters entered, wearing looks of marked displeasure; and after casting glances of great significancy around, inquired, with a kind of excusable hypocrisy, whether Mark had perused the "Tracts." The farmer, somewhat on his guard, caught up one of his children—merely to employ his arms, not knowing well what else to do with them—and replied, somewhat equivocally, that he had no leisure for reading. The storm, however, was gathering; and after a verbal thrust and parry or two, managed with considerable adroitness, burst, with unrestrained fury, upon the head of Mark. He listened with admirable composure to the lecture which the captain and his lady alternately read him; and as their abuse of popery was quite unmeasured, their holy zeal had the effect of awakening him, gradually, to a sense of what he owed to his religion. He was not altogether displeased, perhaps, with the opportunity which was now afforded of regaining, by an effort, however desperate, that tranquillity which he had in some measure lost; and now placed, as it were, at bay, he gave full utterance to the thoughts which were labouring within him. His deference for his landlord kept him, however, within decorous bounds; but as the subject was religion, and as he apprehended future persecutions on this head, he made a very deliberate profession of his faith, and gave the advocates of Bible-reading to understand, that he was not to be dictated to in matters which concerned himself and his God. In vain they called upon him to read the Bible; his resolution was taken; he would not tamper with his conscience.

Next day Billy did not make his appearance at the proselyting academy; and as the motive of the founders of this rustic seminary was now unequivocally expressed, the venerable Catholic pastor of the parish interfered. Forbearance on his part was no longer possible; and, after the following Sunday, Mrs. Boyle had the mortification to deliver one of her most spiritual orations to three brats and the mercenary superintendent. Accustomed to implicit obedience whenever he commanded, the captain did not modify his system in consequence of the opposition he excited: he denounced the priest, and appealed to the law; and as Mark Harper had been a prominent offender, it was thought only just to make an example of him for the benefit of others. He held a lease, it was true; but could not an ingenious lawyer discover a flaw in it? Was it legally worded? Was it legally signed? On consulting a retired barrister, the captain to his great delight discovered that it would not stand good in a court of law. It did not bear the signature of the captain, although granted after he had ceased to be a minor.

With that convenient logic, which sometimes imposes upon religious minds, the captain had no difficulty in reconciling the course he purposed pursuing with the tenets of the Bible. The law allowed, and if he had moments of reflection, when the still small voice of conscience essayed to be heard, he stilled the obtrusive monster, by comparing the quantity of actual evil with the amount of prospective good. Mark has stood forward prominently in opposition to the progress of the "new reformation," and ought therefore to be disposed of as speedily and as conveniently as possible, in a way which would operate usefully on the minds of others, in-

clined to imitate his example. Every thing tended to heighten the displeasure which the landlord now felt towards his unfortunate tenant.—Envy whispered a thousand facts—half true, half false—prejudicial to Mark, and his destruction was decided upon whilst he was flattering himself with the prospect of permanent security.

There is an arrear of rent called the "hanging gale" in Ireland, which the custom of the country, rather than the law, has tolerated; like his neighbours, Harper owed one; his father and his grandfather owed it before him; and the first notification he had of its being required, was the presence of the "driver," *anglicè* the bailiff.

This indication of the spirit with which he was to be treated in future, gave him no great uneasiness: he collected his scattered cash, and this falling short of the required sum, he set out immediately for Cork, where his banker, a maltster, resided. He made all possible dispatch, but on his return next morning he discovered that the impatient bailiff had driven off his live stock to the next "pound." There remained only one course for him to pursue; he repaired to the house of his landlord, and tendered his rent. An additional sum was required for legal expenses incurred; and on this being paid, the captain condescended to read the injured tenant a lecture on the obligations of charity. Mark paid no great attention; and the discourse being somewhat incomprehensible from its spiritual sublimity, he sustained no great loss in consequence of his abstraction. The conclusion, however, was more common-place—it held out a hope that compliance with certain forms would restore him to the good opinion of his landlord. The poor man firmly, but respectfully, declined the proposal: his religion he could not afford to part with. Next day he was served with an ejectment. His atonishment was extreme. His wife regarded his fate as sealed, but he had more confidence in the justice of his cause, and, on consulting a lawyer, this confidence was confirmed. At first the drain upon his resources was trifling, but as the case proceeded, the attorney became more frequent in his demands: the stock of ready money was exhausted; but things had gone too far to recede—a cow, and next a horse, were sold to answer the legal call.

It was now that Mark began to feel what it was to be unhappy; he became, in spite of himself, petulant and irascible; and though he loved his family with more than his wonted ardour, he could not enjoy their presence as he formerly did. His wife shared his misery; she suffered however in silence; and her mild spirit tended to repress the rising misanthropy of her husband; but still her wan cheek spoke a language to his heart, which he could not misinterpret—her eyes once

> "Affectionate and glad,
> That seemed to love whate'er they looked upon,"

were beginning to lose their lustre; and his little ones were in want of those comforts to which they were accustomed. The first term passed, and no decision was come to—the postponement necessarily increased the expense—a last effort was made—the poor man's resources were exhausted—and then a verdict in favour of Captain Boyle was recorded!

This was dreadful intelligence, and though it brought with it no personal reproach, there were few circumstances to mitigate the anguish it occasioned. The children wept to see their parents miserable, and the parents, in their turn, reciprocated this affection by lamenting their misfortune, solely on account of their children. God, however, was above them—he saw and could pity; and to Him with some effort they resigned

themselves. With hearts recently and deeply lacerated, they collected the residue of their little stock, and anticipated the visit of the sub-sheriff, by removing to a temporary hut erected for them on the side of the highway. The departure from the home where they had once experienced all the sweets of domestic love and tranquil enjoyment, cost them more tears than any other incident in their eventful history. It was like departing from the world; and they accomplished it, somewhat after the manner with which miserable men rid themselves of existence—in a fit of desperate resolution. Mark, however, was apparently the least affected of his family; he mastered his feelings, and looked upon the scene with a seeming kind of stoicism, that arose less from any mental reasoning, than from a vague kind of determination which he had formed of seeking revenge.

The country was in a state of terrible excitation: the dispossessed peasantry were clamorous for bread; and the evil had been aggravated by Captain Boyle refusing to give employment to any one who refused to send their children to the school he had founded. His displeasure was also extended to such of his tenantry as refused to submit their offspring to the chance of being perverted; and his obstinacy increased as his popularity declined. Persuasion and remonstrance were resorted to in vain; he persisted in spreading the "new reformation" at the expense of public tranquillity.

The miserable people, denied all redress, resolved at length to take the law into their own hands. A rustic combination to counteract the schemes of Captain Boyle was the consequence, and, on the first application, Mark Harper consented to enrol himself amongst those who undertook to redress the grievances of the district. This was subsequent to his removal from the home of his childhood; and it was his influence over the political instrument which had just been constructed, that tended to calm the anguish he felt on that occasion. Hitherto he had kept himself free from those assemblies of deluded men, who in avenging one injury incurred twenty; and after witnessing a few nocturnal debates, he felt that the prospects of his family were not likely to be speedily served by any mode of redress which his companions were inclined to resort to.—Still he had embraced their cause; and, perhaps, he thought himself justified in adhering to them: at all events he resolved to let his broken fortune depend solely on either chance. Circumstances had made him desperate; and whatever withdraws those moral restraints of character and religion from man, leaves him at the mercy of events, the result of which defies all prudent calculation. His habits, however, still clung to poor Mark; ragged and hungry he resisted all dishonest proposals, and consented with reluctance to those acts of retributive justice, which men, illegally associated, must necessarily resort to.

Their proceedings soon attracted the notice of the local magistrates—the district was proclaimed—the ordinary laws were suspended—and the natural enemies of the accused sat on the seat of judgment. To teach the guardians of the peace a mighty lesson, the disaffected meditated a stroke of desperate policy, Mark was elected to head the party; and, unfortunately, he accompanied them on the appointed night to within a short distance of the scene where their mad design was to be carried into execution. His conscience had rebelled from the beginning against the proposal, but he dreaded the charge of cowardice; and it was not until the moment of trial that he shrunk from the discharge of an illegal duty.

He framed an excuse to satisfy his comrades that the object of their mission was not that night attainable, and was quietly returning to his miserable home when surrounded by armed soldiers—resistance was vain: he was carried to Mallow, and next day brought before the presiding barrister, beside whom sat Captain Boyle. The charge was not to be resisted: he was caught out after sun-set and before sun-rise, and could not give a satisfactory account of his absence from home at so unseasonable an hour. His sentence was immediately pronounced—transportation for seven years! The judgment was final, and the following morning was to witness the convict's removal to Cork, preparatory to his being sent on board the transport-ship.

That morning, at day-light, the road leading into Mallow was thronged with women and children: Mark's case had excited the greatest commiseration; and all pitied—all sought to mitigate his punishment by sympathy and little acts of kindness. The unfortunate man's wife looked up to Heaven, and then down upon the earth; this moment regarding herself as deserted by Him in whom she put her trust; and then, dashing from her mind the unholy supposition, she embraced her husband—blessed him, and was blessed in return,—then sunk down exhausted; and when she recovered, the object of her regard had departed on his road to Cork. The troops which accompanied him had been purposely increased, lest there should be any attempt made to rescue the prisoner. They had also orders to prohibit the approach of any one within a certain distance of the convict.

They had advanced about five miles, when an unusual bustle on the side of the road attracted the attention of the officer in command: the prisoner, too, raising his eyes from the ground, turned round and encountered the wild, filial gaze of his elder boy, with his youngest child in his arms. Billy, it appeared, had been left in charge of his infant brother, while his mother went to Mallow; but hearing that his father was to be removed that morning, he set out to take a last look—a last farewell, of the kind and tender author of his being. The unexpected rencontre was too much for the convict: he reeled, and must have sunk upon the earth, were he not upheld by the friendly arm of a soldier. Recovering, he obeyed the impulse of nature, and extended his arms: his son, in obedience to the mute invitation, was rushing into his father's embraces, when one of the escort lowered his bayonet, ejaculating at the same time, "Stand back!"

"Captain, your honor," said the convict, "that is my poor boy, and my child—will you—can you refuse a poor man one last consolation?—Oh! no! you cannot—you have childer o' you own—you have pressed them to your breast—you are a father ———"

He could say no more—his eyes swam in tears, and perhaps these last appeals did more for his cause than his rude words, feelingly as they were uttered. The very soldiers looked to their officer with approving eyes, and the children entered within the armed circle. The wild excess of mutual joy, saddened by mutual anguish, was responded to by the surrounding crowd, which prayed audibly for comfort to the afflicted sons and father. The officer had a duty to discharge—the convict and his children were to be separated. The interference of the soldiers, however, only increased the desperate energy with which they clung to each other; and their commander was not displeased for once to find his orders reluctantly obeyed, till they were obliged to do violence to their humanity,

and the parties were pulled asunder. The children, with extended arms, sobbed convulsively; but Mark could do no more than press his hand to his forehead—he reeled about, drunk with anguish; and when told to proceed, he replied, "I cannot—my poor heart is broke! oh!" He said no more; he pressed his hands upon his breast, inclined first backward, then rushed a step or two forward, and fell upon his face.

"He is dead!" said a soldier, who turned him upon his back.

Billy now, there being no necessity for restraint, threw himself upon the corpse, and his grief had such an effect upon his sensitive nature, that his intellects from that time have been in an unhealthy state. The convict's wife, when her first burst of sorrow was over, looked up to Heaven for protection, took her orphan children by the hand, and in her own emphatic and desolate language, proceeded "to walk the world."

Reader, there is no exaggeration here; the events related occurred; the names of the parties only are disguised.

SONG OF THE WEXFORD INSURGENT.

(Translated from the Irish.)

THE heroes of Wexford have burst through their chains,
And the voice of the freeman is loud o'er her plains,
The Sassenachs are broken, their horsemen have fled,
And the pride of their host on the mountain are dead.

For roused is the blood of the bold Shilmalier,—
The pride of the conflict when foemen are near,—
And the heroes of Bargy and Bantry are there,
In the shock ever foremost, in flight in the rear.

Oh! soon will the hearths of the traitors be lone,
And their halls but re-echo the shriek and the groan;
And the red flame shall burst thro' their roofs to the sky,
For the hour of freedom and vengeance is nigh!

The men of the mountains are down in the vale,
And the flags of Shelburne are loose to the gale,—
And though gentle the Forth, yet her sons never slight,
For the mildest in peace are oft boldest in fight.

The cold-blooded Sassenach is low on the hill,
Like the red rock he presses, as lone, and as chill;
There pulseless and cold, the pale beams of the moon
Show the deep-riven breast of the fallen dragoon:

And low lies his charger, his bosom all torn,
And from the dark helmet the horse-hair is shorn,
And the hearts of the great, and the brave, and the proud,
Have been trampled in death when the battle was loud.

Oh! long in fair England each maiden may mourn,
The pride of her bosom shall never return,
His heart's blood is scattered, his last prayer is said,
And the dark raven flaps his wild wing o'er his head.

Yes, long she may call him from battle in vain,
The sight of her lover she ne'er shall regain,—
All cold is his bosom, and crimson his brow,
And the night wind is sighing its dirge o'er him now!

HIBERNICUS.

ITALY.*

EVERY one now, who has got a little superfluous time and money, visits Italy; and such is the rage for tour writing, that we have, on an average, half a dozen volumes a month, descriptive of the transalpine lions. There is, however, generally speaking, as little variety in their books as in the road they take; and, like those who find amusement in the venerable game of "The House that Jack Built," they merely confine their intellectual efforts to a scrupulous repetition of that which their predecessors had delivered before them. A confused description of Rome, which conveys no distinct idea of the "eternal city," or of any thing in it; a sneer at the pope and the Catholic religion; an obsolete calumny or two upon monks and nuns; a boundless admiration of Michael Angelo, and of Italian scenes; and a story about a bandit chief, are the ready material with which most of their books are constructed. Their information, however, on the principle of the political economists, is valuable—it costs them much labour; and we are indebted to the Macullochs and Ricardos for the elucidation of a mystery which had cost us some anxiety. We could not before account for the superior degree of estimation in which views of distant heathen temples were held, while the remains of Christian edifices, every way as worthy of regard, were allowed to moulder unvisited at our doors. Both have suffered violence; the effects of Gothic fury is visible in the one, and the other still retains marks of the "useful rage" of reformers. But there is a fashion in these things; and while hundreds will spend months in travelling to obtain a sight of a mutilated column at Rome, no one will think of devoting a single day to the inspection of those venerable ruins which are literally strewed over the face of our country.

Although we would willingly secure attention to the neglected remains of an interesting antiquity at home, we are not therefore blinded to the advantages of foreign travel. Nothing is more likely to enlarge the mind, and banish hurtful prejudices, than an intercourse with those whose manners and feelings differ from our own; but unfortunately the violent separation of England, three centuries since, from the centre of Christian unity, has prevented John Bull from reaping much advantage from those opportunities which he possesses of visiting the polished nations of Europe. Subsequent to the reformation, an unrestrained admixture with Catholics was dreaded; and to prevent a relapse into the "old religion," foreign travel was prohibited by prudent and orthodox parents. The fanaticism of the Puritans was the result of that ignorance which prevailed in consequence of these restrictions; but though it produced a moral convulsion, it had the desired effect of rendering Catholicism odious. No distinct perception of its real principles was retained; and the monster, which hatred and design conjured up to represent the church of Rome, had its hideous features aggravated by the active fancies of its opponents. When common sense began to resume its empire, it was

* Italy as it Is; or a Narrative of an English Family's Residence for three years in that country. By the Author of "Four Years in France." 8vo. London, 1828. Colburn.

Italy, a Poem. By Samuel Rogers. Second Part. Post 8vo. London, 1828. Murray.

Italy and other Poems. By William Sotheby. 1 vol. Post 8vo. London, 1828. Murray.

Letters of an Architect, from France, Italy, and Greece. By Joseph Woods, F.A.S. In 2 vols. 4to. London, 1828. John and Arthur Arch.

found impossible to shake off those prejudices, and that bigotry which had resulted from a long course of perverted education; and John Bull, therefore, generally visited the continental nations to have his absurd notions of Catholic practices confirmed, and his high opinion of himself elevated still higher: he did not travel for improvement; and he of course returned unimproved. The more learned, taking all that they had been taught at school for granted, travelled not for the purpose of observing the manners of men, or the progress of society; but to inspect the doubtful architectural remains of a former and more doubtful civilization. The object was not altogether illaudable, and it was attended with useful consequences; a taste for the Arts, perfected in an age exclusively Catholic, was acquired; and those softeners of life, painting, sculpture, and music, were introduced, in spite of the original rigidity of ultra Protestantism. Still their hatred of Catholicism was but little relaxed; and the repetition of refuted calumnies continues in practice even to the present hour. Men of ingenuous minds, considering the different accounts of Italy as purely fictitious, have conveyed their own impressions in the authentic form of blank verse. Two volumes of this description are now lying on our table, and along with them we have selected for our critical remarks, two works of very different import. One of them is the production of an enlightened Catholic, and the other proceeds from the pen of a gentleman, whose profession peculiarly qualified him for appreciating the architectural beauty of Italian edifices.

Mr. Best spent three years in Italy; and, from his opportunity of acquiring information, his book will be found peculiarly useful to those who purpose residing for any length of time in any of the transatlantic states. He gives a minute account of the expense of living at Florence, and points out the advantages and disadvantages of different places. Indeed, he holds out no great inducement for a protracted stay in Italy.—The ridicule and misrepresentations of English travellers have made the people reserved towards natives of this country, and though a Catholic is necessarily admitted to more unreserved intercourse, the dislike of John Bullism is sometimes extended even to him. Very few of the Italian nobility receive English visiters; and the only hearty welcome our countrymen seem to receive, is from ciceroni and innkeepers. Their notions of fashionable manners are therefore entitled to no great deference, and the morality of Italian ladies must be impugned by more creditable authorities, before we believe that they are less virtuous, or less delicate, than their neighbours.

Mr. Best, in his Preface, gave us to understand that his book would refute the calumnies of former travellers; but he does this only in a general, and somewhat imperfect, manner. His taste in the Fine Arts has been questioned by a Catholic reviewer, and his opinion on St. Peter's and the Cathedral of Milan, have been pronounced somewhat Gothic, if not Anti-Catholic. How a disapproval of a mere edifice can be supposed to interfere with a man's orthodoxy, is somewhat puzzling; and it may console Mr. Best for the displeasure of the reviewer, to know that his criticism on Ecclesiastical Architecture has been confirmed by Mr. Woods. He pronounces St. Peter's, notwithstanding all his admiration of that splendid temple, to be disproportioned; and observes, that the Cathedral of Milan wants exterior dignity, and Mr. Best has done no more.

Mr. Woods' elegantly embellished volumes have given us considerable

satisfaction. His facts and reflections lead to consequences of which he seems not to have been aware; and we regret that he has been guilty of the bad taste of going sometimes out of his way to sneer at Catholic practices, for the purpose, we cannot help thinking, of securing himself from the charge of partiality to the Church of Rome, to the merits of which, many parts of his work bear unequivocal evidence. It would be hard for an architect to have travelled through the continent with the design of inspecting Christian edifices, and not come to the philosophical conclusion, that the religion for whose service they were erected, is neither inimical to knowledge, arts, or the best interests of society. We must refer the reader to the work itself for those details which are useful only to architects, and shall make a few extracts from those episodes, which now and then enliven the author's criticisms on Italian structures. He witnessed one miracle.

"You will not suppose that I could reside at Naples, during the time of the liquefaction of the blood of Saint Januarius, or San Gennajo, or Gennaro, as he is called here, without going to witness this celebrated miracle. I was at the cathedral on the 19th, but it did not succeed on that day. The blood is exhibited for eight days successively, and it rarely, if ever, happens that it melts every day: it would be making the miracle too common. On the 26th I went again. There were many persons in the chapel, but it was by no means full, and they readily admitted me beyond the railing, into the inclosure by the altar. In a few minutes the officer appeared with his keys, and opened the little cupboard behind the altar, in which the blood is kept, and the priest took out the vessel. I looked as attentively as I could, to see if there were any appearance of ice in the cupboard, but I saw nothing. The outer vessel is in the shape of a large circular snuff-box, with a glass top and bottom; on one side is a handle, which appeared to be a hollow tube, open at the bottom, and to have no connexion with the interior of the vessel; opposite to this is a crown, and in the midst of the crown a moveable crucifix, fixed only at the base, which falls about as the vessel is held in different positions, but I do not think that either the crown or the handle had any thing to do with the liquefaction. Within this outer vessel are two vials, one very small, and spotted internally with a dark substance which adheres to the glass, and which may probably have been blood; this suffers no change: the other is a larger vial, in the form of a flattened spheroid, with a short neck, containing a dark-looking substance, opake or nearly so, and forming a level line at about two-thirds of the height of the vial. After this vessel was taken from its cupboard, it was placed upon a stand, and some old women, who are said to be hired for that purpose, began to squall. The silver bust of Saint Januarius was then produced, dressed in a mitre, and other garments of the priesthood; and a cross suspended to a collar of pearls was hung round his neck. This mitre was soon afterwards changed for another, two nosegays of artificial flowers were stuck in his breast; and thus adorned, he stood on the altar with his face towards the people, during the whole of the ceremony. When this was arranged the officiating priest (I do not know whether it was the archbishop,) resumed the vessel containing the blood, kissed it, put it to his forehead, and kissed it again, as he had done on taking it out of the cupboard, and began to recite a service. After the regular service on the occasion, other prayers, &c. were added, since the blood showed yet no inclination of dissolving. Meanwhile the old women became more and more noisy, their voices were elevated to the highest scolding pitch, and one would imagine they were abusing all the saints in heaven, instead of praying for mercy. At last the blood melted, and they began to bless St. Januarius, and to weep for joy. The first indication of fluidity was, that the dark-looking mass slipped round, when the vessel was inverted; the exter-

nal matter then very soon became quite fluid, but there was a lump in the middle which diminished continually, but was not entirely gone when I came away. I was near enough to have touched the officiating priest during any part of the ceremony, and therefore you may depend upon this as an accurate account of what took place that day. All the appearances seem to indicate the effect of increased temperature, affecting, as it naturally would do, first the external part of the mass. The chapel became very hot during the ceremony, from the great number of people and of candles, but it is evident, from the way in which it is kept, that this warmth can penetrate very slowly to the vial of blood. One difficulty seems to arise from the unequal times at which it melts, under circumstances apparently very similar. A morning or two before, Mr. L. saw it performed in ten minutes, and yet there were not many persons present; the morning in which I saw it, it took thirty-five minutes, and sometimes it does not melt at all. The part that became fluid was not merely softened. It ran quite freely, and without adhering to the glass. I should conceive it to be some resinous substance dissolved in spirits of turpentine, and if there were such a mixture which would dissolve at uncertain temperatures, I should be glad to suppose it to be that, because it is unpleasant to charge such a number of persons, as must necessarily partake in it, with so gross an imposture. But I am afraid my condition will be pronounced impossible."

We shall not make a single remark on the terms which Mr. Woods uses in describing the ceremony. He does not want candour; and he acknowledges that design or imposture, on the present occasion, was entirely out of the question. His concluding supposition to relieve himself from a dilemma which he does not fairly state, will pass for as much as it is worth among chemists. Catholics are not obliged any more than Mr. Woods to believe in this *miracle*—it forms no article of their faith: but, surely, credulity in them might be excused, when it has puzzled a good Protestant. Mr. Woods was also present at a sermon.

"After seeing the lions of Loreto, and walking a little about the town, I returned to the Piazza. A large concourse of people was assembled, listening to a preacher, who was delivering his exhortations from a temporary scaffold erected for that purpose. You know that in the Catholic church, preaching is not considered as part of the duty of the parish priest, but devolves on persons who devote themselves more particularly to that object. Sometimes there is only one preacher, and the sermon is given, as with us, after the service, but it is generally a pretty long one; at other times one preacher succeeds another, and the stream of instruction flows uninterruptedly for many hours. A chair was provided for the orator on the present occasion, but he made little use of it, walking for the most part backwards and forwards on the platform. This space certainly gives room for more varied and graceful action than the confinement in a tub, or in a pulpit like a tub. A man talking earnestly with his friends will naturally at times advance or recede a step or two, but he rarely thumps either a cushion or a table. I joined the crowd, and found that the preacher's subject was the abuse of confession. He was endeavouring to impress on his audience the necessity of sincere, heartfelt repentance; and of perfect candour, and openness on the part of the penitent; otherwise, he assured us that the confession, in spite of any penance we might perform, and of any absolution we might receive, was merely to be added to the list of our crimes, and made the subject of deeper penitence, and more honest confession. Not content with generals he descended to particulars, and described with great spirit and animation the shifts of the sinner to avoid too great an exposure of his fault, and yet to obtain, as he erroneously imagined, the benefits of confession and absolution. 'Oh do not go to such a one,' says one young man to another, 'he is a terrible bore, and asks

questions without end; go to another,' and he mentions some confessor who has the reputation of a more easy disposition: 'and mind, go to his left side, not to his right.' 'But why?' demands his companion. 'Oh, because he is deaf on the left side, and will not hear half of what you say. But do not go yet, never go till about noon.' 'Why so?' again demands the other. 'Because,' continues his more cunning adviser, 'they always get tired, and perhaps hungry about that time; and, wanting to get away, are not half so particular.' He gave us a great deal more of these representations, with the excuses of people of different sexes and situations, and all with a great deal of spirit and humour. It had, to be sure, something of the effect of a comedy, and made every body laugh, and yet I think it would be remembered. My companions settled that he was *troppo buffo*, but, on talking farther with them, it seemed to me that they condemned him because they felt the sting. After some hymns had been sung, another preacher followed, with a large crucifix planted by him, to which however he did not address himself, as is frequently done in Italy. He preached very well, and gave us a very good sermon, rather commonplace perhaps, about mortal sins; and by keeping quite in generals, gave every body an opportunity of admiring him, because nobody applied it to himself."

This presents an edifying contrast to the manner after which such things are done in Protestant countries. Our newspapers are filled with accounts of ranting meetings; and the extravagance into which their enthusiasm leads those who frequent them, are well calculated to bring religion itself into contempt. Here was no fanaticism in the audience—no folly in the preacher. The discourse was practically useful, and may convince Protestants, even from Mr. Wood's report, that Confession is not entirely so pleasant and so unnecessary, as they have been led to suppose. Mr. Wood can be candid when he likes, and now and then develops some enlarged views well worthy of consideration. He says:—

"I have sometimes amused myself with a splendid dream of making Rome the capital of the civilized world, or, if you will, the point of union; for I wish to give it influence, not authority. It seems to me that such a centre would be extremely desirable; that Rome would be the best place for it; and that the head of the government of such an intellectual capital ought to be a *religious*, if I may make such a substantive; but that nevertheless it ought to be a free government; and I am prepared to prove logically against all the world, these four propositions, and some others connected with them; but since I am persuaded that neither you nor any body else would attend to my arguments, I may as well spare myself the trouble of writing them. Yet I do not think it such a visionary scheme; and if I were pope, I would instantly set about it. The character of pride, which I have attributed to the Roman, is much in favour of my plan; gratified by considering himself as belonging to the first city in the universe, he is more willing than most other people to see a stranger flourishing beside him, because he feels it in some degree a tribute to the pre-eminence of his native place. Rome has always been famous for the illustrious strangers she has adopted, rather than for the talents of her own citizens, and it is surely more honourable thus to naturalize than to produce great men; the latter seems a matter of chance, the former to depend on the generous feelings of the inhabitants.

"But you will perhaps tell me that however desirable liberty may be in other cases, yet that where the head of the government is also the head of the Roman Catholic church, the government *must* be despotic, because the character of the religious institutions requires it. You are mistaken. The Roman pontiff during the middle ages was, on the general system of policy, the friend of liberty, and of the people; he was driven from home, tossed about by the potentates whom he offended, stript at times of almost every

thing, yet his influence and authority increased during these vicissitudes, and declined when prudential motives led him to become the tool of other sovereigns. The rule of faith has generally been narrowed to please them, and not him. If he would regain his consequence, he must again be the advocate of rational freedom, mental and bodily, religious and political; his monks must be collections of men of learning and talent; he must suppress his beggars, who obtain more contempt than riches. The circumstances of the times are such, that the most magnanimous conduct is the truest policy. The purest morality and the most enlightened religion are precisely the means by which he could obtain the greatest influence. Religion would very soon take a new tone with free institutions; several practices would be altered, and many abuses would gradually fall, but in all this the only care of the pope would be, not to identify himself with the falling parts of the system. Men are generally willing enough to separate the persons, and legitimate authority of their rulers, from the abuses of the government, if their superiors will let them. I doubt if confession would stand, though Voltaire praises the institution. No man ought in any degree to be released from the responsibility of his own actions; the introduction of rational liberty necessarily brings with it a higher tone of moral feeling. In despotic governments the will of the master gets confounded with the moral law, and this is encouraged by confession to a priest, whose system seems to include the support of all arbitrary governments. Inspiration, and the power of working miracles, would be canvassed as they are in England. Purgatory would probably give way."

We shall not stop to remark upon Mr. Wood's ignorance of the Catholic rule of faith, or on his mistaken notion respecting the nature of Confession. This Catholic obligation has an effect directly opposite to that which he supposes, as that man who is brought to account for his actions, must consider himself a more responsible agent than he who is under no obligation to admit his misconduct. The misconception of Protestants on this subject arises from their erroneously supposing that the priest assumes the power *per se* of absolving the sinner. This is not the doctrine of the Catholic church: the most ignorant penitent who frequents the confessional knows that atonement, and a firm purpose of amendment on his part, is necessary to exonerate him from the consequences of having offended; and viewed in this, its proper light, the tribunal of confession so far from releasing man from his individual responsibility has a tendency directly the reverse. But apart from these doctrinal matters, Mr. Woods deserves much credit for the candid, though somewhat hesitating, manner in which he has given utterance to a most important opinion. Viewed in the sense of enlarged policy and enlightened philosophy, it deserves the careful consideration of every impartial and enlightened man in the civilized world. It is time that prejudice, national and religious, should give way to truth; and regarded dispassionately, even by those who deny its divine institution, the church of Rome must be pronounced essentially necessary to the well-being of mankind. In its absence Europe had never been civilized: it was peopled about a thousand years, at least, before the birth of Christ, and in what condition were the inhabitants found by the first missionaries? what reason to suppose, if left to themselves, that they would have improved? Have we not reason to think that their condition would have even deteriorated?

At the present day is not the church of Rome the strong hold of Christianity? There is no security for the perpetuation of the doctrine of the divinity of Christ in the dissentient churches: they pretend to be

only reformed: they have rejected much, they may reject more, and ultimately they *may* reject the whole of the Bible, as they have already done a part.

These are considerations which ought to make Christians of all Protestant denominations pause before they venture upon those denunciations of the Church of Rome, to which they have too long habituated themselves. The pope is not the enemy of civil liberty: he never was, as Mr. Woods has justly observed, the advocate of arbitrary power. We are not the apologists of bad actions in popes or princes; but the part which the head of the church took in the affairs of Europe, during the dark and middle ages, has been greatly misunderstood. Catholics have conceded too much on this head; and we are not acquainted with any writer, either ancient or modern, who has taken a sufficiently comprehensive view of early European history.

We have elsewhere shown that Catholicism is *necessarily* the friend of knowledge—moral and scientific—and probably it may surprise some of our readers to learn that the venerable man who now sits in the chair of Peter, is one of the most active reformers in Europe. Actuated only by a desire to promote the good of his people, and the glory of God, His Holiness is not solicitous of vulgar notoriety: he has revised the criminal code without asking for applause; and the administration of justice throughout the papal states is now placed on a footing which secures internal tranquillity and represses individual outrage. Robbery is now almost unknown, and the poor man is sure of an equitable decision. In many of the European states a false humanity has led to serious evils. In Germany and Hungary, criminals—those only accused and those convicted—linger for years in prisons; and this was formerly the case throughout Italy. His Holiness, however, has "reformed it altogether." Sentence once pronounced, execution follows, unless an appeal is made, and when made it is immediately attended to. The law is left either to take its course, or the accused is reprieved. The salutary effect of this promptitude has already been felt throughout the States of the Church.

In another matter appertaining to police, His Holiness has shown an equal solicitude for the increased welfare of his people. New roads are making, and former ones every where Mac-adamized; and this facility of intercourse will be followed by the happiest results. The public debt will be paid in two years, when His Holiness has declared that he will take off one half of the taxes now paid.

But it is not in matters of police alone that His Holiness has evinced his regard for the advancement of society. His fine humanity has rendered the hospitals of Rome models for the imitation of every Christian people; and the better to secure the education of the rising generation, he has prohibited the establishment of any religious order but those which undertake the instruction of the poor. This looks very unlike a desire to perpetuate ignorance! His Holiness is not the friend of idleness: he does not approve of lax discipline, for since his elevation he has suspended more than two hundred ecclesiastics, whose conduct was calculated to give scandal.*

* We learn from a gentleman to whom we are indebted for the greater number of these facts, that His Holiness, to obviate the scandal which English visiters gave in St. Peter's, and other places of worship, ordered that the most attractive music should be played in the church attached to the English college. Here the Protestants have

There is another act of His Holiness which merits notice, although we fear it will not gain him the good opinion of Mr. Jeremy Bentham: he has enforced the ancient laws against usury. The Christian and Hebrew Jews are the only people who disapprove of this most popular measure. We derive our information principally from an unquestionable authority—the son of a British Catholic nobleman, just returned from Rome.

We had nearly forgotten the poets: but as they have merely said in verse what others had said in prose, we could readily pardon their "flights of fancy." We allude, of course, to their anti-Catholic sentiments, in all other respects their muse is modest and well behaved enough. We had marked a few passages for extracts, but the length to which this article has extended, warns us to conclude.

THE REFORMATION IN SOMERS' TOWN.

THE religious farce which was attempted to be got up in Ireland, has been acted on a diminished scale in Somers' Town. The zeal of suburbans forms a kind of spiritual zone about the iniquitous bulk of the metropolis. The Rev. Mr. Irons luxuriates and preaches at Camberwell, and Dr. Collier delivers holy wisdom in a rural conventicle elsewhere. There is some connection, it would appear, between pure air and piety, for the tenets of the established church, opposite as they are to fervid prayer, have been unable to repress the devotional propensities of the good Protestants of the extremities of Somers' Town. Their worthy pastor, the Rev. Mr. Judkins, laudably solicitous for the perpetuation of so useful a frame of mind, has endeavoured to keep their zeal up to its proper tone by a forced admixture of artificial materials. Jealous of Lord Farnham and Dr. Magee, he resolved to rival them in the work of the "new reformation," and learning from their practices, as well as from the experience of history, that Catholics—of equivocal character—and none else were expected—on abandoning the Church of Rome are in the vulgar habit of expecting some other reward than the prospect of a much easier ascent to Heaven than they were accustomed to contemplate, a pious committee was organized, and eighty pounds a year* was fixed upon as a *rate* at which it was prudent to reward such disinterested acts of holiness as conversion to the established church from the "damnable errors of Popery." Poverty, tempted in the absence of principle, was not always able to resist the golden allurement,; a few wretched men stifled the voice of conscience; and the conversions at Somers' Town were blazoned in all the newspapers. The evangelists fancied that the Millennium was approaching; it was fashionable to talk of the "new reformation," and the church of the Rev. Mr. Judkins was crowded each successive Sunday to witness a miserable exhibition of apostacy.

After a few weeks, however, either the funds of the proselyting committee fell short, or Mr. Judkins' sermons failed to produce their former effect, for no Catholic convert was forthcoming! The work of the "new reformation," in Somers' Town was at an end, and the wretched men who had degraded themselves and scandalized the Catholic world,

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the advantage of hearing the Right Reverend Dr. Baines and Dr. Wiseman preach. Many converts have been made: an English lady of rank is mentioned among the number.

* See the Rev. Mr. Holdstock's Letter to Mr. Roberts, page 8.

were, in their better moments, unable to resist the stings of conscience. The price of their apostacy was regularly paid them quarterly at Drummond's bank; but the prospect of permanent relief lost its power upon minds not yet lost to every sentiment of religion: they successively abandoned their new friends, and the Rev. Mr. Nerinckx has received many of them into the bosom of the church. Others have been received elsewhere. As the more obstinate have proved themselves no great ornaments to Protestantism, their names have been erased from the books of the committee, who having now nothing to do, have resolved, we understand, to discontinue their sittings.

We have before us a very curious pamphlet by a man named Roberts, a creature of the Rev. Mr. Judkins, and a very gentlemanly and very efficient reply to it by the Rev. J. Holdstock, Catholic Chaplain at Somers' Town Chapel. The literary contest grew out of the "new reformation." Mr. Holdstock, on the return of one of the misled young men, named Breen, delivered an address to his congregation, which of course gave great offence to the proselyting committee. Upon this address Mr. Roberts remarks, and, amongst a farrago of absurdities, charges Mr. Breen with hypocrisy, and Mr. Holdstock with bribery. The facts of the case were these. Mr. Breen wished to re-enter the Catholic church, but hesitated until his quarterly pension of twenty pounds enabled him to discharge a debt of fifteen pounds. This sum Mr. Holdstock generously advanced him; "but mind," he says, "this was some time after he had come to a full determination to rejoin the communion of the Catholic church, and can therefore by no means be considered as a bribe. It was an act of charity to enable him to leave the country with the character of an honest man. I also sent to the Rev. Mr. Judkins the pound which he had the kindness to lend him.

"What now, sir, becomes of all your talk about bribery, delusion, and bolstering up. If I had intended the profession of faith, which he made on Trinity Sunday, as a bolstering up of a system, I should have followed the example of your reverend friend, when he received the recantation of this same man. I should have had notice of it inserted in the newspapers beforehand; but I did no such thing. He had given public scandal, and therefore it was deemed necessary for him to make a public reparation, in the presence of his brethren, whom he had so grievously afflicted by his foul desertion."

He adds, "By the grace of God, I have received into the Catholic church nine Protestants since last Christmas; and I am now preparing others. No fuss was made by us; no publication of this acquisition was inserted in any newspaper; because our object is the salvation of souls, not the *bolstering up of a system*."

Such is the result of the "new reformation" in Somers' Town; and, that the effect is not confined to the suburbs of London, we learn from a very curious correspondence between the Rev. Mr. Richmond, to whose translation of "Discussion Amicale" we shall endeavour to do justice in our next, the Rev. Mr. Moore, and the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry. The distribution of anti-Catholic tracts, whose contents could not be defended, was a very high compliment to Mr. Richmond's zeal and activity.

THE BRITISH CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION.

On Monday, June 2, the annual general meeting of this body was held at the Freemasons' Tavern. His Grace the Duke of Norfolk in the chair. The meeting was numerously and respectably attended. The report of the Committee was received with loud cheers, and that of the Auditors with great satisfaction. The last was as follows.

"We have examined the accounts of the British Catholic Association, and find that on the 24th day of April last there was a balance of 399*l*. 7*s*. 10½*d* in the hands of Messrs. Wright and Co. the bankers; and that there has been since received for subscriptions the sum of 172*l*. 6*s*. 7½*d*. making together the sum of 551*l*. 14*s*. 6*d*. And we further find, that the payments amount to the sum of 142*l*. 18*s*. 6*d*. which being deducted from the before-mentioned sum of 551*l*. 14*s*. 6*d*. leaves the sum of 408*l*. 16*s*. now in the hands of the bankers.

"Wm. Witham, } Auditors."
"Jos. Ireland, }

After a discussion of some length, and the rejection of a counter list, the following committee was appointed for the ensuing year.

The Peers and Vicars Apostolic. Hon. Mr. Jerningham, Hon. Mr. Clifford, Hon. P. Stourton, Hon. Sir Edw. Vavasour, Hon. C. Stourton Langdale, Hon. Edward Petre, Sir Edward Blount, Rev. Dr. Collins, Rev. Wm. Morris, Rev. John Rolfe, Rev. Rich. Horrabin, Rev. James Foley, Charles Butler, Charles Bodenham, Joseph Booker, Wm. Blonnt, Francis Canning, Francis Cholmondeley, Emanuel Dias Santos, Charles Fyston, Justin Fitzgerald, John Gage, Henry Howard, Philip Henry Howard, Michael Jones, William Jones, Joseph Ireland, James Kiernan, William Lescher, Thos. Murphy, M. J. Quin, John Rosson, Henry Robinson, jun. Geo. Silvertop, Thomas Stonor, jun. Col. Stonor, C. P. Sullivan, Peregrine Townley, Charles Turvile, James Wheble, William Witham, Henry Witham, Joseph Tempest, Thos. Stapleton, jun. Chas. Edw. Jerningham, Maxwell Constable, G. B. Kelly of Acton, Marmaduke Maxwell, Wm. Shee, Henry Arundel. Edw. Blount, secretary.

The immediate business of the day having been concluded, the meeting adjourned to the following Monday, for the purpose of receiving the report of the special committee appointed to "revise, amend, and condense the rules, regulations, and resolutions of the association." The adjourned meeting was held accordingly on Monday, the 9th of June, and the business not having been got through, another adjourned meeting was held on the following Saturday. At these meetings the following "rules and regulations" were agreed to. They are divided into eight sections.

"The first relates to the Association generally.

"The second, to the Annual Meeting.

"The third, to the Meetings of the Association.

"The fourth, to the Committee.

"The fifth, to the Secretary.

"The sixth, to the Finances.

"The seventh, to the Auditors, and

"The eighth, to the Defence Committee."

Section I.

1. The British Catholic Association is composed of all Roman Catholics who subscribe the sum of One Pound, or upwards, annually, to the Funds of that Intsitution; and of all the Vicars Apostolic, and Roman Catholic Clergymen, in Great Britain.

2. The objects of the Association are to endeavour, by every constitutional means, to obtain the repeal of all the laws which impose penalties or disabilities of any description upon Catholics on account of their religion, within the British dominions; and to refute calumnies upon the doctrines and professors of that religion.

3. In order to facilitate the attainment of the objects of the Association, the management of its affairs is confided to a Secretary, and a Committee; the Vicars Apostolic, and their Coadjutors, and the British Catholic Noblemen, who are Members of the Association, are permanent Members of the Committee, and of all Sub-Committees: fifty other Members, as well as the Secretary, are elected by ballot, annually, by the Association.

4. The Association holds its Annual Meeting on some convenient day in the first or second week in June, (of which twenty-one days' notice shall be given,) for the purpose of receiving the annual Report of the Committee; of electing, by ballot, fifty Members of the Committee, a Secretary, and three Auditors of accounts; and of transacting any further business which may be regularly proposed, connected with the objects of the Association.

*** To this it was added, that the annual subscription of one pound be received by instalments of ten shillings; the one to be paid in January, the other in June.

SECTION II.—THE ANNUAL MEETING.

ORDER OF PROCEEDING.

The Order of the Annual Meeting is as follows:—

The Meeting elect a Chairman, and every feeling of decorum imperatively demands, that he be duly supported in the performance of the important duties confided to him.

The Notice for holding the Meeting is read by the Secretary.

The Chairman, or Secretary, states the object of the Meeting, and reads the rules for its government.

RULES FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF THE ANNUAL MEETINGS.

1. The Association year commences on the 25th of June.

2. No person has a right to vote at the Annual Meeting of the Association, who has not qualified as a member on or before the 1st day of May immediately preceding it.

3. No person, who is not a member, shall be entitled to speak at the Annual Meeting, without the consent of the Chairman.

4. All questions are put to the meeting by the Chairman, both in the affirmative and negative, and decided by an absolute majority of votes.

5. The sense of the meeting is taken by a show of hands. If the numbers be disputed, any member may call for a division before any other business is gone into. If the numbers be equal, the Chairman decides it.

6. No motion can be put or debated, unless it be delivered to the Chairman in writing, signed by a mover and seconder, and unless twenty members, at the least, be present.

7. No member can speak more than once on the same question, except the original mover, who has the privilege of reply. This privilege, of course, does not extend to the mover of an amendment. With the permission of the Chairman, however, members who have spoken once, may explain; and he shall hear members to points of order, as often, and at such times, as he shall deem desirable.

8. When the previous question is moved, it is treated as an amendment; if it be decided in the affirmative, the original motion is put to the meeting; if in the negative, the original motion cannot be put to the meeting.

9. After the Report is received, and the Committee, Secretary, and Auditors are appointed for the ensuing year, all motions are first discussed which have been sanctioned by the Committee, in the order prescribed by the Committee; next, all motions of which notice has been given, in writing, to the Committee, or Secretary, signed by a member of the Association: these latter to be taken in the order in which notice of them shall have been given.

10. It is expedient, and *recommended*, in point of courtesy to the Association, that no new motion shall be submitted for immediate discussion, which has not been previously notified in writing to the Committee or Secretary.

11. It is competent to the Association assembled in Annual Meeting only, to alter its old rules, and to adopt such new rules for its government as it may deem expedient. But no proposition for altering the old, or establishing new rules, shall be put or debated, which has not been sanctioned by the Committee, or of which notice has not been given in writing, signed by five members of the Association, and delivered to the Secretary, on or before the 1st day of May immediately preceding the Annual Meeting.

12. Notice of any proposed alteration or amendment of the rules, shall be inserted in Catholic periodical publications, or at the foot of the circulars which are issued by the Secretary, notifying the time for holding the Annual Meeting.

SECTION III.—MEETINGS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

1. A meeting of the Association shall be held in each of the months of November, February, March, April, and May; to which all the proceedings of the Committee shall be submitted for confirmation.

2. Twenty Members of the Association are empowered to convene, at fifteen days' notice, a meeting of the Association, upon signing a requisition to that effect, and presenting it to the Secretary. The requisition shall contain a clear notification of the objects for which the meeting is to be convened.

3. Meetings of the Association are governed by the order of proceeding set forth at the beginning of Section II. by the rules marked No. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8; by No. 9, from the words "all motions are discussed," to the end of the paragraph; by No. 10, and also by the following rule:—

4. No person has a right to vote at any meeting of the Association, who has not paid his subscription, or the instalment upon it, for the current year, before the chairman shall have been elected.

SECTION IV.—THE COMMITTEE.

1. The Committee is appointed to transact all business relating to the purposes for which the Association is constituted.

2. The Committee is empowered to convene a Meeting of the Association, at seven days' notice, by means of a notice to that effect, signed by the Secretary, and inserted in Catholic periodical publications, and in three, at the least, of the London daily newspapers. Circulars notifying the same, are also to be issued by the Secretary, and transmitted to all Members of the Association within the circle of the three-penny post.

3. The Meetings of the Association, convened by the Committee, are governed by the Rules referred to, or specified in Section III.

4. The General Committee meets, in pursuance of a summons signed by the Secretary, at least once a month, in an apartment engaged for that purpose.

5. The minute-books, account-books, and all letters, papers, books, and documents whatsoever, save only those which may have been transmitted to the Secretary of a confidential nature, are at all times accessible to every Member of the Association, on application to the Clerk; and to persons not members of the Association, at the discretion of the Secretary.

6. The Meetings of the Committee are governed by the following Rules:

7. A Chairman is elected.

8. The Minutes of the preceding Meeting of the Committee are read, and submitted for confirmation.

9. All letters and other communications, transmitted to the Committee or Secretary, not of a confidential nature, are read, and such measures adopted upon them as the Committee may deem expedient.

10. Members submit any motion which they may consider useful. It shall be put to the Committee to decide, whether such motion shall be disposed of at the same sitting at which it is first proposed, or adjourned to the next Meeting of the Committee.

11. In order to ensure, as far as possible, a compliance with the Rules marked No. 4, 5, 7, and 8, in Section II., the Chairman shall require, in all cases which may conveniently admit of it, that a motion be made regularly, reduced to writing, and handed to him, signed by a mover and seconder.

12. All newspapers, pamphlets, books, and documents whatsoever, belonging to the Association, are kept in a room set apart for that purpose, from which they cannot be removed, unless by the permission of the Secretary.

13. The Committee is empowered to admit any person, not a Member of the Committee, to be present at its sittings, and to receive his suggestions on any matter under its consideration.

14. No Member of the Committee can vote who has not previously paid his subscription for the current year.

15. The Committee is empowered to engage the services of one or more Clerks, who shall attend its Meetings, take minutes of all its proceedings, and do such other business as it may require of them.

16. No business can be transacted in the Committee, unless five Members, at the least, be present.

17. The Committee is empowered to elect, from amongst its own Members, Sub-Committees, for any purposes which it may deem expedient. Such Sub-Committees are elected by ballot.

SECTION V.—THE SECRETARY.

1. The Secretary opens all letters and other communications addressed to himself or to the Committee; and, in cases that may require, he answers them without delay. He lays before the Committee all such letters and communications as are not of a confidential nature, together with copies of such answers, not confidential, as he may have written.

2. The Secretary convenes the Committee by summons, at least once a month, and as often besides as the state of Catholic affairs may seem to him to require it, giving on all occasions as long notice as circumstances may permit.

3. The Secretary is *ex officio* Chairman of all Sub-Committees.

4. All subscriptions and donations are received by the Secretary, or by persons authorized by him, and paid in his name into the Bank of Messrs. Wright and Co. All disbursements are made by his order.

5. The Secretary is empowered to expend a sum not exceeding 100*l.* within the year, without being obliged to specify the items of such expenditure.

6. All the affairs of the Association are under the superintendence of the Secretary; and, in cases of emergency, if the Committee cannot be summoned in time, he may act for the general interests in the manner that may seem to him most expedient.

SECTION VI.—FINANCE.

A Subscription Book, in which all the sums received, together with the names and addresses of the Subscribers, and the dates of their subscriptions are entered; and a Disbursement Book, in which the items of Expenditure are set down; are kept by the Clerk, and are always open to the inspection of Members of the Association.

SECTION VII.—THE AUDITORS.

The Three Auditors elected at the Annual Meeting, shall examine the state of the finances of the Association every three months, and draw up and sign reports on the same, which they shall transmit to the Secretary without delay, requesting him to lay them before the Committee. The Auditors shall not only report on the amount of the income and expenditure of the Association, but also make such remarks on the items of expenditure, and such suggestions, as to them may seem expedient.

SECTION VIII.—THE DEFENCE COMMITTEE.

1. The Defence Committee consists of seven Members elected by the General Committee; three to be a quorum. It is open to the attendance of all Members of the Association, and its exclusive province is to select, print, and circulate such works, or extracts from works, as may serve to refute calumnies upon the doctrines or professors of the Roman Catholic religion.

2. The Defence Committee is competent to elect as honorary Members, persons distinguished for literary talents, who will engage to assist them, and to avail itself of the assistance of the Periodical Press.

3. Any one Member of the Defence Committee may summon the Defence Committee at twelve hours' notice.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF THE DEFENCE COMMITTEE.

1st. To regard theological controversy as not within its province, except in so far as the duties of Catholics to the state, or to society, may be supposed to be involved in their religious dogmas.

2nd. To limit its objects solely to the defensive; nor to aim at more than the vindication of the civil and religious principles of Catholics from obloquy and reproach.

3d. To sanction the publication of no work that can justly be considered as insulting to the religious feelings of others.

4th. To practise Christian forbearance towards those who vilify the Catholic religion; to defend its great cause with the firmness of men, the calmness of innocence, and the dignity of truth.

ANTIQUITIES, FINE ARTS, &c.

Origin of Books.—Several sorts of materials were used formerly in making records; plates of lead and copper, the barks of trees, bricks, stone, and wood, were the first materials employed to engrave such things upon, as men were willing to have transmitted to posterity. *Josephus* speaks of two columns, the one of stone, the other of brick, on which the children of *Seth* wrote their inventions and astronomical discoveries. *Perphyrius* makes mention of some pillars, preserved in Crete, on which the ceremonies, practised by the Corybantes in their sacrifices, were recorded. *Hesiod's* Works were originally written upon tables of lead, and deposited in the temple of the muses, in Boetia.

The Ten Commandments delivered to *Moses* were written upon stone; and *Solon's* Laws upon wooden planks. Tables of wood, box, and ivory, were common among the ancients; when of wood, they were frequently covered with wax, that people might write upon them with more ease, or blot out what they had written. The leaves of the palm tree were afterwards used instead of wooden planks, and the finest and thinnest part of the bark of such trees as the lime, the ash, the maple, and the elm; from hence comes the word *liber*, which signifies the inner bark of the trees; and as these barks were rolled up, in order to be removed with greater ease, these rolls were called *volumen*, a volume; a name afterwards given to the like rolls of paper or parchment. (The name is derived from the Latin *volvo*, to roll up, the ancient manner of making up books, as we find in Cicero's time the libraries consisted wholly of such rolls.)

Thus we find books were first written on stones, witness the Decalogue given to Moses; then on the parts of plants, as leaves, chiefly of the palm tree; the rind and barks, especially the tilia, or phylleria, and the Egyptian *papyrus*. By degrees wax, then leather, were introduced, especially the skins of goats and sheep, of which at length *parchment* was prepared; then lead came into use; also linen, silk, horn, and lastly, *paper* itself. The first books were in the form of blocks and tables; but as flexible matter came to be wrote on, they found it more convenient to make their books in the form of rolls; these were composed of several sheets, fastened to each other, and rolled upon a stick, or *umbilicus*, the whole making a kind of column or cylinder, which was to be managed by the *umbilicus* as a handle, it being reputed a crime (as we are told) to take hold of the roll itself.

The outside of the volume was called *frons*; the ends of the *umbilicus, cornua* (horns), which were usually carved, and

adorned with silver, ivory, and even gold and precious stones; the title was struck on the outside, and the whole volume, when extended, might make a yard and a half wide, and fifty long. The form, or internal arrangement of books, has also undergone many varieties; at first the letters were only divided into lines, then into separate words, which, by degrees, were noted with accents, into periods, paragraphs, chapters, and other divisions. In some countries, as among the Orientals, the lines began from the right and ran leftward; in others, as the northern and western nations, from left to right; others, as the Greeks, followed both directions, alternately going in the one, and returning in the other, called *Coustrophedon;* in most countries the lines run from one side to the other; in some, particularly the Chinese, from top to bottom. Again, in some the page is entire and uniform; in others divided into columns; in others, distinguished into texts and notes, either marginal or at the bottom; usually it is furnished with signatures and catch words; sometimes also with a register, to discover whether the book is complete. To these are added summaries, or side-notes, and the embellishments, as in old books, of red, gold, or initial letters; they had likewise, as with the moderns, their head-pieces, tail-pieces, effigies, schemes, maps, and the like. There were also certain formula at the beginnings and endings of books; the one to exhort the reader to be courageous, and proceed to the following books; the others were conclusions, often guarded with imprecations against such as should falsify them. Of the earlier books we have nothing that is clear on that subject. The Books of Moses are doubtless the oldest books now extant; but there were books before those of Moses, since he cites several. Scipio Sgambati, and others, even talk of books before the deluge, written by the patriarchs Adam, Seth, Enos, Cainan, Enoch, Methusalem, Lamech, Noah and his wife; also by Ham, Japhet and his wife; besides others by dæmons or angels: of all which some moderns have found enough to fill an *antediluvian* library: but they appear all either the dreams of idle writers, or the impostures of fraudulent ones. A Book of Enoch is even cited in the Epistle of Jude, ver. 10 and 15, from which some endeavour to prove the reality of the antediluvian writings. Of profane books, the oldest extant are Homer's Poems, which were so even in the time of Sextus Empiricus; though we find mention in Greek writers of seventy others prior to Homer, as Hermes, Orpheus, Daphne, Horus, Linus, Musæus, Palamedes, Zoroaster, &c., but of the greater part of these, there is not the least fragment remaining; and of others, the pieces which go under their names are generally held by the learned to be supposititious. Hardouin goes farther, charging all the ancient books, both Greek and Latin, except Cicero, Pliny, Virgil's Georgics, Horace's Satires and Epistles, Herodotus, and Homer, to be spurious, and forged in the thirteenth century, by a club of persons, under the direction of one Severus Archontius. Among the Greeks, it is to be observed, the oldest books were in *verse*, which was *prior to prose*. Herodotus's History is the oldest book extant of the prosaic kind.

Circulating Libraries.—These valuable repositories of literature are not of modern invention. The first collections consisted of religious works alone, and were lent out gratuitously.

Pamphilus was a Presbyter of Cæsarea, and lived A.D. 294. In this distinguished person were united the philosopher and the Christian. Born of a very eminent family, and large fortune, he might have aspired to the highest honours of this world; but, on the contrary, he withdrew himself from those flattering prospects, and spent his whole life in acts of the most disinterested benevolence.

His unfeigned regard and veneration for the Scriptures were as remarkable as his unwearied application in whatever he undertook. Being a great encourager of learning and piety, he not only lent books to read, but, when he found persons well disposed, made them presents of his manuscripts, some of which were transcribed with the greatest accuracy by his own hand. He founded a library at Cæsarea, which, according to Isidore of Seville, contained 30,000 volumes. This collection seems to have been formed merely for the good and use of the church. Another author also authenticates the existence of this library; and St. Jerome particularly mentions his collecting books for the purpose of lending them to read; and Dr. A. Clarke remarks, "this is, if I mistake not, the first notice we have of a circulating library." The benefits to be derived from a good circulating library, are too numerous, as well as obvious, to need any comment.

The Pope's Bull.—A modern author gives the following explanation of the word *Bull:*

"This name, which is now applied exclusively to instruments issuing out of the Roman Chancery, is derived from the seals which were appended to them being formerly of gold *Bullion.* Bulls were not originally confined to the popes alone,

but were also issued by emperors, princes, bishops, and great men, who, till the thirteenth century, sometimes affixed seals of metal, as well as of wax, to edicts, charters, and other instruments, though they were equally called *Bulls*, whether they were sealed with one or the other. The popes continue to the present day to affix metal or lead seals to their bulls, and only when they wish to bestow any particular marks of grace and favour on sovereigns or princes, are seals of *Bullion* or gold affixed. The bull of pope Clement VII. conferring the title of *Defender of the Faith* on Henry the Eighth, had a seal of gold affixed to it. Bulls containing matter of grace and favour, were suspended by strings of red and yellow silk; but denunciatory and punitive bulls were hung by hempen cords."

Glass.—Among the various productions of art, there is, perhaps, none so truly surprising, when we consider the materials from which it is formed, as that of *glass*.

"It is the only instance," says Parkes, in his *Chemical Essays*, "that I recollect of a substance perfectly transparent, being produced by the union of two dissimilar and entirely opake bodies. Many of the ancients who wrote on glass, seem however, to have known nothing of its real nature. Agricola, lib. xii. *de metallis*, calls it a concrete juice; Vincent Belluascensis, lib. xi. calls it a stone; and Fallopius classes it with the middle minerals."

Different opinions have been held respecting the etymology of the word *glass*. Some have derived the word from its resemblance to ice (*glacies*), while others suppose it to be derived from *glastum*, the English *woad*, a vegetable which is employed in dying *blue*; glass having generally a tinge of blue in its appearance.

The date of this elegant and useful invention is involved in great obscurity. According to Pliny, the first vessels of glass were made in the city of Sidon; but Loysel asserts, that the glass-works of the Phœnicians were in high renown more than three thousand years ago, and that they had merely depôts for the sale of their glass at Sidon, and at Tyre. The Egyptians, however, lay claim to having first made it, and say that they were instructed in the art by the great Hermes.

Pliny attributes the invention of glass entirely to chance, and relates, that it was first made in Syria by some mariners who were driven on shore on the banks of the river Belus; and who, having occasion to make large fires on the sands, burnt the *kali* which abounded on that shore; and that the alkali of the plant uniting with a portion of the sand on which the fire stood, produced the first stream of melted glass that had ever been observed.

It is said that glass-houses were erected in Britain before it was visited by the Romans. This may have been the case, as the Phœnicians had traded with the island long before the Romans took possession of it: it was to the latter, however, we were indebted for that progress, which gave the impetus to that superiority in the art, which we possess above all other nations.

In the Life of St. Columbus, by Adamnatus, mention is made of glass as being then common in Ireland.

The Portland Vase.—The famed Barbarine, or Portland Vase, which we read of, and hear spoken of, and which beautiful piece of antiquity was discovered in the tomb of Alexander Severus, who died so early as the year 235, and which is now deposited in the British Museum, derives its appellation from the late Duchess of Portland, who gave one thousand guineas for it. It is made of glass.

Letters in Music.—Gregory the Great, about the year 600, substituted the Roman letters A B C, &c. as the names of notes, in lieu of the more complicated Greek ones; by which the study of the science was greatly simplified.

Origin of Wine.—The Persians tell the following story. Jemsheed was the first who discovered wine. He was immoderately fond of grapes, and desired to preserve some, which were placed in a large vessel and lodged in a vault for future use. When the vessel was opened, the grapes had fermented; their juice, in this state, was so acid, that the king believed it must be poisonous; he had some vessels filled with it, and poison written upon each; these were placed in his room. It happened that one of his favourite ladies was affected with nervous headachs; the pain distracted her so much, that she desired death; observing a vessel with poison written upon it, she took it and swallowed the contents. The wine, for such it had become, overpowered the lady, who fell down into a sound sleep and awoke much refreshed. Delighted with the remedy, she repeated the doses so often, that the monarch's poison was all drank. He soon discovered this, and forced the lady to confess what she had done. A quantity of wine was made: and Jemsheed, and all his court, drank of the new beverage, which, from the circumstance that led to its discovery, is to this day known in Persia by the name of zeher-e-khoosh, or the delightful poison.

DOMESTIC AND RURAL ECONOMY.

Evergreens.—All the trees of Abyssinia, (indeed of all tropical countries) are ever green, and bear fruits and blossoms all the year round. The same branch, however, only bears once a year. It has been remarked, that the order of bearing follows the points of the compass; first, the west branches, then the south, succeeded by the north, and, lastly, by the east.

Manure for wheat.—In an address delivered before the Dorchester Agricultural Society, by Dr. Muse, the president, it was stated that animal manures are peculiarly necessary for wheat crops, because gluten, the characteristic proximate principle of wheat, contains nitrogen, which assimilates it to animal bodies. We think this is a refinement in agricultural chemistry which will be found of little practical utility. A few good experiments would be worth a million of such theoretical conjectures.

Prevention of the ravages of snails.—It is stated, in "The Gardener's Magazine," that the most effective preservative of scarlet runners, French beans, &c. from the ravages of snails and slugs, is to sow radishes between the rows, the snails and slugs being said to prefer the young radishes to the beans.

The hop-fly.—The knowledge of science is frequently invaluable to practical men. We have a striking example of this in the depredations committed by insects in the hop plantations. The great numbers of the well-known insect, the lady-bird, or lady-cow, (coccinella) which swarm during part of the summer upon hops, induce many hop-growers to suppose that they are the depredators; while, on the contrary, they resort to the hop-grounds to feed upon the hop-fly, (aphis) and its larvæ, which destroy the hops by sucking the juices of the leaves and young shoots. The larvæ, or grub, of the lady-bird, also feeds upon the aphides, and tends to diminish their destructive numbers, both in the hop grounds and in flower gardens, where similar species of aphides infest the young leaves and buds of roses, China asters, beans, and other garden plants, and are confounded, in common parlance, under the vulgar name of *blight*, with a multitude of other insects, as well as with cold winds, parching suns, &c.

Effects of ivy on trees.—It appears to be a vulgar prejudice that ivy kills the trees it clings to. If it rooted itself, as is erroneously supposed, in their bark, and fed on their juices, it might merit the accusation of a destroyer, but it derives its nourishment wholly from the ground, where it is rooted; and the supposed roots on the bark of trees are only tendrils or hold-fasts to enable it to climb. The opinion of its injuring trees seems to have arisen (and very naturally too) from the fact, that it prefers to climb up a dead or dying branch, and will not attach itself to very young wood at all. Mr. Reptan, the landscape-gardener, gives numerous facts to show that trees overrun with ivy, so far from being injured by it, grow most luxuriantly. Evelyn says, that when ivy is stript from trees, they are often killed by the cold in the ensuing winter.

Self-sown seeds.—It is a very remarkable fact, well known to florists, that self-sown seeds usually produce natural flowers, whatever the plant may have been from which they were scattered; that is, however fine in colour, size, or form, a flower may have been rendered by cultivation; when it is allowed to shed its seed on the ground, the plants thence arising will again degenerate into the common appearance of its wild original.

MONTHLY INTELLIGENCE.

THE CATHOLIC QUESTION.

Sir Francis Burdett's motion for taking into consideration the laws affecting Catholics, was discussed in the House of Lords on the 9th and 10th of June, when the question was lost by a majority of 45, there being

Non Contents—Present 123
Proxies 59—182

Contents—Present 92
Proxies 45—137

Majority against the resolution, 45

It is gratifying that this decision—painful as it is—was unaccompanied by any of that obloquy which our opponents were formerly in the habit of casting upon our principles. The Archbishop of Tuam—whose speech was calculated to do us a great deal of service—read us a long lecture on what he charitably considered our unscriptural practices; but the Duke of Wellington put a negative upon his Grace's argument, by declaring, that a *belief in transubstantiation ought not to disqualify a man from the enjoyment of civil liberty*. In eliciting this from the premier much has been gained; and from other observations of the Duke, many are inclined to infer, that the question will be shortly

taken up by government, with a view to its final settlement. The Catholic body, however, much as they are inclined to hope, are determined not to relax those efforts which have evidently brought about a crisis in their affairs. The British Catholic Association has new-modelled its rules and regulations; and the Irish Association has unequivocally declared its determination, to continue that wholesome AGITATION which have made their body so useful and so formidable.

TRIUMPH OF CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

On Wednesday, the 18th of June, the Dissenters gave a dinner to their most distinguished advocates, to celebrate the repeal of the Sacramental Test. Among the guests were Lords Durham, Holland, Stourton, Clifford, King, John Russell, Althorp, Stafford, Howick, and Nugent; Sir F. Burdett, Mr. Brougham, and several of the most distinguished friends of civil and religious liberty in the House of Commons; Mr. Butler, Mr. Blount, Colonel Stonor, and several Catholic gentlemen. Upwards of four hundred gentlemen sat down to dinner. The Duke of Sussex took the chair.

The greatest unanimity prevailed during the evening, and the speakers vied with each other in their enthusiasm in favour of the principle of civil and religious liberty. The second toast was—"Speedy and effectual relief to all who labour under legal disabilities on account of religious opinions." The result of this dinner proves, that the intelligent part of the Dissenters, at least, are favourable to the question of Catholic emancipation.

NORWICH.

The Catholics of the city of Norwich have just erected on each side of the altar, in the chapel of St. John, a mural tablet of white marble, to perpetuate the memories of their 'good pastors.' The first bears this inscription:

In Memory of
THE REV. EDWARD BEAUMONT,
Who for a period of Sixty-two Years
was the venerated Pastor of this
congregation,
and discharged the duties of his sacred
office
with the most exemplary fidelity,
and closed an edifying life,
August 1, 1820, aged 87 years.
R. I. P.

The Rev. Edward Beaumont was born in Derbyshire, in the year 1732, and was educated in the English College, at Douay, where he was ordained priest in 1757. On the first day of August, 1758, he arrived at Norwich, where he exercised his sacred functions till within a very short period of his death, which took place on the 1st of August, 1820, the anniversary of his arrival in that city. His funeral took place on the 8th of the same month. He was a branch of the same ancient family to which our poet of that name belonged.

The Norwich Mercury of August 5, 1820, speaking of his demise, says, "This most amiable and venerable man has enjoyed the same unvarying esteem and regard amongst all who had the pleasure and satisfaction of knowing him. His mind was pious, informed, active, and benevolent — his manners pure, mild, amiable, and sincere. In thus recording his many virtues, we do no more than give a tongue to the general feeling of veneration borne towards a man who has performed his course of duties amongst us during the extended term of sixty-two years, esteemed, beloved, and venerated by Christians of all denominations."

The second tablet bears the following inscription:

To the Memory
of
THE REV. LAURENCE STRONGITHARM,
who terminated a life
of laborious and successful exertion,
in promoting
the glory of God and salvation of souls,
on the third of March, 1827,
aged 34 years.
R. I. P.

The Rev. Laurence Strongitharm was born near London, October 15, 1792. In the year 1804 he was sent to Sedgeley Park School, from whence, in the month of April, 1810, he removed to St. Mary's College, at Oscott. He was ordained priest in the year 1818, and, after serving the missions of Stourbridge and Oscott for a short time, was appointed pastor of the chapel of St. John, Maddermarket, in the city of Norwich, where he continued to labour till his extraordinary exertions in the holy ministry enfeebled his health. The rupture of a blood vessel finally incapacitated him, and brought on his lamented death, which took place March 3, 1827, at Cossey Hall, near Norwich, the seat of the Right Hon. Lord Stafford. He was interred on the 9th of March, in the centre of his own chapel, Norwich, in a vault prepared for him by his afflicted people, with very great solemnity. The funeral was attended by the Right Hon. Lord and Lady Stafford, the Hon. Miss F. Stafford Jerningham, and a numerous retinue of Catholics and Protestants of high respectability. High mass was sung by his successor, the Rev. James M'Don-

nell, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. T. Deterville and J. Leadbetter, as deacon and sub-deacon. A most impressive funeral oration was pronounced on the occasion by his dearest friend, the Rev. F. C. Hussenbeth, chaplain to Lord Stafford, of Cossey Hall. The body was enclosed in a lead coffin: the brass plate was in the form of a cross, on which was engraved a Maltese cross, a chalice, a death's head, and the following inscription:

Rev. Dom.
Laurentius Strongitharm,
Eccles. Cathol. Sacerdos
Capell. S. Ioan. Evan.
Pastor.
Obiit 3 Martii MDCCCXXVII.
Ætatis 34.
R. I. P.

The Norwich Mercury, speaking of this excellent man, says: "To great learning and a highly-gifted mind—to the most elegant and refined manners—to the most powerful and commanding eloquence—he added the most fervent and unaffected piety, and an undying zeal for the furtherance of religion, and for the spiritual welfare of those entrusted to his care: they were, indeed, his children: and of him it may be truly said, he was the good pastor. With manners the most endearing, to know him was to esteem, venerate, and love him. His best eulogy will be found in the tears of his congregation, to whom he was so dear. His death, like his life, was a scene of edification to all around him. His expiring words were—"I love my God—I love my faith."

W. S. I.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

An institution, which has received the patronage of several noble and distinguished lovers of the fine arts, has been established at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, under the title of "The Northern Academy of Art." The exterior of the building connected with this institution is simply elegant. The interior is properly fitted up, and tastefully decorated. The rooms are lofty, and the domes seem well adapted to distribute the light equally on the pictures. The picture room has been formed into two, of octagonal shape, to gain additional surface for the pictures. The first year's exhibition opened on the 11th of June, and fully justified the anticipations of the public, as the united efforts of the proprietors have been successfully directed to the gathering of talent from all quarters—not merely from artists, but from private collections. There are in all three hundred pictures exhibited, some of which possess very superior merits; and all, with very few exceptions, are good. A continued exertion, and corresponding patronage, are alone requisite to maintain the character which the first year's exhibition has obtained for "The Northern Academy of Arts."

MARRIAGES.*

On Monday, June 16, at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, the Hon. E. Stafford Jerningham, second son of the Right Hon. Lord Stafford, of Cossey Hall, Norfolk, and Stafford Castle, Staffordshire, to Miss Mary Ann Smythey, niece of Mrs. Fitzherbert. The ceremony was performed on Sunday evening, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church.

On May 27th, at Hornsey Church, by the Rev. Samuel Mince, B.D., after being previously married by the Abbe Laporte, chaplain to the French embassy, at the chapel of his Excellency Prince Polignac, Count Alexander Charles Joseph Vander Burch, chamberlain to his Majesty the King of the Netherlands, (eldst son of Count Vander Burch, Majeur General et Membre de la Premiere Chambre des Etats Generaux of Escrussines, province of Hainault), and cousin to her Excellency Madame Falck, Lady of the Dutch Ambassador, to Elizabeth Cooper, daughter of Wm. D. Cooper, Esq., of Park House, Highgate, and of Toddington, Bedfordshire, and granddaughter of the late John Cooper, Esq.

OBITUARY.

Died.—At Downside College, on the 2d of May last, of water on the brain, Master John Mansfield, aged 11 years.

On the 2d of June, at the age of 26, Mr. John Kleyzer, a native of the Black Forest, in the Duchy of Baden, and late of Oxford-street.

On the 8th of June, in the 34th year of her age, Mrs. Caroline Mary Dolan, of St. Martin's-lane.

On the 11th of June, Mrs. Mary Sharpe, late of Downham Market, Norfolk, aged 86 years.

* Those who wish to see this part of our Journal more ample and perfect, will be kind enough to transmit us an account of those domestic incidents which it is the purpose of this part of the "Miscellany" to record.

THE CATHOLIC MISCELLANY.

AUGUST, 1828.

MEN AND THINGS IN IRELAND.

Dublin, July 28, 1828.

WHILE the *Times* newspaper, in all the emphasis of a leading article, is agitating the nerves of stock-jobbers, by announcing an Irish rebellion, and the *Courier* is kindly advising our "orators" to deal less in treason, it may not be unprofitable to survey men and things as they exist in this country—to look dispassionately around us, and give an impartial estimate of Irish affairs.

The original curse of Ireland was foreign domination; and the evil consisted not so much in bad laws—in perpetual wars—for with these we were previously familiar—as in the national degradation consequent upon implied conquest. I am not about to indulge in lachrymose reflections upon events remote and partly unknown. One tyrant is quite as respectable as another. Henry II. for all I know, was just as worthy a monarch as Roderick O'Connor. I beg to be understood as speaking historically; I will not consent to be judged by the acts of my ancestors, and shall not therefore hold Englishmen of the present day accountable for those proceedings which took place centuries since. This declaimer is not quite unnecessary: there are those who stand, like paid witnesses in bad times, to accuse us of disloyalty—to ridicule us as blunderers, or brand us as fanatics. Misrepresentation is a thing of course; we are so accustomed to it, that we hardly complain of it, and, indeed, until lately, we dared not treat an Irish subject historically, without running the risk of being suspected of desiring a disunion of the political compact which binds these countries together: that day has now passed. We now claim the privilege of thinking rationally, and of expressing our opinions fearlessly. We may be allowed to lament the delusions—religious and political—which induced Ireland to submit to English pretensions, without being supposed to desire *now* a separation. Imaginary rules of right have vanished: things that are politically expedient, are now considered wise and patriotic; and as we have some claims to common sense, those who suspect our loyalty have only to render our adherence expedient, and rely upon it that foregone claims, and monuments of six centuries old, will not occasion us to rush needlessly upon strife and slaughter. The days of brute force are gone; the reign of mind has commenced; and experience has shown that the most potent of radicals is public opinion. The Duke of Wellington and the British Army might soon make the land a frightful waste, if the occasion offered; but we know that neither his Grace nor his soldiers, were they twenty times more numerous, can withstand our claims, when supported by moral strength and undoubted justice. Swords and sinews are no longer necessary.

That England pretended to a conquest of Ireland is an historical fact; and though I am not prepared to attribute much virtue to the original rulers of the country, I must lament, as a friend to moral as well as to national dignity, that they were not left to the feudal pastime of slaughtering each other—if so disposed. When weary of butchery they would, like their neighbours, have cultivated the arts of peace; and preserved at least the national independence, whatever might have been their domestic laws. Irishmen, however, were not allowed to adopt any

such expedient. Foreigners acquired, no matter how, a baneful dominion over them; and a single generation was quite enough to pass away to beget a feeling of contempt in those who rivetted the fetters, and of humiliation in those who endured them. Individually my countrymen have always been impatient of wrong, and eager to manifest a dislike of contumely, but, collectively, they have too tamely submitted to that kind of injustice which is in its consequences more hurtful than open hostility, because in it originates those acts of oppression, the imposition of which implies something more than disrespect. They were all along regarded as an inferior people: they are thought, by many, to be so still; and by a natural inference of the mind, the wronging of them is considered at worst a kind of mitigated inhumanity.

Without being indebted to metaphysical theories for an elucidation of what followed, we can easily understand why we too readily assented to the opinion—as we undoubtedly did—of our neighbours. The spirit of the nation was abruptly broken: the symbols of pride and nationality vanished, and the act which acknowledged—for a native parliament formed no exception—Ireland to be a province completed the humiliation of its inhabitants. A strange flag waved above the citadel—strangers ruled the country—and the laws themselves were of foreign enactment. The circumstances and the men who might have proved the seeds of greatness, gradually disappeared, and those who witnessed all these things, naturally enough acquired the slavish habit of submission. They feared, and of necessity they hated, those who reduced them to this condition; but the iron, to use one of Mr. O'Connell's expressive phrases, entered into their souls, and their resentment never aspired to the dignity of rebellion. Their different insurrections lose the dubious merit of manly hostilities, when we contrast the paucity of their object with the magnitude of their wrongs; for it is a curious fact, that those with whom originated the many Irish wars, never contemplated any thing beyond the removal of a local or personal grievance.

Repeated failures diminished Irish confidence, while they tended to augment the insolence of the oppressors, and the disasters—fortunate ones perhaps, which followed fast upon the battle of the Boyne, seem to have steeped the country in a lethargic forgetfulness. I am not fond of paradoxes, particularly when they offend against the universal sense of mankind; but I cannot help thinking that the impolicy which refused to remove the penal laws, has been on the whole singularly beneficial to Ireland. A bitter medicine has been administered to us; human nature revolted against it; but in spite of its repulsive flavor, a vigorous health has resulted from its use. We now stand upon the vantage ground of intelligence and numbers; and the wordy war which has been waged for more than half a century, has made us acquainted with legitimate arms, the application of which must ere long right us, not only in our own estimation, but in the opinion of Europe.

Had the penal fetters been wholly removed when the first link was severed from the victim, this could hardly have been the case. Bigoted dislike had continued, sinister restriction had been persevered in; and the absence of motives for simultaneous agitation would be supplied by that sombre quiescence which ultimately settles into a degraded subjection to existing authority. Acting on what Thomson called "scoundrel maxims," the Government would easily have suppressed any attempt at popular movements; and the Protestant oligarchy would have sat for ages, in-

cubi-like, on the energies of the nation. I am confirmed in this conclusion by a reference to other countries; and the reluctant concessions which have been made to the commercial interests of Ireland, is owing solely to that agitation which grew out of Catholic disabilities. In endeavouring to avoid an act of justice, the legislator resorted to palliatives, and, as a kind of "soft lenitives," applied local measures to a disease which afflicted the whole body. For almost a century the people uttered no complaint, and the Government, construing their silence into an indication of content, did not disturb their tranquillity by any effort to better their condition. Would not this monotony of indifference on the one side, and unnatural submission on the other, have continued, had the stimulant which has recently called forth the population to act as one man been removed? Unquestionably it would. With the existing cause for discontent, Irish patriotism was too long inert; even O'Connell had nearly sunk under the shameful apathy which pervaded the Catholic body, and they were ultimately awakened to a sense of duty more by the insults than the injustice of their enemies. The truth is, opinion in Ireland, until within these ten years, was diseased. We had starts of

—— "Moody madness, laughing wild,
Amid severest woe;"

but nothing that breathed of political intelligence, and self-confidence. We had, by a shameful effort of our own mind, sunk into self-abasement. Too long the butt of ridicule—the victim of every witling who pandered to our opponents, the calumnies of our enemies had begun to operate upon us after the manner in which they had affected our neighbours, and mental emancipation was not obtained until those movements, which the obstinacy of the legislature rendered necessary, acquainted us with the secret of our own strength. National dignity followed, and patriotic complacency mutually begot universal intelligence, more formidable to our enemies than "seven millions of the finest people on earth."

All this is absolute matter of fact. Until within these six years, Ireland had not a Catholic journal—she has now, with a few base exceptions, the whole press of the country advocating her cause. Formerly the Protestants of Ireland were thought alone worthy of notice—now Catholicism and Ireland are identified. The Established Church is regarded as an excrescence, or as a thing at best only to be tolerated out of deference to Protestant feeling, while its monstrous exactions—exposed by Catholic agitators—are defended only from motives of state expediency. This is a moral revolution which we owe to the penal laws; but we are under further obligations to that "bitter draught," of which we have so long been drinking. A public opinion, fresh and well grounded, has grown up amongst us. This, experience has shown us, is the only redresser of political wrong; and from what it has already accomplished, we are justified in anticipating still more important benefits.

But the results viewed externally are still more flattering. The rays of intelligence which emanate from that focus of Irish mind, the Catholic Association, have tended to irradiate that dense atmosphere which surrounds us, and the good which has been thus effected may be estimated, by the quantity of morbid bigotry which is perpetually betraying itself, notwithstanding the boasted liberality of the age. The whiggish and radical journals of England regard Ireland as well suited to the purpose of "pointing a moral, or adorning a tale." In generals

it has certainly their sympathy: it is a convenient resort when Tory Administrations are to be assailed; but, when you come to particulars, they are equally as alert as the *Courier* in manifesting dislike. They cannot be brought to consider us on terms of equality. Our creed is a constant subject of mockery; our ignorance is made to bear a large portion of our misfortunes; and our moral inferiority is regarded as a thing of course. This is never questioned: we are "Papists," and *must* not be as intelligent as Protestants; it is impossible that we can read as well, write as well, or relish fish and flesh with an orthodox *gusto*.

The force of popular opinion—for it is nothing more, is here made evident. The belief is persisted in, not only in opposition to truth, but in defiance of proof. A little industry would show, from the pages of English newspapers, that if we are barbarous and ignorant, as the *Morning Chronicle* will have it, our neighbours have nothing to boast of in this respect. The English peasantry are not all philosophers. Protestantism, favourable as it is said to be to mental development, has done little for the cause of knowledge where all are Protestants: it would seem to operate unfavourably in this respect. To prove this, I shall not burden the pages of the "Miscellany" with reports of law cases at your County Assizes; neither shall I appeal to your parliamentary reports on the Poor Laws and the State of Crime. These may be the effects, as they certainly are in part, of bad systems; but the following is too instructive to be omitted. It is taken from a London Evening Paper, to which it was transmitted by its reporter. The letter from which the extract was taken is dated Worcester, July 23, 1828.

"Our Assizes here ended to-day. Last evening, Mr. Justice Gazelee finished the criminal trials, and recorded sentence of death, without the least hope of mercy, on John Cheese, labourer, aged 33, who was indicted for violating the person of Ann Ridley, a very ordinary looking girl, aged 18. This was the man whom the Jury recommended to mercy, on the strange ground I detailed to you yesterday. After being shut up for a long time, the enlightened twelve came into court, when the Foreman thus addressed the Judge:

"Foreman.—*Afore* we give our verdict, my Lord, we wish to know the *pinishment?*

"Mr. Justice Gazelee.—With *that*, gentlemen, *you* have nothing to do. *Your* business is to find a verdict according to evidence. It is mine to pass sentence, and your verdict ought not to be guided by any thing prospective.

"The Jury then retired for ten minutes, when they again came into court, and the Under Sheriff having put the question, as to whether they were agreed in their verdict? the Foreman replied in the affirmative.

"Mr. Smith (one of the jury)—My Lord, *I* recommend the prisoner to mercy.

"Mr. Justice Gazelee.—Let the foreman speak. On what grounds do you recommend to mercy?

"Foreman.—My Lord, *that ere gentleman* knows.—Mr. Smith, I believe, is his name, and he will explain.

"Mr. Smith, however, was dumb; and the twelve were again requested to withdraw, when they called for pen, ink, and paper; and, after a quarter of an hour's delay, produced the following: 'We recommend the prisoner, because we think, if he knew the punishment, he would have absconded!!!' A buz of laughter prevailed through the court at this reply, which was more audible shortly after, on the following examination of a boy of 15 years of age.

"Counsel.—How many minutes in an hour? Boy.—Twenty, Sur.

"Counsel.—How many do two and three make? Boy.—Don't know, Sur.

"Counsel.—Can you count twenty? Boy.—Naw, Sur.

"Counsel.—Can you say your prayers? Boy.—Me knaws none.

"In another case a man 60 years of age was examined, when the following dialogue took place:—

"Counsel.—How old are you? Witness.—30, Sur.

"Counsel.—How long have you lived in your last situation? Witness.—Better than 27 years.

"Counsel.—Have you any children? Witness.—Yes.

"Counsel.—How old is the eldest? Witness.—About 30, Sur.

"Counsel.—How? have you not just sworn that you were but 30 yourself? Witness.—Yes; but as I didn't know, I wished to be safe.

"One of the Bar, thinking the force of stupidity could no further go, went into the market-place, when the following colloquy took place with one of the stall inhabitants:—

"Well, my good woman, are your eggs fresh?—Ah, yes, Sir, they be all *frish*.

"When were they laid?—Upon my word, your honor, they were all laid within a fortnight!!!

"The following is more piquant:—A barrister who wanted some writings copied, was on the search for a scrivener, but not being able to find one, he went into a hosier's shop to inquire, and put the following question:—

"Pray, Sir, do you know a scrivener living near hand?—Hosier. Scrivener! scrivener! no, Sir, I don't know *anybody* of that name.

"These are but a few of the delectable samples of stupidity that are to be met with. In truth, the lower orders in these parts may be pronounced amongst the most dunderheaded in England; yet the town of Worcester is one of the cleanest in England, and has the appearance of the most elaborate civilization. When, however, you come into contact with the people, you find their great mental inferiority to the Scotch and Irish, and the Northern English peasantry. It cannot, however, have always been thus. Centuries ago, as the magnificent cathedral amply attests, civilization and science prevailed. It is, indeed, one of the most beautiful edifices in England. In it lie the remains of King John, St. Dunstan, and many of the earlier Bishops, who introduced Christianity into this country."

I thank the writer for that slight allusion to Catholic times. There is something in religion, after all, which aids the development of the human faculties; and to his creed the Irish peasant owes, in some measure, his mental superiority. It must be admitted, however, that our neighbours never have had a fair opportunity of judging of the intelligence of the poorer classes of Ireland. Those with whom they are most familiar appear under many disadvantages; they are not fair representations of the body to which they belong; many of them owe their expatriation to circumstances peculiarly unfavourable to a persistency in good conduct; many of them are obliged to speak a language, with the idiom of which they are perfectly unacquainted. The most intelligent man alive, when obliged to converse in a foreign language, cannot help looking somewhat stupid; and of course the peasant, who had hitherto conversed only in Irish, cannot acquit himself very fluently, on his first attempt at delivering himself in English. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, however, the unfortunate Irish will suffer nothing by comparison with the same class in England and Scotland. The injustice with which they are generally treated, and the prejudice which they everywhere encounter, have given them the look of a *caste*.

The treatment they experience says little for English liberality; and it is worthy of remark, that Ireland is, perhaps, the only country in Europe in which foreigners are certain of kindness and courtesy. English or Scotchmen—and Ireland abounds with them—have never reproached *us* with an imitation of their conduct: we act, thank Heaven, from nobler impulses, and a finer principle of justice. The *Cead mille faltha* is no idle boast, and we do not repent of our generosity. We trust its example will not be lost upon our neighbours.

There is a change, too, in this respect, highly flattering, but not yet complete:—your public journalists are less insulting than formerly: the polemical contests into which we had been forced have elevated our priesthood in Protestant estimation, and the fearless manner in which our "leaders" have retaliated upon your press, has taught the literary hirelings more circumspection. Still the bigoted feeling—that mental fungus of six centuries' growth, has not been entirely got rid of. It still exists; Ireland is still hated; and the dormant feeling need but a slight cause to be again excited. This, in my opinion, was manifested in a very decided manner during the progress of the Clare Election. The pretensions of Mr. O'Connell shocked all their Protestant prejudices; and as I happened to be in London at the time, I endeavoured to ascertain the general opinion on the subject. That opinion was unequivocally expressed: with the exception of Mr. Hunt, I never met a Protestant who spoke as if he wished that Mr. O'Connell should be successful! Every man appeared in that fidgetty state which indicates an unwillingness to be convinced against his prejudices. They would not listen to the arguments which went to prove that the new member for Clare could take his place in St. Stephen's. Their minds were made up on the question. Had Mr. O'Connell come immediately over, according to Mr. Cobbett's opinion, the "House" might have arbitrarily ejected him with the full consent of the English people. One or two journals nobly fought his battle; but they are papers conducted on principle.—*The Times*, which is a political barometer, on the accuracy of which the Irish Catholics may depend, spoke on this occasion, so far as the metropolis was concerned, the popular opinion. I am fully persuaded of this from my own experience.

The Government seem to be well aware of this: they had their feelers abroad; and, with a Machiavelian eagerness, they are now labouring to improve the popular prejudice. The Tory press is filled with false alarms; and I cannot but admire the address with which these reports have been got up. They are of a nature which cannot fail to make an impression upon the sensitive vanity of John Bull. John is a great egotist; entertains a very laudable opinion of himself; and, from the nature of his habits, cannot tolerate public spirit in any country but his own—unless where it has been inspired by himself; then, no matter what its object, it is to be lauded. He has had his boot too long upon the neck of Ireland to remove it willingly; he will, perhaps, consent to be *coaxed* out of his oppressive attitude; but he will not submit to be bullied into forbearance. About Ireland he cares little; but she shall not emancipate herself in spite of him; she shall wait in the unprofitable attitude of a suppliant, until it is his good-will and pleasure to bid her rise. He dislikes oppression everywhere—but at home.

Of this peculiarity in his disposition, the Government will not hesitate to avail itself: the announcement of rebellion is calculated to array

all England against us. Portuguese rebels would be sure of their sympathy; but Irish rebels might depend upon their vengeance. We know this, and shall not provoke their bad humour. Irish history has not been written for us in vain; we are enabled to estimate the future by the past; and know by experience that there are measures infinitely more efficacious than steel and sinew. Our political desires are sober and rational. We have a very tolerable opinion of our capacity; but we are not egregiously vain. English literature is ours, we speak the English language tolerably, notwithstanding our brogue, and find in the English market a very brisk sale for the produce of our industry. These are considerations which exercise a salutary influence over our contemplations; but insult provoked the strong man to banish all selfishness in the desire to punish his mockers. We have learnt to suffer—but a generous—a wise people would recollect, that, be the cause good or bad, our worst enemies never dared to question our courage.

But there never was a time when discontent was less likely to break out into acts of insubordination. Our recent triumph is too remarkable an instance of superior intelligence—of moral courage, to be marred by treasonable folly. We—depicted the most mercurial of mankind—the most uncontrollable of people—have set the world a great example of patriotic forbearance. The multitude, in the midst of temptations, subdued their passions, and, in despite of habit, evinced a virtuous magnanimity, without a parallel in history. Ennis witnessed an exhibition, which will render the volunteers and the proceedings of 1782 of secondary importance only. The rest of Ireland will imitate the men of Clare, and if they—as they will—rely solely upon *mind*, they may defy the efforts of bad men and brute force. We are indebted to the penal laws for those moral attainments which result from the "diffusion of useful knowledge," and for that spectacle in Clare, which to a nation is worth "whole ages of bondage!" The natural acuteness of the Irish peasant has been excited by agitation: he has been compelled to improve his faculties by the study of abstruse questions, and, no longer permitted to worship God in peace, he has been forced to qualify himself for giving a reason, on all occasions, for the truth that is in him. Sharpened by exercise, his natural acuteness has improved; and he now stands forward an intellectual being, challenging the approval of others, and dignified in his own estimation. It is this which gives currency and value to public opinion amongst us: no one can now gratify individual selfishness at the expense of the common cause: he must act—and act too in unison with what the majority deem right. In other countries, public virtue and public opinion reside in the middle classes; in Ireland they are the inheritance of the poorest. They operate in the very road-side cabin; and the late election furnishes a gratifying instance of the influence of public opinion—out of four Protestant forty shilling freeholders three voted for "the Man of the People!"

Being supposed incapable of acting with moral propriety, the patriotism of the Irish peasantry is regarded as criminal; and the sin of having taught the people to respect themselves has been attributed to the Catholic Clergy, both by the Tories and the "leaders." They differ only respecting the degree of its culpability; the one sees in priestly interference the most dangerous spirit; and the other only seeks to palliate it: they mutually declare that it *ought* not to be. Mr. Peel points to it as a proof of "popish ambition;" and Mr. Sheil affects to

shudder at the mere contemplation of so anomalous a manifestation of unconstitutional power. Neither is sincere; they are endeavouring to overreach each other; and in the unworthy contest the character of the priesthood and the cause of truth and religion are sacrificed. This should not be allowed: the Irish Clergy have too long submitted to be treated with this injustice: the sinister praise of their friends is not more mischievous than the open condemnation of their enemies. Our oppressors point to the influence of the Catholic Clergy as an argument against our emancipation, and our advocates admit that this influence is dangerous, but that emancipation would neutralize their power. That our religious teachers are capable of effecting mischief is taken for granted, in the very teeth of common sense; and those who are apprized of the absurdity of the proposition, are yet unwilling to contradict it, lest it might injure the common cause. This is the worst feature of politics. In silencing truth it exhibits its demoralizing effects, and operates fearfully upon public virtue. It begets a belief that public men are absolved from the immutable laws of truth, and that political ends are to be obtained by arts that morality will not justify.

Our country is not free from this besetting sin of politics. A little exaggeration is first winked at; repetition gives consistency to the incipient falsehood; and in time it looks like truth. The Catholic Association—and a more useful body never did exist—have spoken of the Clergy in terms which the Clergy have, perhaps, been too considerate in not reprobating. Our orators describe them as political tools, with which they *could* work wonders; and, in consequence of their representations, the English people look upon the priests as the willing slaves of the Association. No view can be more erroneous: the Association is amenable to public opinion: the orators *dare* not offend against it; and the Catholic Clergy, when they act in their capacity of citizens, *must* not run counter to popular sentiment. The *vox populi* is the *vox Dei* in Ireland. It commands general reverence; and the influence of the Association arises from its aptitude in speaking the national mind. Two of the principal "leaders" have submissively bowed before this tribunal:—no doubt they did so from conviction; but had they not done so, they know well the opportunities of effecting good would be denied them. Mr. Sheil himself has admitted this, and there are not wanting instances to show that the Clergy possess influence only because they identify themselves with the people. Those who took a different course during the elections in Meath and Clare created a feeling no ways enviable. The Association has a "captain in every parish," only while it acts in accordance with the interests of religion and Ireland.

It is the proud boast of the Irish priesthood that they are beloved, and that they possess influence. Were they not pure in their lives, and spotless in their characters, their friends could not say this for them. The charge usually made against them is highly complimentary both to the people and their teachers. A popular priesthood can do nothing but what is good and beneficial: mischief has proceeded only from clerics without popular influence. I appeal to all history for the truth of this remark; the records of the Catholic as well as the Protestant Church support it; for the interests of truth and liberty have never been assailed by ecclesiastics, unless when they possessed the ear of the court rather than the ear of the people. There is, therefore, no occasion for Mr. Sheil's sensitiveness. This great man—for his

surprising talents have made him a great man—has done our Clergy injustice rather than weaken a rhetorical artifice. But his usefulness will not be impaired if he condescends to imitate, in this respect, Mr. O'Connell, who has never been guilty of this questionable praise, which, after all, is not well calculated to effect the purpose for which it is resorted to.

It is one proof of the divine institution of the Catholic Church that its priesthood cannot perform their duties without benefitting society. "Virtue and intelligence," says a profound thinker,* "are the great interests of a community, including all others and worth all others; and the noblest agency is that by which they are advanced. Now we apprehend that political power is not the most effectual instrument for their promotion, and accordingly we doubt whether government is the only or highest sphere for superior minds. Virtue, from its very nature, cannot be a product of what may be called the direct operation of government, that is, of legislation. Laws may repress crime. Their office is to erect prisons for violence and fraud. But moral and religious worth, dignity of character, loftiness of sentiment, all that makes man a blessing to himself and society, lies beyond their province. Virtue is of the soul, where laws cannot penetrate. Excellence is something too refined, spiritual, celestial, to be produced by the coarse machinery of government. Human legislation addresses itself to self-love, and works by outward force. Its chief instrument is punishment. It cannot touch the springs of virtuous feelings, of great and good deeds. Accordingly, rulers, with all their imagined omnipotence, do not dream of enjoining by statute, philanthropy, gratitude, devout sentiment, magnanimity, and purity of thought. Virtue is too high a concern for government. It is an inspiration of God, not a creature of law; and the agents whom God chiefly honours in its promotion, are those, who, through experience as well as meditation, have risen to generous conceptions of it, and who show it forth, not in empty eulogies, but in the language of deep conviction, and in lives of purity."

This is not more eloquent than just: a wise people will prefer a pious Clergy to even civil liberty. Indeed, the first necessarily leads to the latter. It has tended to that in Ireland, if it have not accomplished it already; for the moment individuals feel themselves deserving of liberty, they are, in effect, free, notwithstanding the momentary restraint of their chains. A consciousness of the proud pre-eminence of our church was the first thing that elevated us in our opinion; and, self-dignified, every thing else will follow. The humiliating opinions which once prevailed are dissipated. We think highly of ourselves; and the agents which produced this useful change of feeling are still in active operation.

The leaven of bad habits, however, still clings to the minds of some of our public men. We hardly dare to think for ourselves on political subjects, and we occasionally encumber our great question with doubtful logic. This, however, only promotes excitation; increases the materials of thinking; and furnishes additional stimulants to the ten thousand that are abroad. Discussion is unavoidable, and knowledge is inevitable, where full room is given to conflicting arguments. Repose is unfavourable, in individuals and nations, to mental vigour, and our rulers

* Dr. Channing.

are determined that we shall not experience the quiescence of content.

I see by the London press—liberal and illiberal—that the Leitrim boys have put the military world in motion—rebellion is to be crushed! The Irish forces are to be augmented! So much the better. Additional government money will be spent amongst us; but, for fighting, we happen just now to be very peaceably disposed. We will not even fight for fun! To be sure, the anniversary of the battle of Aughrim * may have occasioned a party display in certain districts; but the Government may rest assured that we are quite convinced of our total incapacity for contending at this moment with them. The Marquess of Anglesea is fully persuaded of this; instead of sitting in close divan with the Orangemen at the Castle, he is amusing us and himself by sailing about the beautiful bay of Dublin.

The Irish people, in a course of cruel discipline, have acquired a mastery over ordinary impulses. Embarked in a great cause, we will not needlessly run the risk of shipwreck; and lest we should encounter new storms, our pilot has fabricated an amulet of potent power, in the form of a silver medal. Every member of the "Order of Liberators" wears one *pendant* †; and though some regard these new "creations" only as things of useful foolery, others are pleased to see in them far mightier tendencies. In the meantime we are pursuing our interests with a judgment and unanimity, which cannot fail to insure success.

F. J. K.

THE BODY OF ST. CUTHBERT.

To the Editor of the Catholic Miscellany.

SIR,—The public papers announced, some months since, that the body of St. Cuthbert had been accidentally discovered, and they were not sparing of invidious insinuations, that its alleged incorruptibility was nothing more than a mere Catholic fiction. An interest was excited by this announcement, and a discussion followed: various circumstances seemed to favour the identity of the body; yet, on the other hand, historical documents were not wanting, which, if they might be relied upon, disproved the fact. The Rev. Mr. Raine, Vicar of Maldon, county of Northumberland, became an advocate for the first position; in support of which, he undertook an elaborate and learned work, with descriptive plates.—This treatise, from the well known talents for research of its Reverend

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* Irish history is badly understood. The 12th of July has been noted in all the papers as the day on which William "crossed the water" at the Boyne. That event, however, took place on "July the 1st." July the 12th is the anniversary of the battle of Aughrim—a triumph not to be very proud of, for success was owing to accident—the death of St. Ruth.

† This medal is represented on the plate which accompanies this Number of the "Miscellany." On the *obverse* stands Hibernia, with a sword in one hand and the harp in the other. Beside her stands the celebrated Irish wolf dog. The inscription, "THE ORDER OF LIBERATORS." On the exergue, "Ireland as she ought to be." On the reverse, a cross in the midst of rays; the cap of liberty on one side, and the emblem of unity on the other. The inscription, "In hoc signo vinces." On the exergue, "*Eire go bruc.*" Eire was the ancient name of Ireland. Thus O'Flaherty in his Ogygia,

"Eire ard inis na Kiog
Maigean molbthac na moirgnion."

Eire the eminent Island of Kings,
The celebrated place of the magnanimous. ED.

author, is looked for with impatience by many lovers of our national ecclesiastical antiquities, as it is understood that it is nearly ready for publication.

Sir Walter Scott, in the second Canto of Marmion, states, that the secret where the body of the holy bishop of Lindisfarm is actually deposited, is known but to three persons: his words are—

> "There deep in Durham's Gothic shade,
> His reliques are in secret laid;
> Save of his holiest servants three,
> Deep sworn to solemn secresy,
> Who share that wondrous grace."

And in a note upon the above lines he adds,—"It is said that the Northumbrian Catholics still keep secret the precise spot of the Saint's sepulture, which is only entrusted to three persons at a time. When one dies, the survivors appropriate to them in his room a person judged fit to be the depositary of so valuable a secret." Perhaps there may be some truth in the poet's statement; for the writer of the present article has seen in a copy of Butler's Saints' Lives, a manuscript interlineation, by the Rev. J. Mannock, O. S. B. Author of the *Poor Man's Catechism*, and various other controversial and spiritual works, which asserts the same fact, with the addition, that the individuals entrusted with the secret, are always Benedictine monks. In that rare little volume, *The Ancient Rites and Monuments of the Monastical and Cathedral Church of Durham*, is a curious relation of the circumstances which occurred at the defacing of St. Cuthbert's shrine, by the king's visitors, at the time of the *Reformation*. In consequence of the discussion now going on, it may probably be interesting to some of your readers; permit me, therefore, to give the following extract:—

"The sacred shrine of holy St. Cuthbert, before mentioned, was defaced at the Visitation, which Dr. Lee, Dr. Henley, and Mr. Blithman, held at Durham, for the subverting of such monuments in the time of Henry VIII. at his suppression of the Abbeys. They there found many worthy and goodly jewels, but especially one precious stone, which, by the estimate of those three visitors, and their skilful lapidaries, was of value sufficient to ransom a Prince. After the spoil of his ornaments and jewels, coming near unto his body, thinking to have found nothing but dust and bones, and finding the chest that he lay in very strongly bound with iron, the goldsmith taking a great fore-hammer of a smith, broke the said chest; and when they had opened it, they found him lying whole, uncorrupt, with his face bare, and his beard as it were of a fortnight's growth, and all his vestments about him, as he was accustomed to say mass, and his metward of gold lying by him. When the goldsmith perceived he had broken one of his leggs, as he broke open the chest, he was troubled at it, and cried, 'Alas! I have broken one of his leggs.' Dr. Henley hearing him say so, called upon him, and bid him cast down his bones. Whereto the other answered that he could not get them asunder; for the sinews and skin held them so that they would not come asunder. Then Dr. Lee step'd up to see whether it were so, and turning about spake in Latine to Dr. Henley, that he was entire; yet Dr. Henley would not give credit to his words, but still cry'd to have his bones cast down. Then Dr. Lee made answer, if you will not believe me, come up yourself, and see him. Whereupon Dr. Henley step'd up to him, and did handle him, and found that he lay whole. Then he commanded them to take him down; and so it happened, contrary to their expectation, that not only the body was whole and uncorrupted, but also that the vestments wherein his body lay, and wherein he was accustomed to say mass, were fresh, safe, and not consumed. Where-

upon the visitors commanded him to be carried into the revestry, where he was close and safely kept in the inner part of the revestry, till they knew the king's further pleasure what to do with him; and upon notice of the king's further pleasure, the prior and the monks buried him in the ground under the same place where his shrine was exalted."

Although foreign to the foregoing subject, I cannot refrain from giving another extract from the same little work. It records one of the innumerable instances which occur in the history of the Reformation of the unworthy uses to which the clergy of the day, and their wives, applied those things which the piety of their ancestors had consecrated to the service of religion.

"Within the said abbey-church of Durham (says my author), were two holy-water-stones, of fine marble, very artificially made, and engraven, and boss'd with hollow bosses, upon the outer-sides of the stones, very curiously wrought. They were both of the same work, but one much greater than the other; and they were both taken away by *Dean Whittingham*, and carried into his kitchin, and employ'd to profane uses, and there stood during his life; and his people steeped their beef and salt-fish in them, having a conveyance in the bottoms of them to let forth the water, as they had when they were in the church. And after his death the greater of the two holy-water-stones was removed to the lower end of the dean's buttery, where the water-conduit is set, and next unto the wine-cellar, that therein the servants might wash and make clean their pots and cups, before they serve at the table. The foot of the said holy-water-stone was laid without the church door, and was afterwards plac'd in the ground in one *Lamb's* shop, a blacksmith, upon *Framwell-gate*-bridge-end, and is now there to be seen. Moreover, *Mrs. Whittingham*, after the death of her husband, took away the lesser holy-water-stone out of the dean's kitchin, and brought it into her house in the *North-Bailey*, over against the dean's orchard, at the east end of the church, and set it in her kitchin."

Although the above extracts are somewhat long, I nevertheless trust that you will indulge me with their insertion in the pages of your valuable Miscellany, as they may be in some degree interesting to your readers, who, like myself, reside in the diocese of Durham.

Yours, &c.

July 22, 1828. W. Y.

PLANCHE'S DESCENT OF THE DANUBE.*

"MOST ignorant of what he's most assured," every Protestant, holding fast the doctrine of private interpretation, considers himself qualified to pronounce, with the utmost confidence, upon *all* questions of a religious nature. Nothing is so venerable or so holy as to deter him from exercising his "spiritual privilege;" and, "as fools rush in where angels fear to tread," he is most presumptuous where he is most ignorant. This is one of the many moral evils which resulted from the Reformation; religious ceremonies were then made subservient to vulgar merriment, and jesting at sacred things, we are told, tends to harden the human heart. Whether it has ceased to produce this effect, might form a subject of useful inquiry; most assuredly, the practice continues unabated. Every summer rambler, who takes a peep at the Alps, or ventures beneath the sunny skies of Italy, has his sneer at monks and miracles.

* "Descent of the Danube, from Ratisbon to Vienna, during the Autumn of 1827, with Anecdotes and Recollections, Historical and Legendary." By J. R. Planché, London, 1828. Duncan.

Nothing excites his respect in the religious practices of other people; and he cares not how he may impair the foundation of Christianity itself, provided he can excite a frigid laugh at the expense of Catholicism. Our tour-writers have nearly all fallen into this besetting sin of Protestants; and we have selected the work before us as a fair sample of the class—a large one— to which it belongs.

Such of our readers as are in the habit of seeking more refined amusements than are afforded in the theatre, must know that Mr. Planché holds a very respectable rank amongst modern dramatists. He has caused the galleries to rejoice, though he may have made the judicious weep; and if he claims a less honourable place than that acceded to Congreve or Sheridan, it is not because his score of dramas are wanting in *equivoques* or *double entendres*. Still, though of a questionable generation, his "plays" have produced him a certain notoriety; but, suspecting that they are not formed for immortality, he has aspired to a higher place in the republic of letters—he has written "Lays of the Rhine," and "The Descent of the Danube."

With the latter work only we concern ourselves. It is written in that style which fashionable ladies admire. Devoid of mind it does not provoke the reader to think, and can be laid down or taken up without any violent emotion. The wit is not very piquant; but now and then Mr. Planché grows satirical. He pronounces upon questions which have engrossed the studious for centuries, with a flippancy which shows that he has discovered a royal road to philosophy and theology. He has also made some notable discoveries in history; and with that easy assurance which so well becomes a playwright, he feels no hesitation in opposing his opinions, on certain questions, to men of greater pretensions. Take an example:—

"Mr. Russel, in his tour in Germany, speaking of the number of abbeys, monasteries, &c., has taken up the cause of these holy locusts, and contends, with all that ingenuity and talent which characterize his excellent work, that it is wrong to accuse the princes, or pious individuals who endowed them, of having been imprudently liberal to the church. 'Thousands of acres were given, *but they were acres of wood and water, utterly unproductive to the public*, and which would probably have remained for centuries in the same wild state, if they had been the property of a quarrelsome baron, instead of belonging to *the peaceful sons of the church*. The monks, though idle themselves, were not encouragers of idleness in their subjects. Their leisure allowed them to instruct, and their love of gain led them to aid, their vassals in agricultural science, rude as it was, while, at the same time, the sacred character which they enjoyed, placed their peasantry beyond the reach of the oppressions practised by feudal nobles. It has long been a current proverb in Germany, 'Man lebt gut unter dem Krummstab.'* It is true that one is apt to feel provoked when he is told that these fruitful vallies and the pasture hills which rise along their sides, belong to a congregation of idle monks. But monks were the very men who made the vallies fruitful, and the hills useful. They received them *covered with trees*, and rocks—*no very liberal boon*, and it was they who planted them with corn and stored with sheep."

Upon this our author remarks:—

"*No very liberal boon, Mr. Russel!* What! in a country where wood is to this day the staple commodity? where the greater part of the revenue of many of the nobles, and the entire incomes of thousands of the peasantry, are derived from the sale of the trees with which nature has so

* 'One lived well under the crosier.'

lavishly clothed the land? from the produce of those very 'acres of wood,' which you, from some strange slip of memory, describe as 'utterly unproductive to the public.' The '*peaceful sons of the church*,' amongst whom, of course, you number the warlike bishops of Passau, Strasburgh, Bamberg, Freysingen, Ratisbon, et hoc genus omne, knew uncommonly well the value of those *unproductive* acres."

The world must feel greatly indebted to Mr. Planché for this *new* discovery in political economy: because timber is now valuable in Germany, trees were a saleable commodity there a thousand years since! All the historians we have consulted give different testimony, but Mr. Planché is, we suppose, better informed! Mr. Russel must take lessons of his townsman Mr. M'Culloch, before he again attempts to assert that the grant of acres covered with trees—when forests were a nuisance—were "no very liberal boons." Does Mr. Planché think that Hamlet wore top-boots and buckskin breeches, because they now form part of the dress of the King of Sweden?

It is not easy for us Catholics to keep our temper when assailed by such silly writers as the author before us; and we must lament to find that a book filled with such arguments against "Popery" as the specimen we have given, praised, without a single exception, by those literary tribunals which undertake to pronounce upon the merits of all new works! But this is owing to that diseased taste consequent upon the injustice with which we have been treated. We are condemned by those who are ignorant of our principles; and were our tenets not totally misunderstood, the absurd "legends" with which the volume before us is filled, would exclude it from even criticism. These however, it appears, have served to recommend it to notice. We shall, without any remark of our own, select one.

"Nearly opposite Winzer is Kinzing, or Kinzen, the Castra Quintana, or Augusta Quintanorum Colonia of the Romans, upon a small height, from whence a little brook leaps into the Danube. Several miracles are related of Saint Severinus, who resided here during the fifth century, how he saved the place from inundation, by planting a cross on the river's bank; how he brought his dead friend Sylvin to life again; in the wooden church that stood outside the walls, and how Sylvin took it in exceeding ill part, and insisted on dying again immediately. 'I beg of thee, I conjure thee,' exclaimed the indignant Sylvin, 'not to rouse me from the rest which God has appointed for me! Why hast thou awakened me? Why hast thou brought me back into a world, into which I never more wish to return?' The saint, I suspect, looked uncommonly silly on receiving this unexpected rap on the knuckles: his apology, if one he made, has not come down to us. The *fact* is related on the authority of a young peasant girl, who hid herself in the church, on purpose to witness the miracle which she suspected was about to be performed; and it would be the height of impertinence, under such circumstances, to enquire into particulars."

Those parts of the book which relate to scenery are very uninteresting: but the author labours hard to make his descriptions "tell:" he compares the Rhine with the Danube.

"The ruins on the banks of the Rhine, thickly interspersed as they are with smiling villages, busy towns, and sunny vineyards, swarming with holiday tourists, and echoing to the whips of Prussian postillions, and the rattle of Prussian schnelwagens, are more like modern antiques erected on the confines of some gentleman's park, than the bona fide relics of that truly iron age, 'the days of the shield and spear.' From Mayence to Cologne there is scarcely one mile of uninterrupted wild scenery; and even if there were, the charm would be broken by some pert galley, with

its white awning and gaudy flag, some lumbering Dutch beurtschiff, or, worse than all, the monstrous anachronism of a steam-boat, splashing, sputtering, and fuming along at the rate of twelve miles an hour. The mouldering towers that totter upon the crags of the Danube, on the contrary, are surrounded by scenery rude as the times in which they were reared, and savage as the warriors which dwelt in them. Nothing seemed changed but themselves. The solitary boat that now and then glides by them, is of the same fashion as that on which their marauding masters sallied down, perhaps three hundred years ago. The humble cottages that here and there peep through the eternal firs, and the church that rears its dusky spire upon some neighbouring hill, are of the same age. The costume of the poor straggling fishermen and woodcutters around them is scarcely altered; and, indeed, one cannot look upon their own walls, blackened by fire, and crumbling in the blast, as they mostly are, without conjuring up the form of their ancient lord newly returned from Palestine, and finding his mountain-fastness burnt and pillaged by some neighbouring knight or prelate, with whom he was at feud, and on whom he now stands meditating swift and bloody retribution. For hours and hours the travellers may wind through these rocky defiles without meeting one object to scare the spirit of romance, which rises here in all her gloomy grandeur before him. From Passau to Vienna there is but one city, Linz, where the glare of modern uniforms, and the rumbling of modern vehicles, would dissipate the spell; and, much as I admire convenient and expeditious travelling, I should almost weep to see a bustling post-road cut beside the lonely Schlögen, or a steam-boat floundering and smoking through the Strudel and the Wirbel."

Of the people who live upon the banks of the Danube he says little. The Bavarian prince won his esteem.

"Louis I. who, treading in the footsteps of his excellent sire, inherits not only his crown but the affection of his people; and by his unbounded kindness and liberality to the professors of the fine arts, has obtained throughout the continent the honourable addition to his style, of 'the King of the Learned.' In the tour, of which this descent of the Danube formed a part, I travelled nearly all over Bavaria, and had the gratification of hearing the praises of its king from all lips and in all places; not the mere mouth-homage which betrays itself by the cold precision of the language in which it is couched, but the ebullition of feeling rushing pure from the heart, and leaping the barriers of ceremony in its honest ardour. 'Our king is a good fellow,' is the homely but expressive phrase in which his character is invariably summed up by all who speak of him. Shortly after he came to the throne, he disbanded an expensive body-guard, and on being questioned as to the policy of the act, he replied, 'We are at peace; why should I burden my people with an unnecessary expense? as for myself, I want no regiment to protect me, my fellow-citizens are my body-guard.' In a very handsome new street erecting in Munich by his order, there is an unseemly gap occasioned by an antique isolated house standing edgeways in the centre of the modern buildings. On expressing our surprise that it was allowed to remain there, we were told that it belonged to an old general, who had resisted every proposal for its demolition, and it having been suggested to the king to compel him, his answer was, 'No, no, let him have his way; he is an old man, and has perchance but a few years to live; I will not abridge their number by annoying him.' His majesty frequently takes a country walk alone, or with but one attendant, and, dressed like a farmer, chats freely and jocularly with the peasantry; never leaving them, however, without some mark of his bounty.

"I cannot be expected to vouch for the truth of these anecdotes as far as regards their details or the exact expressions used, but they are amongst the many in general circulation; and an excellent modern tourist has

justly remarked, that 'an anecdote in general circulation, even though not strictly true in point of fact, will commonly be accordant to the character of the person of whom it is related, and will thus be a correct, though perhaps a fictitious illustration of his mode of acting.' The person of Louis is worthy his noble character; intelligence and spirit are visible in every line of his countenance; a high forehead, large and deeply-set dark eyes, to which a profusion of black hair, pushed carelessly off the temples, and dark upturned mustachios, would give something like an expression of fierceness, were it not for the benignant smile which plays about his mouth when addressing you. His queen, too, is renowned for her beauty and affability; and, in short, a more handsome and deservedly popular pair never graced a continental throne."

As a writer of interludes his opinion on "singing" may be valuable. The superstitious "Romanists" are not devoid of a musical taste.

"Notwithstanding the precaution we had taken, I was too cold as well as too curious to sleep; and as the moon got up so did I, and, seating myself by the cabin-door, looked on the gradually brightening landscape, and listened to the songs of the boatmen who, as they lazily plied their unwieldy paddles, warbled in their own peculiar style—a style rendered familiar to London ears, by the interesting 'Rainer family,' for it is not confined to the Tyrol—several wild but pleasing melodies. It is very provoking that the English should be, perhaps, the only people who have no idea of singing in parts; an untutored boatman, peasant, or soldier of almost any of the continental nations will suddenly strike in with an extemporary and very creditable bass, though the air be led off by an utter stranger to him. On the banks of the Main, at Aschaffenburg, and at Möhdling in the Wienerwald, I was particularly struck with this pleasing talent, and have noticed it repeatedly both in France and Switzerland. The complaint that the English are not a musical nation is in my opinion better borne out by this circumstance, than by the alleged deficiency of celebrated composers, or the want of taste in the mixed audience of our concert rooms and theatres. There is certainly no comparison between the 'native wood-notes wild' of a Devonshire ploughman, and those of a Bavarian bauer."

Mr. Planché is not a man of that calibre with which we would choose to contend. His individual opinion can have little weight, and we have only noticed his book as belonging to a class which tends to perpetuate notions of a very injurious nature. Our light literature teems with bigotry; and such is the prevalence of a vicious taste, that authors, who have no feeling on the subject, consider themselves under the necessity of flattering existing prejudices. We would just hint that there may be here a slight mistake. Catholics form a large portion of the reading public: and as it is quite impossible that they can patronize works which calumniate them, perhaps it is not wise in authors and publishers to set at defiance so large and influential a class. Besides, we trust that ribaldry and antiquated jests have ceased to possess charms for a refined age; and the interests of literature itself, we imagine, would be best served by writers conforming to the manners and habits of gentlemen.

We have not thought it necessary to do more than enter our protest against Mr. Planché's "Legends." Though attributed to Catholicism, they are nearly all derived from a Pagan origin. But to enter minutely into the subject would require greater space than we can just now afford. Had our author consulted the "Lives of the Saints," by the Rev. A. Butler, he might have found reasons to modify his vulgar merriment.

THE REV. MR. POPE'S INACCURACIES.

MR. EDITOR,—At the conclusion of my last letter I was necessitated, though reluctantly, to pronounce Mr. Pope destitute of those essential and necessary qualifications, which fit a speaker or writer, who is tenacious of his credit or fair reputation, to appear in a literary capacity before the eye of the public. This judgment was not the dictate of temerity or unmeaning assertion; it was the result of a familiar acquaintance with the disputant's literary conduct, and of an unbiassed, liberal, and mature decision on that conduct. And on resuming my inquiry, I am sorry to say that I find nothing to bend me either to recal or qualify the weighty accusation; but, on the contrary, truth forces me to declare, that the sequel of his quotations presents me with nothing but additional ground for crimination—a sequel of fresh misrepresentations, falsifications, and slanderous charges. Had we to compete with adversaries, who pride themselves on being guided by the laws of literary honour and literary honesty; who, throwing to the winds the ten thousand machinations of falsehood and prejudice, encounter us with the legitimate weapons of truth and candour, it would be some encouragement for us to assume the pen and meet them in the combat of "wordy war:" but, on entering the field of action, to find every dishonourable and infamous species of assault employed against us; to witness them shooting their poisoned arrows, fabricated to their hands by the cruel ingenuity of our malicious and unprincipled foes; to see them ranking in their martial array calumny, falsehood, and forgery; to behold their fictitious warriors marshalled against us, that have been levelled with the ground a thousand times before; this, Mr. Editor, is not only not encouraging, it is provoking, it is revolting, it is perfectly disgusting. When I cast a retrospective glance over three centuries of this rancorous bigotry and unfeeling hostility towards us, I am disposed to imagine that the Roman orator calculated too indulgently on human nature, or contemplated it in a very different state to what we view it in our days, when in his Tusculan and Academic Questions he gives us the following profound and beautiful sentiments: "Natura inest mentibus nostris insatiabilis quædam cupiditas veri videndi." (Tuscul. Quæst. lib. i. sect. 44.) And again, "Nihil est hominis menti veritatis luce dulcius." (Academ. Quæst. lib. iv. sect. 31.) Yet notwithstanding this innate propensity to truth implanted in the breast of man; notwithstanding all the fascinating recommendations in which truth comes clothed to the human mind, there are natures and spirits amongst us, who not only do not realize these ideas of the philosopher, but whose conduct answers to the very reverse of what is here stated; and what is still more aggravating, these aliens from truth are literary characters of the first grade, and paragons of literary perfection.—But to the business of exposure, however repulsive and painful the task.

1. The first quotation worthy of notice (first speech on the fifth day), is from his favourite father, St. Augustine, from whom Mr. Pope selects the following words directly, be it observed, against the doctrine of the real presence: "The Lord, when he gave the SIGN of his body, did not doubt to say, this is my body." In the first place, in refutation of this objection, it may not be irrelevant to remind the distinguished polemic, that the discipline of the *secret*, briefly stated in my preceding letter, supplies a satisfactory reply to any thing in this passage, that might seem to bespeak a figurative or symbolical presence. St. Augustine was writ-

ing against Adimantus, a disciple of Manichæus, and consequently could not, agreeably with the then existing discipline of *secresy*, unfold his sentiments explicitly and in positive terms on the mystery of the Eucharist; and indeed it should be noted, that the Saint alludes to it only in illustration, and is not writing formally on the subject, and therefore cannot be expected but to veil the dogma in mystic and enigmatical language. However, waiving all this, in the second place St. Augustine's own explanation will set the objection at rest, and tear from Mr. P. his sign and symbol, to which he so perseveringly clings. Listen then to the Saint's own elucidation of the words above quoted. He informs us that the Eucharist is the sign of the body of Christ, just as the blood of an animal is the sign of its life. The sign then, according to St. Augustine, contains the reality, which is precisely the doctrine of the Catholic Church.

2. Mr. Pope's next objection, or rather quotation, from St. Augustine, on the words "it is the spirit that quickeneth, &c." is worthy of remark only because he, treading in the footsteps of his blind and malicious guide, the Rector of Long-Newton, has modernized the Saint's sentiments and language, by introducing four or five interpolations into the extract, and very intrepidly perverted the celebrated father's meaning.—As the passage stands in St. Augustine's works, it perfectly harmonizes with the doctrine of the Catholic Church.

3. The intrepid controvertist, after unreasonably and *unjustly* taunting Mr. Maguire with inaccuracy in a single quotation, insultingly observes, "he (Mr. Maguire) should be loath to throw out insinuations against the *correctness* of my quotations, I have already exposed him." When Demosthenes was asked what was the chief qualification of an orator, he replied, action; what next, action; what next again, action: so were the question put now, what is the primary and necessary qualification of a biblical orator, it might very safely be replied, boldness; what next, boldness; and what next, boldness only: And what a lamentable pity is it not, that boldness, that "child of ignorance and baseness," as Lord Bacon wisely has it, should so frequently impose upon the "unlearned and unstable," and confirm and perplex the shallow and illiterate in the mazes of falsehood and error. But, Mr. Editor, I am digressing—Mr. P. having indulged his acerbity of temper, and vented the bitterness of his spleen against his temperate opponent, in his very next quotation, with increased effrontery, commences again the "dirty work" of mutilation and falsification. In his second speech on the fifth day's discussion, he presents us with another passage from St. Augustine. It would gratify me much to place Mr. Pope's extract and the original from the page of the Saint's writings in juxta-position; but this would trespass too extensively, Mr. Editor, on your pages: I will, therefore, with all possible brevity, give Mr. Pope's bearing of the quotation, and then subjoin St. Augustine's real meaning. The angry polemic quotes a passage, or rather scraps of passages, from the fiftieth tract on St. John, the scope and object of which is to show, that Christ is not present in the blessed Eucharist, because, says Mr. P., adducing the words of the Saint, "Me you have not always." He speaks of the presence of his body; "Ye shall have me according to my providence, according to majesty, &c." Now in rejoinder, I must first state, that having examined the quotation of Mr. Pope, I can fearlessly pronounce, that St. Augustine's words and meaning, as given by Mr. P., are mutilated, interpolated, and perverted. In the second place, I must tell Mr.

P. (he never could have consulted the Saint's works,) that the learned father does not even allude to the real presence in the Eucharist, nor even mention it throughout the whole tract. St. Augustine is merely expounding that passage in the twelfth chapter of St. John, where it is said, "The poor you have always with you; but me you have not always," and is speaking of our Saviour's personal presence, and as he appeared under the lowly garb of our humanity. After this, let not Mr. P. take offence at "insinuations against the correctness of his quotations;" for I must solemnly declare, that his Catholic authorities, almost to a man, are no authorities; and his extracts are one unvarying chain of misquotation and misrepresentation from beginning to end.

4. Mr. Pope, the reckless and servile copyist of the cunning Mr. Faber, next gives us a trio of quotations from St. Clement of Alexandria, transcribed word for word from the Rector's "Difficulties." As an exposure of all the heinous sins contained in these extracts, from the pages of Mr. Faber, would swell this letter to an unreasonable extent, and as I should be marring what masters in the art have already done to perfection, I will refer the inquisitive reader to the admirable little pamphlet of the Rev. G. Corless,* and the masterly and convincing reply † of the learned Bishop of Strasbourg to Mr. Faber. It will be found, by consulting these sources, that Mr. Faber's version, and of course Mr. Pope's, is made up of a tissue of suppressions, conjunctions, additions and perversions that would beggar language to describe. Alas, for poor Mr. Pope! Why has he allowed himself to be led so ruinously by so impudent and unfaithful a guide as the Rector of Long-Newton. Had he followed the Poet's advice—

> "Publica materies privati juris erit, si
> Non circa vilem patercumque monaberis orbem;
> Hæc verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
> Interpres, nec desilies imitator in arctum,"

he might not have so immediately exposed himself to the finger of scorn, but have acquired credit for having done as much, if not more, than the majority of his predecessors and cotemporaries in the present systematic and grand conspiracy against truth.

5. To remove the imaginary objection relative to the word "substance," which Mr. P. attempts to establish in an extract from a work, which he assigns to Pope Gelasius, (he should have said Gelasius of Cyzicum) the polemic will allow us, notwithstanding his marked antipathy to "insinuations" respecting his accuracy, to inform him that the system of metaphysics in former days was not reduced to that minute delicacy of terms and expressions in use at the present day. Indeed, the "march of intellect" did not call for it; or, in other words, the giant stride of modern infidelity, modern philosophy, and modern scepticism had not then planted its desolating step in the vineyard of the church. At that time our modern distinctions relative to *natura substantia*, *ουσια φυσις* were uncalled for. And indeed, not only do the fathers use *natura* and *substantia* to signify the external qualities and properties of beings, but even Mr. Pope's Pagan authorities, such as Virgil, Cicero, Horace, and Aristotle, use these words precisely in the same meaning. To satisfy Mr. Pope's doubts, I will close this point by transcribing for him the judgment of the celebrated Leibnitz on the question. "Gelasius," says he, "the Roman pontiff, gives us to understand that the bread is changed into the body of Christ, whilst the nature of the bread remains; he

* Vide Mr. Corless, p. 10. † Vide Bp. of Strasbourg, p. 265.

means its qualities or accidents. For in those days, they did not express themselves with perfect precision and metaphysical accuracy. *In the same sense* Theodoret says, that in this change, which he calls μεταβολη, 'the mystic symbols are not deprived of their proper nature.'" (Syst. Theolog. p. 227.) After this explanation, Mr. P. I trust, will never stumble over the words nature and substance any more. He certainly would not have quoted Theodoret, if, instead of copying from the Long-Newton rector, he had opened the dialogue himself and examined the passage; for he would have found the two interlocutors "Orthodoxus" and "Evanistes," professing, by mutual consent, at the very outset, to throw the veil of mystery over the subject of their discussion. This is a palpable and unquestionable instance of the secret discipline.

It is perfectly inconceivable, "it is past the infinite of thought," to account for that reckless intrepidity so eternally adopted, and so perseveringly adhered to, that is daily witnessed in our envenomed adversaries of the establishment when writing against the mother church. Let any individual competent to judge, examine either Mr. Faber's or Mr. Pope's quotations, and collate them with the originals, and he will conceive it utterly impossible that human nature could have belied, with such premeditated cunning, every honourable principle implanted in our breast by the hand of the great creator. He will begin to ask himself, is calumny a crime? Is truth an empty name? Is there a divine precept that forbids a man to bear false witness against his neighbour? Is man a responsible being? Unfortunately for us, the man who is most guilty of this shameless vice is not unfrequently the last to acknowledge it. Bayle reproaches the Calvinists with having introduced this vice into France, and his own "Dictionnaire" is replete with calumny and slander throughout. It would be ridiculous to attempt to account for this habitual sin of our opponents. We often hear them upbraided with having rent the seamless vesture of our heavenly master, and, assassin-like, of having plunged a dagger into the bosom of their spiritual mother, and of verifying that strange and unchristian principle, which, Tacitus says, is peculiar to human nature, when actuated by vindictive motives: *proprium humani ingenii est odisse, quem læseris.* Some ascribe all these delinquencies of our foes to the influence of prejudice, education, and the desire of emolument. But be their motives what they may, at all events their conduct is so opposed to every honourable principle of fair dealing, so subversive of the Christian economy, and so destructive of mutual charity as to admit not even of an apology for justification. Let us hope that the debt of their responsibility may, on the great accounting day, be found less enormous than we have reason to apprehend it will be.

Yours, &c.

CANDIDUS.

LINES, AFTER RECEIVING THE SACRAMENT.

To that great fountain of eternal light,
From whence all justice, truth, and knowledge flow,
From whence, diffus'd, springs virtue ever bright,
Eternal bliss, and all pure joys below,
I send the off'rings of a grateful heart
Just freed from sin by my Redeemer's blood.
Oh! Jesus, from thee may I ne'er depart,
My soul's support, and everlasting food.

Lings, 29th June, 1828. J. B.

THE REV. MR. BERINGTON.

To the Editor of the Catholic Miscellany.

MR. EDITOR,—I was unwilling to trouble you with any thing relating to the late Mr. Berington, while the pages of the Miscellany were taken up with the Memoir of that Rev. Gentleman. This being now brought to a conclusion, you will, perhaps, indulge me by inserting the following letter from his friend, Dr. Carroll, written when he had been just nominated Bishop of Baltimore, of which see he was, some years after, made Archbishop. As I am not aware that the letter has ever been before the public, it may be proper to observe that, soon after it was received, the original was put into my hands, by Mr. Berington himself, who also allowed me to take the copy, from which I now send you an exact transcript:—while it shows the opinion which Dr. Carroll entertained of one of Mr. Berington's works, it also states his deliberate sentiments on the question of Ordinaries in this country:—a question, which, if the arrangement suggested by Dr. Doyle in his letter to the Duke of Wellington, be adopted, is not unlikely to be again considered, if, indeed, it do not form an integral part of that arrangement. On this account, it may not, perhaps, be unacceptable to your readers, nor undeserving of a place in your widely circulating Miscellany. L.

Rock Creek, Maryland, Sept. 29, 1786.

DEAR SIR,—About a fortnight ago I received your kind letter of March 27th, together with your late excellent work, 'Reflections,' addressed to Mr. Hawkins. Two copies of the latter had reached America, before I was favoured with it; and it has been read with uncommon approbation by every one, who had an opportunity of seeing it. Some of my friends are very earnest to have it reprinted here; and I am much disposed to concur in the business, but for one reason: this is, that religious controversy being now at an end here, I am desirous it may never be revived. Wharton made a reply to me, of which I never took notice, for this reason, as well as because it really did not deserve any. I thought, for a time, there began to be a sourness in the minds of our Protestant brethren, which might, if irritated, break out into violence, and perhaps a renewal of those shameful and barbarous laws, under which we groaned so long, and you still groan. Thank God! the remembrance of the controversy (*see Catholic Miscellany, vol. ix. p.* 297.) has now died away, and I see no symptoms remaining of an intolerant spirit. I hope we are approaching to that term, when, in the appointment of men to offices of public trust, it will never be considered, what religion does he profess; but only, whether he be honest and able to fulfil it. I have likewise the consolation to find, that our own people are confirmed in their religious principles.

I have seen some letters from England, by which I learn that censure has not spared your late work, any more than it did your former, on the 'State and Behaviour of Catholics, &c.' I have, on this account, redoubled my attention, and cannot discover any thing to displease the most scrupulous observer; unless, perhaps, a passage in p. 69. You there say, that the Pope has indeed his prerogative, but we have our privileges, &c. The following words seem to import, that he has no prerogative, which has not been surrendered to him by the community. Is this quite accurate? Is he not *jure divino*, Head of the Church? And is not this a prerogative independent of the community? Pardon this liberty. I have

not a doubt of the orthodoxy of your meaning; and am not sure, that the words, taking in the context, may not bear a sound sense.* Every thing else to me appears unexceptionable, and, on the whole, most excellent: I would only except the too flattering expressions bestowed by your partiality on me.

You wish to know the situation of our Church and its prospects. The interest you take in its welfare deserves full information. Very unexpectedly I received from Rome, Nov. 1784, an appointment to be Ecclesiastical Superior in the United States, and information, that I was to be created a Bishop, Vicar Apostolic. In answer, I wrote, that till our seminary was completed for the education of young Clergymen, a Bishop was not necessary, as it might create an expense prejudicial to our other plans;—that in two or three years it would suit better, when we had a prospect of young men fit for orders;—that a Bishop appointed by a foreign jurisdiction would give umbrage in this country, and create unfavourable prejudices against religion; and, particularly, if the Bishop were only the Vicar of a foreign congregation, dependent on and removable by them at pleasure;—that if a Bishop was created, he should be chosen by the Catholic clergy; and that an Ordinary-Bishop would contribute much more to remove the dread of foreign interference, so reprobated in the Constitutions of the particular States, and General Confederation. To this I have received an answer, so far favourable, as to allow our clergy here to chuse two, one of whom the congregation is to nominate Bishop, Vicar Apostolic. But this will not suit our jealous Governments, nor, I fear, be so advantageous to religion, as a Diocesan, or Ordinary-Bishop. I am unwilling to employ the interference of our Rulers, as they are men of so heterogeneous principles; but I am sure it will be better to do it, than suffer the plan proposed from Rome to be carried into execution. How greatly might your friends in England assist us in this negociation, by demanding that liberty for themselves,

* When Bp. Douglass asked Mr. B. for an explanation of the above passage, his answer was as follows:—"The whole passage, from which this is extracted, stands thus—'Our Church is a society, the foundation of which, we conceive, was laid by Christ, our legislator, consisting of members, the head over whom, or first ecclesiastical magistrate, is the Bishop of Rome, the successor of St. Peter. The representative body are our prelates; the represented are the people; and at the head of this constitution is the Pope, in whose hands reside the principal executive power. But to him belongs no absolute or despotic jurisdiction; he is as much bound by the laws of the constitution, as is the lowest member of it: he has indeed his prerogative; but we have our privileges, and are independent of him, excepting where it has pleased the community, for the sake of unity and good order, to surrender into his hands a limited superintendence. It is his duty, and that particularly when our immediate pastors neglect theirs, to take care that the Christian republic receive no injury, that is, that laws which have been received be duly executed, and that the infraction of them, by a co-ordinate punishment, be chastised.

"Having declared in the first lines of this passage, that the foundation of our Church was laid by Christ, and that the Bishop of Rome, the successor of Peter, was the head over this Church, so founded, I did conceive, that I had admitted all the doctrine, which our Church in the definitions of the subject, particularly in the Council of Florence, had established; and that I was then at liberty, in the progress or the further development of the question, to adopt that theological opinion, which might seem to me most rational. I adopted that of the late respectable Gallican school. The mutilated passage, as you present it to me, (the Pope has his prerogative, but we have our privileges, &c.) while it conveys a sense not Catholic, is obviously irreconcileable with the first words of the quotation, which words were designed to govern, and to define the meaning of, the succeeding periods."—Letter to Bp. Douglass, p. 8.

which we must have here? Long before I left Europe, I used to be astonished, that the English Bishops did not exert themselves to obtain a more independent appointment and jurisdiction. And I am more surprised now, since the rigor of the penal laws is somewhat abated. I remain equally persuaded of the expediency of using the vulgar tongue in the public offices of religion. But hitherto I am able to do no more than to express my wishes, and enforce on my brethren my own sentiments.—Most of them feel the necessity of such a change in this country equally with myself. With best thanks for your offer of services, and sincere return of the offer on my part, and very great regard,

I am, Dear Sir, your most obedient, affectionate Servant,

J. CARROLL.

Mr. Joseph Berington, Oscott, near Birmingham.

*** THE kindness of the learned correspondent, to whom we are indebted for the above communication, enables us to present the Catholic public with some original letters of great interest, written to and by the late Rev. Mr. Berington. They are alike creditable to his zeal and talents; and it will be seen that in them he has anticipated many of those doctrinal objections which were urged against us not long since in the two houses of parliament. The style, like that of his different writings, is clear, chaste, and simple; the arguments cogent and logical, and now and then a virtuous indignation warms him into expressions of great force and eloquence. The first letter we have inserted was addressed to the Rev. Mr. Evans, author, or rather compiler, of what is called a Dictionary of *all* Religions. He was a Unitarian minister, but a man greatly respected; and it is remarkable, that while he laboured to conciliate the professors of all other creeds, and men of no creed, by the liberality of his expressions, he felt indifferent respecting the opinion which Catholics might form of his Christian charity. They only were considered unworthy of attention! How justly has Mr. Berington said "The minds of you all overflow with prejudices: you copy one another."

To the Rev. Mr. Evans.

REV. SIR.—Having often heard your "Sketch of the Denominations of the Christian World" much spoken of, I lately purchased a copy of the last edition, and immediately turned to the article "Papist," as was natural. The word was repulsive; but I proceeded, and having read it through, I exclaimed, *si sic omnia*, one edition, surely, might have satisfied the public curiosity; for a more loose, unsatisfactory, and, in many points, more unfair statement of opinions was never given! And yet, can it be thought that the religion of Fenelon, and of so many great and good men, in all ages and all nations, did not claim a candid and correct exposition?

We object to the word Papist. You know it to be a term of reproach, not used in good society, and which you yourself, in addressing a Catholic, would not use. Then why, as you profess moderation in the very title of your work, write it? The legislature, in its late acts, has relinquished the word, adopting that of Roman Catholic. This last is our family name, come down from the earliest ages. We do not object to the adjunct *Roman*, because it serves to shew the connection we ever hold with our ecclesiastical head; otherwise the single word Catholic ever has, and ever will, fully distinguish us from every other

Christian society. [*Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus verò cognomen*, was said by a Spanish bishop, as far back as the fourth century, arguing against the Novatians.

You strangely confound infallibility and supremacy, calling them a "leading tenet." The first, as applied to the pope, never was a tenet of our church. Some divines maintained it as their opinion; but do opinions or divines, think you, form the church? This church alone, the assembly of all the faithful, we believe, from the promises of Christ, to be secured from error, on all essential points of doctrine. To the Roman bishop, the first pastor, or head, of this church, we ascribe supremacy, or, more properly, primacy, his government being limited by, and controlled by, the canons of established discipline. To talk of this primacy, as extending to princes—because such has been its abuse—argues utter ignorance. Some divines have said it:—the church never. Your third division of Catholics, on this head, is a mere fancy. Every Catholic acknowledges the primacy of the Roman bishop. Our opinions are various: our belief or faith one. Shew me, from the council of Trent, the creed of Pope Pius, or any publicly acknowledged rule of Catholic belief, that we speak your language, and you will have done something. And this you should do would you sketch a true portrait, and not a caricature. Gilray could beat none of you in this art. We do not pay "divine worship to the host, or consecrated wafer:" the worship we pay is to Jesus Christ, whom we believe to be really present under the mystical signs or forms of bread and wine. As to your works of supererogation, I know little about them, only that they serve your purpose. Some schoolmen may have talked about them; and, I believe, if a man sells what he has, and gives it to the poor, he does more than is required from him, as a disciple of Christ; but if in this, or in any other good work, there be any merit which can be applied to himself or others, all its value must arise from the superabundant merits of Christ, by which alone the actions of men become good, and can find acceptance with God. You then proceed to confound points of discipline and belief, and speak of different schools as so many sects; whereas, the plain fact is—the Jansenists, who were condemned, excepted—they maintained different opinions, as they might, holding all the same faith. As you mention the council of Trent, and the creed of Pius, let me request you to sketch your next Papist from those repositories of his doctrines. Thence you should have drawn your account of indulgences, and not from Robertson, whose statement is of no value: and as to the form of your religion, if Tetzel, in the extravagance of his own fancy, proclaimed it—which I doubt—you may be assured, it is not Catholic. Without sincere sorrow, there can be no remission of sin, nor of the consequences of sin. The present state of our religion is to be collected—as it always was—from our catechisms and books of public instruction, and not from the opinions of any individual. On the Greek church, you are as little correct as on ours. What can you mean in saying, that the Greeks or Russians "reject images in the worship of the Deity," when you cannot be ignorant that, on the subject of images, they are particularly censurable; and this you yourself shew in the following page. Consubstantiation, with the Lutherans, they do not admit, but a real change of the elements, as we do: this your Greek pupil, if he knew any thing, could have taught you. It always has been, and is notorious, to men

that will see, that both churches, on all points of faith, have thought, and do think alike; the primacy of Rome, and the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Son, excepted. In discipline we differ.

Both these articles are compiled in the most slovenly manner; indeed, I can say, without any knowledge on the subject; as if, in your opinion, the Jumpers in Wales, and the Shakers in America, had a claim to more attention. The minds of you all overflow with prejudices; you copy from one another; deign not to look into Catholic writers, in whom truth might be found; and modestly insist, that we do not know what our own belief is! I can, therefore, with truth say, that, from the time of your boasted reformation to the present day, no writer, as far as I have read, has been, or is, free from the charge of the most gross misrepresentation.

Having completed your sketch of opinions, you say: "To a thoughtful mind they exhibit a melancholy picture of the human understanding misguided through passion, and warped with prejudice." Indeed it is so; but what then can the same thoughtful mind think of that leading principle of your reformation, from which all the evil has flowed, which invites the most ignorant man to interpret the scriptures as he pleases, thence to form his own religion, and to become the teacher of others? To this principle we oppose the commission of Christ to his apostles, Mat. xxviii. 19, 20, Mark xvi. 15, 16; while reason and common sense tell me that no rule can be so safe, and so philosophical, as that of authority, resting on the promises of Christ, and the uninterrupted tradition of ages. I remain, Rev. Sir,

your very humble servant,

J. BERINGTON.

The following was also sent to the Rev. John Evans, with a copy of the "Catholic Principles."

REV. SIR.—Enclosed is the summary I mentioned, which I recommend to your perusal.

I have now gone through your sketch, for which, on one account, you have my sincere thanks. Surely no work was ever better calculated to strengthen the Catholic in his belief of the necessity of a guide in religion. In this view I shall recommend it to their perusal. But how any Protestant, when he seriously contemplates this melancholy series of discordant opinions, can approve the principle of private judgment, and not rather adopt universal scepticism, is to me, I own, incomprehensible. Were I not a Catholic, nothing short of this, or even of Deism, could afford me any resting place. Must the thoughtful man, left to himself, go on from Luther to Calvin, from Calvin to Muncer or Arminius, from these to G. Fox, or Swedenborg, or Anna, or Johanna, Southcote, &c.

"And find no rest—in wandering mazes lost;"

and still be told, that Christ came into the world to be to him, the way, the truth, and the life; and that he who followeth him, walketh not in darkness?

"We deprive the laity," you say, p. 289, "of the scripture by restraining its use." For use read abuse, and the word will be correct. On points of faith, we would have the scriptures to be explained, as the church, from the beginning, has explained them. Had this rule been followed, your sketch of Christian denominations would have been com-

prised within a few pages. On points not of faith, each one is left to his liberty. This has given, and does give, rise to that variety of opinions, which you are anxious to confound with variation in essential belief. This latter variation, I admit, has, at all times, too much "disturbed the tranquillity of the Catholic church;" but here lies the difference with us, it has ever arisen from the violation of our principle of authority; with you, it is the direct and invited consequence of your principle of private judgment. But "we deny," you add, "the sufficiency of scripture." Let me ask you what was the rule of belief followed by the early Christian churches, before the written word was sufficiently established and extended to become a guide? Was it not the authority of their teachers, the apostles and their successors, to aid and confirm which authority, the written word or scripture, in due time, came forward. Such, we think, was the order established by Christ; and the same ever has been, and is, our rule of belief. Had the scriptures never been written, our faith would have been equally secure. Where would yours have been? Christ commissioned his disciples to preach, or teach his gospel, but I cannot find that he commissioned any of them to commit it to writing.

I am, Rev. Sir, your very humble servant,

Buckland, Dec. 12, 1811. J. BERINGTON.

The following letter is thus headed in the original.

ON THE DOCTRINE OF THE REAL PRESENCE.

SIR.—In my late conversation with you, you seemed to think that, from a candid view of the tenets of both churches, there was but one point in the religion of Catholics which you judged absolutely insurmountable, and which ever must impede an union; namely, that of the real and substantial presence of Christ in the Eucharist, as understood by Catholics.

But, sir, are you aware that, in every attempt which you and other Protestants make in the investigation of this article, you invariably begin just where you should end? The method which you pursue, is precisely that of the Socinian, who, having brought to what he calls the test of his reason, the mysteries, which we and you admit, of the Trinity, the incarnation, the atonement and satisfaction of the Son of God, &c. boldly rejects them all, as inconsistent with that standard of his judgment. You tell him, and you truly tell him: "These points, which you thus reject, are mysteries: we pretend not to comprehend them: they exceed the reach of human intellect, and, therefore, are not to be tried by that test to which finite and terrestrial objects are subject. There are mysteries in nature, and in the human mind, that is, points which no human understanding has yet fathomed; why then may there not be mysteries in the divine nature, which you allow to be infinite, and in the modes, by which that nature has pleased to communicate itself to man? We have evidence enough to render revelation credible, and to open to us those books wherein that revelation is contained. In these books are innumerable points of moral and religious truth on which reason may, with modesty, exercise its powers; but there are others ·h we cannot comprehend. God evidently speaks, for the words of vealed truths are plain. Man, then, should listen, and, on the ty of God, believe, and submit in silence. He should even, in-

contemplating the mysteries of heaven, be more satisfied to submit to their hidden truth, than, by labour, be anxious to comprehend them, were it possible; because what man can understand is less awful, and less congenial, it should seem, with the divine greatness, than what transcends the utmost powers of his mind. The mysteries of revelation, then, bear no proportion to the measure of human intellect. All mystery, as such, is above reason." Still further to silence the Socinian, you prove to him, that not only all modern churches, the comparatively small number of his own followers excepted, embrace these your doctrines, and interpret, as you do, the passages of scripture in which they are contained; but, by a reference to former times, you lead him through the annals of history up to the apostolic ages, and, by a clear exposition, convince him, that, what you believe, was believed at all times, and by all the Christian people.

Now, sir, let me entreat you to apply this series of reasoning, which you judge to be irresistible, to the doctrine of real presence, as understood in the Catholic church. It is mysterious as that of the Trinity; but it is presented to us in words as positive as words can be, while those words of the institution spoken by Christ at his last supper, are enforced by the whole discourse delivered by him to the Jews in the sixth chapter of St. John. Yet you say, as they did, "How can he give us his flesh to eat?" The Socinian also says, "How can three be one?" You have silenced him: be you then silenced by your own argument.

But the mystery of the real presence, or of transubstantiation, by which that presence is effected, is more adverse to reason, you maintain, than the mystery of the Trinity. This, I believe, it would be difficult to prove: but it is on the divine authority of him that has spoken, I conceive—which authority is the same in all cases,—and not on the nearer or less near approximation to the capacities of our understanding, that we give our assent to revealed truths. The senses, indeed, that is, the sight, the taste, the smell, the touch, announce the presence of bread and wine, and they are not deceived, because their proper objects are before them; but if, on this testimony, the judgment pronounces that, therefore, the substance of bread and wine is there, and not the substance of the body and blood of Christ, the decision is obviously erroneous, because it is contrary to the positive declaration of Christ himself. The word transubstantiation denotes, that by the divine power, while the words consecration are pronounced, a change has been effected; but it defines not the manner of the change. what was bread is bread no longer, though it retain the species or appearance of bread; and the same is believed of the wine. When God has spoken, why is it more consistent with Christian fidelity, on the supposed attestation of the senses, to refuse assent to the doctrine of the real presence, than to reject that of the Trinity, which common reason pronounces to be contrary to its clearest deductions? The authority for believing both is the same; and you said well to the Socinian, that the mysteries of revelation bear no proportion to the measure of human intellect.

Then, as to antiquity and the major part of Christians, Greek and Latin, now, and at all times, I must also recur to your own reasoning. No doctrine seems to have been more explicitly admitted; and when Berengarius, in the 11th century, advanced his opinion, a general reclamation was heard against it. He was condemned in five councils

and those of Lateran, of Florence, and of Trent, in after-times, confirmed their decision. Against this mass of evidence what do you oppose? To the positive words of Christ you oppose the testimony of your senses, and to the unanimous voice of antiquity, joined to the belief of the greatest portion of the Christian world, the feeble and varying professions of a few modern societies. Adieu.

J. BERINGTON.

IT appears from the following letter addressed to Dr. Barrington, Bishop of Durham, that Mr. Peel has been more familiar than might be expected, with the by-gone polemics of the established church.

MY LORD.—I have read your charge lately published, and published evidently with a view to general circulation, with the mixed emotions of pleasure and pain; but those of pain greatly preponderated. That a prelate of your lordship's character should be anxious to support a form of religion, of which he is so great an ornament, was naturally to have been expected; but that, in doing it, he should have recurred to misrepresentations, and the most palpable misstatements, I would not have believed, had I not seen it under your lordship's hand. It is plain that must mean principally to allude to the grounds on which, you say, the church of England separated from that of Rome. The space of a letter will not allow me to enter with any diffusion on the subject; I will, therefore, merely state that, in proving your first ground, that by our doctrines and ordinances "we detract from the honour of God the Father," you roundly assert, what any of our children, who have learned their catechisms, would be able to refute. We have "wholly suppressed," your lordship, says, "the second commandment." Now, really, the whole commandment stands as entire in our catechisms, as it does in the book of Exodus, and always, I believe, has done, unless, perhaps, it may, sometimes, have been abridged to ease the memory of infants. But this I cannot assert, because, I perceive, in what we call our first catechisms for children, the commandment is entire. As to the difference between us in dividing the commandments, that must be immaterial; only this I can maintain, that as our division is, certainly, the most ancient, so is it the most natural. We thus "mutilated the word of God," your lordship goes on to state, in order to promote "the worship of images." Seriously, my lord, do you, in your conscience, believe that we worship images, or that our church ever inculcated the practice? I am confident, you do not believe it. We think respect is due to them according to the character of the personage or awfulness of the subject they may represent, and so far, I suspect, your lordship's mind must go with us. Yet you assert that abuse, and even idolatry, are the "inevitable consequences of the use of images." Why, then, Iconoclasm should begin again, and your lordship's zeal should break out against the practice, which, from Windsor, to many other of your chapels and churches, is introducing paintings.

Your two next grounds of separation are equally untenable: but really they have been so often refuted, that refutation is become irksome. My Lord, let me beg you to read the books of instruction, (it is never too late to learn) which are in the hands of Catholics, and not be satisfied with the views of our religion, which its adversaries have exhibited. I believe, a few years ago, a small work, entitled, an 'Essay toward Catholic Communion,' written by a minister of your church, was

put into your hands. Have you read it? I fear not, to judge from the language of this charge. Allow me to say, that the conduct invariably pursued by you in defending the Reformation, seems to imply a conviction, that you cannot justify your separation by fair argument; otherwise why have you recourse to misrepresentation, as if the commandment, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour," were really suppressed by you? Why not meet us on honourable grounds, that is, take the doctrines, as they are publicly taught by us, and not such as you impute to us, and on them reason? We admit the real presence in the Eucharist, the primacy of the Roman Bishop, the Invocation of Saints, and a middle state, called Purgatory. These are our most distinctive doctrines. Show us, if you can, that they have no support in scripture, and that they were not primitively taught in the church; but take them in their simplicity as we present them, and not loaded with your fanciful comments. If, on examination, you think, you should not assent to them, be it so; the concern would be your own, and we should have no reason to complain of unfair dealing. My Lord, have your controvertists, from the time of the Reformation, acted thus? Have you acted thus in your charge? I say, that not one of the charges, or statements of our tenets, is founded on truth.

To your fifth ground of accusation it would be very easy to reply in all its parts: but I will observe only, that your Lordship cannot be ignorant that the scriptures are not by us withheld from the people. They are, and long have been, translated into all modern languages, and, in these languages, are, and have been, everywhere read. The late Pope Pius VI. publicly, in a brief, announced his approbation of an Italian version, by Martini, the Archbishop of Florence, and recommended its perusal to the people in terms as strong, as your Lordship could have used. This brief is prefixed to the translation. "The Scriptures," you say, "ought to be to all men the rule of their faith;" but you do not add, "according to each one's private interpretation." I suspect, your Lordship does not admit, in its genuine latitude, this famed maxim of your Protestant Reformation, which inundated the Christian world with folly, and has continued to multiply dissnion. Your management of it, however, is amusing. When you argue with us, who maintain the authority of the Church, you insist on the right of private judgment; but when the Dissenters come forward, against them you urge the necessity of Church-authority, without which the minds of the multitude must ever waver in uncertainty. "The Church," you have defined, "has authority in controversies of faith." Catholics say no more.

My Lord, I beg pardon for the freedom of these observations, but I rely on the known equity of your character for forgiveness; and am,

My Lord, your Lordship's most obedient and humble Servant,

JOSEPH BERINGTON.

We come now to a very curious correspondence which took place between the Rev. Mr. Berington and Mrs. Hannah More. It is peculiarly entitled to the attention of the reader.

To Mrs. Hannah More.

MADAM.—I have only lately had leisure to read your *Cælebs*, which, indeed, I have not yet finished. I call it yours, because I am told you acknowledge yourself to be the author; and readily you may acknow-

ledge it, for, certainly, it is a very excellent performance. Some persons, I know, have applied to it Lady Belfol's observation, (p. 383.) "Surely, you would not have these serious doctrines brought forward in story books." My complaint is from another quarter. You, madam, now, and on other occasions, have assumed the high office of *censor morum*, and a censor also of religious practices and religious belief. To pronounce on these subjects, without danger of error, a very accurate knowledge should have been previously acquired. This knowledge you have not always, even when your censure is peremptory. In page 123, you say: "Why this is retaining the worst part of popery. Here is the abstinence without the devotion; the outward observance without the interior humiliation; the suspending of sin, not only without any design of forsaking it, but with a fixed resolution of returning to it, and of increasing the gust by the forbearance." As nothing more severe was ever said against the religion of Catholics, so was nothing ever uttered, by their worst enemies, more groundless, more false, more calumnious. The whole passage contains not a particle of truth. I am a minister of that religion, and my name may not be quite strange to you. Whence have you drawn your notions of our tenets? For of them you speak, and not of practice, which too often, even in the purity of Protestantism, I presume, cannot be defended. In all your reading, have you never taken up *one* of our moral writers? Have you never, in the intercourse of a life not the shortest, been so intimate with any Catholic as to have made a single enquiry on the subject of his or her belief? It cannot, I think, have happened, that a mind, such as yours, should have rested satisfied with first impressions, and, not caring whether they were true or false, have boldly uttered them, as the occasion offered, though thereby the prejudices of many might be strengthened, the feelings of others hurt, and the sacred cause of truth manifestly injured. Yet so it must have been. Can you persuade yourself that your favourites, Fenelon and Pascal, held those detestable principles, which you unblushingly impute to their religious belief.

Nothing is more surprising, than that you Protestants should be so utterly ignorant, as you really are, or seem to be, of our tenets; when we all, whatever be our country, think alike, and our catechisms and books of instruction lie open before the world. The Bishop of Durham, in a late charge to his clergy, among a variety of false imputations, dared to assert, that, for the basest of purposes, we had suppressed the second commandment, though the first Catholic child he met, had he questioned him, could have shown the folly of his assertion. And, I have no doubt, the numerous clergy, who were present, all believed that, on this and other points, his lordship was speaking truth. Is it then, that you secretly fear your boasted Reformation, the source of some little good, and the source of many ills, cannot securely be maintained, unless all those charges against our faith be obstinately adhered to, on the supposed truth of which that great defection originally commenced, and was continued? I must believe this to be the policy of your proceedings; because, however clearly, by our lives and the evidence of facts, any charge be refuted, it is not for that relinquished, but returns again and again. Thus the Bishop of Durham, though one of our catechisms was put into his hands, will continue to assert that we have suppressed the second commandment. You copy from one another, without taking the smallest trouble to look for truth where alone it can be found. Is

this honest, honourable, or Christian-like? Is it, in a serious enquirer, any proof of that consistency, which you so properly recommend?

To state the real tenets of Protestants is a very different task; for where shall we find them, where no one can be sure that any two of you, even in what are called essentials, think alike? The anarchical principle of private judgment, the keystone of the Reformation, lets every man loose from authority, and tells him to draw his religion from the scriptures, as, by the light of his own understanding, he shall interpret them. This it is, that has filled this country with so many sects, and must continue so to do. Luther, your great apostle—how unlike to the men of Galilee!—established and used it for his own purpose; and when that was gained, would most willingly have sunk it in the ocean. And so, I believe, would the establishment of this country. I know that every man is free to join you, or any other society; but the more he thinks for himself, and rejects all external authority, the stricter, it appears to me, is his adherence to the above principle, and consequently, the truer Protestant he is. All formularies, such as your thirty-nine articles, obviously subvert the principle, and annul your liberty.

And now, madam, can you sincerely believe, that your church, cooped up within the narrow precincts of this island, not admitted by a large portion of its inhabitants, and not united, by any bond of faith or discipline, with any other Christian society on the earth, is that church which the apostles were commissioned to found, when their master sent them "into all the world, to preach the gospel to every creature; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever he had commanded," and promised "to be with them always, even unto the end of the world;" that church, which in the creed you profess to call Catholic? How ill, truly has an island been chosen for the seat of this church! And how can you reconcile the principle of private judgment, which allows every man to choose for himself, to that terrible denunciation of our Saviour, that "he that believeth not" his gospel, manifestly as he had taught it to the apostles, "shall be damned."

When it is considered, how deeply-rooted your prejudices are, and that every English Protestant, whatever be his persuasion, from his cradle, is taught to believe, that his religion is alone enlightened, and his morality alone pure, while that of Catholics is a mass of absurdities and impiety, I am disposed to make many allowances for the ignorant and the weak-minded, and all those, whose condition of life affords not time nor opportunity for enquiry. But to you I cannot be so conceding. Let me, then, request, before you appear at that tribunal, where "the secrets of the heart will be revealed," that you will review the grounds of those opinions which you have imbibed against Catholics, and not presume that confidence in your own religion, without the good work of charity towards others, will ensure salvation. Mr. Tyrrel was rather this way inclined.

It was not my intention to have said so much; but for what I have said, I make no apology. One word more. When again you censure our doctrines, have the goodness to drop the insulting words, *Papist*, *popery*, and *Romanist*, fit only for the Bishop of Durham and Dr. Rennel. They are no longer admitted *dans la bonne société*.

I had written so far, when I took up your second volume, and finished it. The lessons you continue to give, are all good, and the doctrine such as every Catholic, *as such*, necessarily admits. But did you not know this?

And if you knew it, under what impression could you say, "That, in practising abstinence, we required no concomitant devotion; that we were satisfied with the outward observance without any interior act; that when we pretended to be sorry for sin, it was without any design of forsaking it; and that, at the time, we entertained a fixed resolution of returning to it; meaning, by a temporary forbearance, to increase only the relish. Let me put it to your conscience: are you not shocked, on the review, to know that you could impute such tenets to any society of Christians, even to that society, the most ancient and extended of any, whose admirable works of morality you must have read, and to the lives of many of whose professors, celebrated for wisdom and piety, you could not have been a stranger? But with such tenets, no morality, no piety, not a spark of religion could consist. The Newgate Calendar would be alone fit to record their names.

Thus, then, the question stands:—you, and the Methodists whom you oppose, read the scriptures, and expound them, as, in the sufficiency of your judgments, it shall seem best. We, having received the same scriptures, receive also, on all points of faith and morals, that sense or interpretation of them, which, by the learning and piety of ages, has been delivered down to us. I ask you:—which method is most rational, most humble, and most secure, as leading to that meaning, in which the word of God was originally committed to writing? I am, Madam,

with great respect, your obedient and humble servant,

J. BERINGTON.

Buckland, near Faringdon, Berks, July 1, 1809.

To the Rev. Mr. Berington.

REV. SIR.—IT has been my lot to be often attacked, and it has been my practice never to defend myself. I should not now have troubled you with an answer, did I not feel it necessary to correct the misapprehensions, on which you ground your resentment.

In the passage of *Cælebs*, p. 123, it was obvious to several persons, whom I have consulted since I had the honour of your letter, that the expression, "why this is retaining the worst part of popery," evidently meant that there was also *a good* part, which *she* had rejected. The worst part, which she retained, is expressed by the term "abstinence;" the good part, which she omitted, is said to be "devotion." "The outward observance" is the thing censured, because disjoined from "the interior humiliation;" which is not only implied, but plainly expressed. This I solemnly declare was my sole meaning; at the same time I am equally ready to confess, now it is pointed out me, that the latter part of the sentence, which in my mind had no reference to Catholics, is not sufficiently guarded, but, as it stands, does seem to form a clause of the foregoing sentence. This I shall obviate in future, by putting a full stop at the word "humiliation;" and shall begin the following sentence thus:—"It is superadding, &c."*

Sir, in this plain letter I neither intend compliment or controversy. I honour good men, whatever be their religious persuasion; but I honour their virtue, without adopting what appear to me to be their errors. I am too zealous in my own faith not to admire zeal on the opposite side; and I can pity that want of charity *in* you of which I am so mercilessly

* An alteration has been made in the latter editions; instead, however, of "It is superadding, &c." it now runs, "It is suspending, &c."

accused *by* you; though I dare say your intention is as pure as your language is acrimonious. As you suspect, sir, I am not unacquainted with your best divines. After nearly twenty years, I have put myself in possession of almost all those excellent authors, Messieurs de Port Royale. In no writers have I found a more exalted devotion. Pascal, Nicole, St. François de Sales, make a favourite part of my little library. On the other hand, I have perused, with profit and pleasure, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and Massillon. Yourself, sir, have taught me to admire St. Bernard. My strong objection to some of your doctrines, by no means interferes with my cordial reverence for those good men who hold them.

I fear I am falling into the error of those who, fancying they are undervalued, are led to overvalue themselves. It would better become any one than myself to tell you, that when the exiled clergy of France took refuge in this country, our house at Bath was, for many winters, constantly open to as many as resided there. They were cordially received at our table; and no religious altercation ever took place between us. With still more reluctance I feel myself called on to add, that I was a warm, though unworthy coadjutor, with the London committee in their favour; and the profits of a slight pamphlet, in answer to Dupont, about £240, were assigned to those conscientious exiles. I lamented then that it was so little, and I lament now, that the severity of your accusation has driven me to the painful necessity of saying any thing that savours of vanity or boasting.

Sir, I have no motive in writing this brief answer, but to express my concern, if I have offended against Christian charity, and to ask your pardon, if I have unintentionally offended a man of piety and learning. On cool reflexion, I think you will not be altogether satisfied with the harshness of your letter. Be assured, however, that no misconceptions on your part, no acrimony in the expression of those misconceptions, will diminish the respect with which I am, Rev. Sir,

your very obedient, humble servant,

Barley Wood, near Bristol, Aug. 1, 1809. H. MORE.

To Mrs. Hannah More.

MADAM,—The misconception of the obnoxious passage, as it appeared to me, in your *Cælebs*, has gratified me not a little, because it has drawn from you the acknowledgment, that, what you deem "the worst part of popery," is the inconsistency of some persons among us, who, disregarding the spirit, are satisfied with the letter, or outward observance of the law. They abstain or fast without devotion, &c. I hastily thought, that you alluded to tenets; because I could not be ignorant that, among the many charitable charges brought against the professors of my religion, no one is more common, that, in the general tenor of our lives, we copy the maxims of the Pharisees. But then I see not, in that meaning of your words, why Papists should be particularly censured, or, I fear, other Christians must too often fall under the like reproach. Let that pass. Now, why may not the passage, in future, stand thus? "This is retaining all the worst part of popery. Here is its abstinence, without its devotion, its outward observance without its interior humiliation." To this you can have no objection.

The misconception, I assure you, was not voluntary. You construct a sentence of three members, with one governing subject, which is

popery, and yet say, as you now do, that the third member, in your mind, had no reference to the subject that governed it. This surely is very odd. Agreeably to the canons of composition, I formed my conclusion from a connected view of all the parts. In this, you say I erred. Allow me, however, to add, that had you written many such passages, your fame would not have been what now it deservedly is. Rather, therefore, expunge the whole, as containing no sense, or as containing a sense which, in our mind, the words should not convey.

And now, madam, can you be surprised, understanding the passage as I could not avoid understanding it, and combining with it the thousand malevolent reflections, which daily and hourly insult our feelings, that I should have expressed myself with *acrimony*?—meekness itself must feel irritation. For three hundred years you have been reviling us, and we, in all forms of speech, have repelled your charges, declaring them to be utterly false, and referring you to our catechisms and books of public instruction. Nothing avails. On the next day, the same dish is served up: we charge you with wilful misrepresentation; this, you say, is *uncharitable*: that is, you may, in charity, revile; and we may not, in charity, defend ourselves. Even foreign universities are teazed with your follies, that you may learn from them, forsooth, what English Catholics believe! Our solemn asseverations are not entitled to credit; and when we have taken the oaths which you exact from us, we are impudently told, that oaths cannot bind us; though at the time you are aware, that for centuries, awed by the sacred character of oaths, we have submitted, and still submit, to the most grievous privations. We do not ask you to believe our doctrines; we only modestly request, that you will allow us to know what our own belief is: to this you refuse your assent, as if our tenets, scattered through a thousand brains, and guided by no rule, were as varying and unstable as your own. In the midst of these irritating absurdities, I candidly repeat to you, that it is my conviction you are, many of you, conscious that your Reformation cannot stand on its own merits, and that if the charges, even the silliest charges against us be relinquished, the sandy edifice must fall.

Yourself, madam, having read the works of those great and good men whom you mention, cannot possibly entertain against us, the disgusting prejudices of the high and low in your church. You must be convinced, that we admit no tenet which does not, agreeably to our rule of faith, rest on the highest authority; no principle, which does not lead to moral improvement, and inculcate solid piety.

At the risk of being thought irreclaimably uncharitable, I must conclude by the frank confession, that after the "coolest reflection," I am not in the least "dissatisfied," with what you call "the harshness" of my last letter. The passage in your book richly deserves it, and even more. But with equal truth I can declare, that I entertain the highest opinion of your talents, and the sincerest esteem of your many excellent qualities. These I have long known, as I have known how kind you and your family were to the French emigrant clergy. Learn only to surmount some prejudices, and to be just to us. I remain, with real respect,

Madam, your very obedient and humble servant,

Buckland, near Faringdon, J. BERINGTON.
Aug. 10, 1809.

"I read these letters," says Mr. B. in a letter to a friend, Oct. 22, 1809, "at their repeated requests, to the G—— family, (intimate friends of H. More,) and I think I have seldom witnessed stronger symptoms of impression. Particularly the concluding passage of the first letter struck Mr. G——, when he observed, that there could not be any rational medium between Quakers and us; for that if *inspiration* was not admitted, *our rule must*, or the human mind would never rest satisfied. The doctrine of *private judgment*, he admitted, must lead to *anarchy, and endless instability*."

ANCIENT COINS, MEDALS, AND GEMS.*

THOSE enduring records—coins, medals, and gems, have hitherto been too much neglected by enquirers after historical truth. They do not readily admit of interpolation or erasure, and the symbols or legends which adorn them may sometimes confirm the truth of doubtful facts, or help to impugn the credibility of received dogmas. Manuscripts are peculiarly exposed to destruction; paintings quickly decay; even marble monuments may be defaced or demolished, but coins and medals and gems are, in the gross, not susceptible of these accidents, while their wide diffusion renders their suppression almost impossible. Those who have had access to the cabinets of the curious, know that the world abounds with these imperishable documents; and, perhaps, their value has not been sufficiently appreciated, in consequence of that superficial knowledge of history which satisfied the literati of the three last centuries. A partiality for the Greek and Roman authors, indisposed students to investigate the claims of a previously civilized people, and the Reformation has had the effect of making Protestants indifferent to the records of the first fourteen hundred years of the Christian era. The writings of those great and holy men who defended Christianity against Pagan objectors and schismatics, possessed few attractions for the advocates of the new creeds; and, as faithful history established the impugned docrines of Catholicism, confusion, and darkness, and obscurity, were freely imputed to the annals which recorded the early progress of Divine truth. In doing this, however, they were fighting the battle of the enemy. Catholicity and Christianity are identified. To impugn the truth of one, is to impeach the credibility of the other; and Protestants have discovered that those arguments which defend religion, are equally efficacious in protecting the citadel of the Church of Rome. Whenever they have denied a Catholic tenet, they have weakened their defence of the truth of the Christian religion; and out of several instances, which suggest themselves, it may be sufficient to mention Paley's Evidences. His remarks upon miracles have afforded full scope to the infidel for impugning those wrought by the Redeemer.

These facts must ultimately have their effect upon Protestant minds; and are even now producing consequences which argue favourably for the advancement of truth. Dr. Walsh, though no doubt an orthodox Protestant, has, in the volume on our table, been pleading the cause of Catholicity. His research, it is true, is by no means extensive; his accuracy not always remarkable; and the subject of which he principally treats, has been long since ably discussed by Catholic writers. Still he has

* An Essay on Ancient Coins, Medals, and Gems, as illustrating the Progress of Christianity in the early Ages. By the Rev. R. Walsh, L.L.D. M.R.I.A. &c. &c. &c. Author of a Journey from Constantinople to England.

brought it forward in a popular form; his style is pleasing, and his illustrations new and curious. A portion of the volume appeared originally in one of the annuals, and was subsequently published in a separate form. The present edition, however, deserves to be considered as an original work. It is more elaborately written, and treats of a subject hardly noticed in the former publication. The illustrations are more correct and more numerous; and a history of the Gnostics is introduced. We shall give it here.

"At the time that Christianity was promulgated to mankind, the nations under the dominion of the Romans, that is the larger part of the civilized world, were greatly addicted to mysterious practices; supposing that there existed in nature certain influences which they could control and manage by occult signs expressed in different ways and on different materials, and among the nations most notorious for these opinions, were the Jews and the Egyptians. As Christianity originated with one, and many of its earliest professors were found amongst the other, it is not surprising that they should have brought with them, and engrafted on the new religion, such opinions and practices as they had entertained in the old. Accordingly we read that very early the apostles themselves found it necessary to guard the disciples against such persons, cautioning them to avoid "profane and vain babblings and oppositions to what is falsely called science;*" and in several passages of the epistle are evident allusions to similar errors among the first professors of Christianity, even in the apostolic ages. Nor did the evil cease as the doctrines of the gospel expanded themselves beyond the local prepossessions of its earliest converts: a number of persons, in succession, for two centuries afterwards, are recorded as distinguished leaders of these wild opinions, which mixed up the sacred truths of the gospel with the fantastic imaginations of a visionary science, and a vast multitude of disciples all over the then known world were found to adopt them.

"The first person mentioned as a leader of these opinions was Simon, a man of Samaria. He had addicted himself to occult practices, and had so beguiled the understandings of the people, that he persuaded them he was some extraordinary person, and they all affirmed that 'the man was the great power of God.'† He, with the rest of the people of Samaria, were converted by Philip's preaching; and having become a believer in the gospel, he was baptized; but his old habits and practices remained unchanged. He proffered money to the apostles to be endued like them with the power of conferring the Holy Spirit, and was severely rebuked for his impiety; but brought to a sense of his base misconceptions of the divine gifts, he became penitent, and requested the apostles to intercede with God for him. From hence he went to Rome, and continued there during the time of Nero's persecution, and taught his followers that they might indifferently conform to the worship of idols, and so they escaped the cruelties perpetrated upon their more conscientious brethren.‡ It appears that he had made such a progress in mechanical knowledge, that he undertook to fly in the theatre before all the spectators, and actually did support himself in the air, as Arnobius says, in a fiery chariot, while all the Romans were looking at him;§ but he failed in the attempt, and was crushed with the fall, which the fathers attribute to the intercession of Peter and Paul, who were at Rome at the time, and witnessed the experiment; they prayed that the demons who supported him should be made to abandon him, and the consequence was that he fell to the ground. Many of his opinions and practices are recorded, and form a strange and de-

* Timothy, vi. 20. † Acts, viii. 9, 34. ‡ Origen. contr. Cels. lib. vi.
§ Viderunt enim (Romani) currum Simonis Magi et quadrigas igneas. Arnob. adv. Gentil. lib. ii.

formed picture of the first Sectarian in the Christian church. He brought about with him a woman named Helena, who he affirmed had animated formerly the body of her who had caused the Trojan war, and by various transmigrations had passed into her present form; he said she was the first conception of his mind, and by her he had himself created angels and archangels; and that by these angels the world was afterwards formed, a fancy which continued to be cherished by all his followers under different denominations for several succeeding centuries. He taught in Samaria that he was the Father, in Judæa that he was the Son, and among the Gentiles that he was the Holy Spirit.* His disciples preserved certain representations of him under the form of Jupiter, and of his companion under that of Minerva, to which they annexed great efficacy and sanctity, and were perhaps the first of those Christian amulets which afterwards became so numerous; and certain sayings and opinions of his, called *Simoniani*, were the origin of much of that false and fantastic science which prevailed to such a degree among succeeding sectaries: the practices of his followers, as described by Epiphanius, are too foul to particularize.

"Another of those men who had corrupted the purity of the gospel by the admixture of Pagan fancies in the Apostolic ages, was *Nicholas*, one of the seven deacons, a proselyte of Antioch.† He is supposed to have been the founder of the sect of the *Nicolitains*, who had polluted the church of Asia, particularly that of Pergamus, and whom the Evangelist reproves.—The fathers are greatly divided as to the actual guilt of Nicholas himself; some affirming that his sole offence was first putting away his wife, a very beautiful woman, and then cohabiting with her again. But whatever may have been the degree of delinquency in the founders of the sect, his followers who assumed his name were guilty of such flagitious acts as to exceed in turpitude every other. They held that pleasure was the end and true blessedness of man, and that it principally consisted in the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes; and what appeared to other Christians a no less heinous offence at the time, they indulged their appetites by eating, without scruple, of all meats offered to idols. They imagined a number of deities, to whom they gave extraordinary sounding names, calculated to strike their hearers with awe, such as Barbelo, Jaldabaoth, Caulauchauch, and Meitram;‡ and these names are recognized on many of the amulets which have been dug up several ages afterwards; and to increase their number, every variety of the sect had a different tribe of deities. They did not endure long by the name of their founder, but have been distinguished by different other appellations. They were called Philionites, Stratonici, and Levitici, according to the variety and shades of opinions which prevailed among them; but they were all recognized by those who were not of their sects, by the contemptuous term of βερβηριται or muddy, a reproach derived from the filth and turpitude of their practices, in celebrating their unhallowed rites.

"Simon and Nicholas were succeeded by Menander, who lived in the reign of Vespasian, about seventy-five years after the birth of Christ. He was like Simon, a Samaritan, practised the same arts, and according to Justin Martyr, was driven by the same demons. He held that no one could be saved unless he was baptized in his name; and that death could not reach any one who was so made his disciple. He had many followers at Antioch, who were persuaded they would never die.§

"The next person of note who distinguished himself as a follower of Simon, and a promulgator of similar opinions, was Basilides, who eclipsed,

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* Irenæus, lib. i. c. 20. Epiphan. 21. † Acts, vi. 1.

‡ They had adopted this practice from the contemporary heathens, whom Lucian exposes παραμιγνυς ἁμα βαρβαρικα και ἀσημα ὀνοματα και πολυσυλλαβα "mingling with their rites, barbarous and senseless words of many syllables." Lucian Neknom.

§ Tertullian de Anima, p. 50.

by the singularity of his tenets, and the success with which he spread them, the fame of all his predecessors. This man was a native of Alexandria, who was particularly distinguished in the reign of Hadrian, about one hundred and twenty years after our Saviour's birth, for the profoundness of his mysteries, and the extravagant extent to which he carried them.* He formed a new race of angels, and invented appropriate and extraordinary names for them. He enjoined the doctrine of silence, like Pythagoras, and prescribed it to his disciples for five years.† He taught that God had sent his first-born into the world, who was called Christ; that he appeared as a man, and accomplished all virtue, but did not suffer death really as was supposed; for Simon, the Cyrenean, was substituted in his place, and the Jews in error crucified him, while he assumed the form of Simon, and stood by uninjured, laughing at their folly, and so ascended into Heaven invisible to them all.‡ He declared, therefore, that he who believed that Christ was really crucified, was still a slave, and under the power of those who made the body; but he who denied it, was free from them. His maxim was, 'Know all, but let none know you;' and hence his followers never performed their mysteries openly, or divulged them to the uninitiated. They denied the resurrection of the flesh strenuously, and insisted that no promise was made about the salvation of the body.§ They affirmed that all sins were not forgiven, but only such as were involuntary and done in ignorance.‖ The opinion they entertained of themselves was most extravagant, founded on the supposed superiority of their knowledge and attainments: they esteemed themselves only, and the members of their sect, as men; and all the rest of the world, including all other sects of Christians, as dogs and swine; and it was constantly inculcated by Basilides, that his followers should hold no communication with others, and so not cast their pearls before swine.¶ In order to give greater weight and authority to his doctrines, Basilides composed a *Gospel*, according to the testimony of Origen and Ambrosius, which he inscribed with his own name. In several of his discourses he affirmed, that it was an indifferent thing whether his disciples acknowledged or denied Christ before men, or sacrificed to other deities; and, finally, that there was no punishment for offences committed in this life, but a transmigration of souls after death.** He died at Alexandria, in the reign of Hadrian, about the time that Barchochebas persecuted the Christians. He seems to have been the most extraordinary and notorious of all those who deformed Christianity with their own impurities. He left behind him a son, named Isidorus, who inherited all his father's impious follies. He wrote what he called a Treatise on Morality, which the fathers represent as a sink of impurity.††

"Basilides was immediately followed by Saturninus, or Saturnellus, a native of Antioch, who established there a school to teach his opinions.—He was a contemporary with St. Ignatius when bishop of that see, and circulated his opinions among his flock. He maintained that the world was made by the father, with the aid of seven angels, who also made man, and that the God of the Jews was one of those angels. That the angels formed two races of men at that time, the one good, and the other wicked; which latter were assisted by demons in their evil deeds, and that they married and generated with Satan, and it was these demons whom Christ was sent to destroy. That he came invisible, and without a body, yet seemed a human figure in the eyes of mankind.‡‡ This sect are not so notorious as their predecessors or contemporaries for flagitious practices. They are not reprobated by St. Ignatius, though they lived in his time

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* Eusebius Eccles. Hist. lib. iv. c. 7. † Ibid.
‡ Irenæus, lib. i. c. 23. § Tertul. de præs. c. 46.
‖ Clemens Alex. Strom. lib. iv. ¶ Epiphanius Hæres. 34. ** Origen in Math.
†† Cloaca omnium impuritatum. ‡‡ Irenæus, lib. i. c. 22.

and city. They considered self-denial a virtue, abstained from animal food, and from an appearance of virtue and moderation seduced many to adopt their extravagant notions.

"To Saturninus succeeded Carpocrates, whose opinions and practices were so wild and flagitious, that a writer detailing them says, his mind shudders at the recital, as altogether unfit for Christian ears, for their portentous and horrible turpitude.* He was born at Alexandria, and, like Basilides, engrafted his Christianity on the monstrous follies of Egypt.—He too affirmed that the world was made not by God, but by angels. He admitted, however, that Christ was the son of Joseph, born like other men, and distinguished for his probity; but affirmed that he himself and his followers resembled him in all things, and were more powerful, inasmuch as they had demons bound and subject to their art, to perform whatever task they assigned them. He applied several texts of scripture to an extraordinary purpose, particularly that of St. Mathew, 'Agree with thine adversary quickly, whilst thou art on the way, lest he deliver thee to the judge.'† This he interpreted to mean an injunction, not to oppose but to comply with all the desires and passions of our nature. He taught the transmigration of the soul, and affirmed, that those who resisted their desires would be punished in passing from one body to another; but those who obeyed them, would pass immediately beyond the angels to God the father.‡ The practices of the sect were correspondent to this dogma, if we are to believe the contemporary and other early writers who describe them, particularly Epiphanius; he says, 'shall I blush only to tell what they do not blush to do?'§ and accordingly he details minutely a series of ceremonies and actions, so singularly foul and flagitious, that it requires no small effort of our belief, to assent to the possibility, that any state of the human mind could be so depraved as to devise or adopt them. I shall notice but one as a specimen, and that the least impure and revolting;—they they took a fœtus, and having pounded it in a mortar, and mixed spice with it, the company and their dogs fed on the mass, calling it a paschal feast.

"Carpocrates left a son called Epipheus, who adopted his father's opinions, and held particularly the tenet, that all women should be alike accessible to all men. He seems to have acquired no small reputation; for his mother who was a Cephaloniote, caused a temple to be erected in her native island to her son; in which he was worshipped and had divine honours paid to him, as a new deity. His votaries met at the full of the moon to offer sacrifices to him, on an altar raised for the purpose.'‖

These deplorable follies were further augmented during the reign of Antoninus Pius by Valentinus. He was a native of Phœbos, a maritime town in Egypt, a Platonic philosopher, and was well skilled in Greek and Roman literature. Having embraced Christianity, he became a preacher, but frustrated in some ambitious views,¶ he threw off the restraints which the church imposed upon him, and aspired to be the founder of a new sect. He mixed up the wild fancies of his original creed with some Christian tenets, rejecting, like some modern sectaries, those portions of scripture which did not agree with his absurd theories. He held that there were thirty gods, one half of which were male and the other female; and that from them the Saviour of the world was formed. His followers acted like men exonerated from all moral obligation—"They consider us," says Irenæus, "who fear to offend God, even in word or

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* Ob turpitudinem portentosam nimium et horribilem. Baron. Ecc. Hist. tom. i.
† Mat. chap. v. verse 25. ‡ Irenæus, lib. i. chap. iv.
§ Ὁμοῦ οὐκ αἰσχύνθη λέγειν ἃ αὐτοὶ ποιεῖν οὐκ αἰσχύνονται; Epiphan. Hæres. 26.
‖ Clem. Alex. lib. iii. ¶ Tertul. contr. Valent. cap. 3.

thought, as idiots, and without knowledge; but themselves, committing every odious and irreligious act, they esteem perfect, and the seeds of election.*" Valentinus also composed a Gospel, as well as Epistles, and Psalms, with Commentaries, which he denominated "wisdom.', From his school arose Euphrates, who founded the sect of the "Ophites," which worshipped the serpent.

"That nothing might be wanting in this early age to complete the dismal picture of the folly and depravity of the human mind, and perverse abuse of the sacred Scriptures; there were at this time many sects who adopted for their appellations the names of persons mentioned in the Bible, some of whom were only notorious for their wickedness, and some for the extravagant follies they furnished those men with a pretext for practising. Prodicus, of the family of Carpocrates, founded the sect of of the Adamites. Their churches are represented as brothels, where they resorted naked. They affirmed that they thus restored man to his primitive innocence and simplicity, and that when they assembled together, they should meet in the same state as Adam and Eve in Paradise. They held, as doctrine, that the four elements were gods, and next in power to the sun and moon. Another sect called themselves Cainites, from their veneration for the character of Cain. They asserted that he was the offspring of a more powerful efficacy, and therefore subdued Abel, who was derived from a more weak and feeble origin. Others took the name of Judas Iscariot, and professed to hold his character in the highest respect. They alleged that Christ wished to subvert the truth, and it was therefore that he was given up by Judas to condign punishment."†

The minuteness with which our author describes their abominable rites, restrains us from making further extracts; but sufficient, we believe, has been advanced to establish one or two very important and very conclusive facts. In the first place, Protestants *now* admit that the Church was assailed from the beginning by those who separated from her. Dr. Walsh says:—

"The final triumph of the religion of the Gospel over all the efforts of the Heathens to extinguish it, is no doubt a strong proof of superhuman support; but surely the argument for divine interposition is much strengthened when we add to the persecutions of its enemies, what it had to encounter from the perverseness of its friends; had it been of human fancy or device, from the monstrous corruptions and perversions which their vice and folly introduced into it, no doubt 'it would have come to nought:' but we discern with astonishment a small but pure flame burning bright, and with an inextinguishable blaze, under all the ashes which for two centuries had been heaped upon it by its professors; we see a clear stream flowing on undefiled and uncorrupted by the torrents of pollution they had been poured into it, by those who professed to drink of its waters: and now at the end of eighteen centuries we are witnesses of that flame illumining the remotest parts of the earth, and that stream flowing through the most distant lands, and affording the waters of life to the whole of the civilized world."

And again:—

"It was the particular fate of Christianity, and it adds another proof of the miraculous interference of Providence in its preservation, that its first promulgation should be accompanied with conceptions so extravagant and conduct so flagitious as that some of the sects in the first ages; and that it had to overcome, not only the persecutions of its enemies, but

* Irenæus, lib. i. c. 1.

† Epiphanius Hæres. 52. Tertul. de Præs. c. 47.

the evil reports caused by its friends. The Heathens not knowing otherwise, or wilfully seeking occasion to excite prejudice against the 'New Faith,' did not fail to impute the extravagance of the Gnostics generally to all Christians; and unfortunately the sect met with such acceptance, and its wild opinions and licentious practices, were so congenial to the understanding and temperament of the people among whom they were circulated, that they became in a short time numerous enough to afford a plausible pretext for confounding the sacred mysteries of the Gospel with the gross and fantastic perversion of them, and identifying the open and pious Christian with the obscure and impious Gnostic. We know that this prejudice was very early and very generally excited. When St. Paul arrived at Rome after his shipwreck, the first character he heard of Christianity was, that 'every where it was spoken against.' This account of the evangelists is confirmed by the Gentile historians. Suetonius calls the Christians men of a strange and malicious superstition. Tacitus says their deadly superstition was repressed by the death of their leader; but it soon broke out again not only in Judea but in the city where every thing atrocious and shameful flows together, and here they were convicted of a hatred to the human race, and detested for their flagitious conduct. Arnobius affirms that the Gentiles believed Christ to have been a magician, and that all Christians equally practised magic."

Dr. Walsh might have added, that the facts to which he alludes prove not only the "miraculous interference of Providence in the preservation" of Christianity, but demonstrate the absolute impossibility of any fundamental or violent alterations having taken place, as is alleged by Protestants, in matters of faith, during the early ages. The opposition of sectaries must have stimulated the vigilance of the faithful; the constant application of external force, if we may so express it, was calculated to prevent any internal dissension, and, under these circumstances, an attempt at introducing strange tenets or novel practices, would have been instantly followed by disunion. There might be some ground for supposing doctrinal aberration had the Church experienced, at first, the universal regard of men; admired and beloved, its teachers might be supposed, by those who deny the promise of Christ, capable of adding to or taking from the word of their Master; but when persecuted by its enemies, and impugned by her own disobedient children, such a thing was morally impossible. The warfare amidst which it arrived at maturity, is a proof of its integrity: like the oak of the forest, the more it was agitated the more firmly it took root; and, though a withered branch now and then dropt from its stem, it continued to flourish in undiminished strength—its beauty undecaying, and its shade the holy refuge of the faithful. It is little less than blasphemy to assert that SHE who survived the dreadful ordeal in which HER purity was tried, is the author of error, and that, by inference, truth reposed with these separatists, who successively disappeared from before the face of men. It has been said that the Jews have been preserved as a distinct race, as a living testimony to the truth of Christianity, and, perhaps, some persons may be inclined to conclude that heresies have arisen, that there could be no rational doubt of the purity and permanency of the Catholic Church.—The more accurately we investigate history, the more forcibly this is impressed upon us; and the new documents which Dr. Walsh has now laid before the world, give further evidence in her favour. Indeed, in reading his account of the first sectaries, the mind involuntarily recurs to subsequent times: the evil of private interpretation early manifested

itself, and the consequence then, as afterwards, of separation from the centre of unity, was extravagance, folly, and irreligion.

"Whatever were the shades of difference by which they were distinguished from each other, as taught by a particular leader, there were certain general dogmata in which all the sects seemed to agree: they looked upon all other Christians, who interpreted the Scriptures in their plain and obvious sense, as simple, and weak; and affirmed, that they alone were capable of comprehending the true and occult meaning. Hence they denominated themselves, exclusively, Gnostics, as being the only Christians who had attained to true knowledge.* They generally founded their interpretation of Scripture on the opinions of Plato and Pythagoras, distorted by Egyptian and Asiatic fancies. They imagined that the rational soul was imprisoned in corrupt matter, contrary to the Supreme will: they expected from the general impressions left by the prophetic writings of the east, and from the supposed necessity of the circumstance, that God would send some person into the world to liberate the soul from this bondage, and instruct mankind more fully in the knowledge of his dealing with human nature, and that Christ was that person: that when he came he did deliver mankind from the power of evil genii, or spirits, to which the world was subject, as well as the soul from the dominion of corrupt matter; and they interpreted all the parts of Scripture, so as to accord with these notions. They hated the Jews and the books of Moses, because they opposed their favourite opinion that the world was made by inferior angels. They taught that all evil resolved itself into matter; they therefore treated the body with contempt, and denied its resurrection or reunion with the soul after its separation. They discouraged marriage, as a connexion of minds polluted by carnal feelings; and they partook of sensual pleasures, with the grossest and most unrestrained indulgence, because they divested it of all sentiment or mental association. But their most remarkable tenet was that malevolent spirits ruled the world, presided over all nature, and caused diseases and human sufferings; but that by knowledge and science these spirits could be controlled, their power suspended, and even their malevolence rendered subservient to the use and service of man. This science they thought they had themselves exclusively attained, and that it principally consisted in the efficacy of numbers, and certain mysterious hieroglyphics adopted from the Egyptians. Hence they made systems of monads, triads, and decads; and formed figures of Anubis, Serapis, and other idols. This composition of certain abstruse words and mysterious figures, was engraved on gems and stones of different kinds and qualities; and they affirmed that whoever bore one of these on his person, was secured by it from the particular evil it was made to guard against. These images and figures of different materials are mentioned by Irenæus, and some of the mysterious words engraven on them are described and explained by contemporary historians.† They were called Amulets from their supposed efficacy in allaying evil.‡ Amulets, against disease, were formed of materials, having an imaginary connection with the distemper; red against all morbid affections of a fiery or febrile character, crystal or glass against those that were watery or dropsical, and so of others.—The immense number and variety of these Talismans that have been, and are still found in many places very remote from each other, at once attest the accuracy of the ecclesiastical historians who have described these sects

* A γνωσις, scientia, knowledge. Irenæus. Hæres. c. 24.

† Irenæus, Hæres. c. 24. Hieron. c. iii. 1.

‡ Amuletum quod malum amolitur. Some derive it from amula, a small vessel of lustral water, carried about by the Romans. It is a term used by Pliny; and the practice of many such things was universal, not only among the Greeks and Romans, but the Egyptians and Orientals.

and their opinions, and the great encouragement and reception those opinions met with in different parts of the world. They are found not only in the east where travellers procure them without much difficulty; but in the west they are continually dug up on the banks of the Rhine and Garonne, and in different parts of Spain, Italy, and other western countries, where Marcian and the founders and followers of the Gnostic sects, distributed them; proving, as Montfaucon justly observes, that no superstition was more widely spread or universally adopted, and affording a hope that by their means the more secret mysteries of those sectarians may be elucidated."*

"To appreciate duly the extent of this sect and their perverse fecundity of invention, it will be only necessary to mention that Montfaucon alone has given three hundred fac-similes of gems, with different devices and inscriptions."

To these Dr. Walsh has made a valuable addition. "In speaking of coins," he says, "the *obverse* means the principal face, on which is generally placed the head of the monarch; the *reverse*, the opposite side, on which is generally some device. The whole surface is called the *field;* letters on the field are called the *inscription;* letters round the edge, the *legend.* The part divided by a line at the bottom is called the *exergue:* letters in the exergue generally imply the place where the coin was stamped; if several letters form a single character, it is called a *monogram:* these two latter are very obscure and imperfectly known.—Mediobarbus and others give them an interpretation very complex; I have rather adopted the conjectures which are more obvious and simple. In speaking of Gems, I have used the term *face*, or *side;* there is sometimes but one, and if there be two, there is nothing to mark what would distinguish the principal one."

On the first plate is represented a medal found some time since in Cork, on which observations have been made in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, and by the Rev. Mr. England. The second is the fac-simile of a very curious Gnostic Gem, in the possession of Viscount Strangford, in whose suite Dr. Walsh resided for a considerable time at Constantinople. It is thus described:—

"On one side is represented a right line crossed by three curved ones, a figure very common on Gnostic gems, but its meaning has not been ascertained. This is surrounded by the legend ABPACAΞ IAΩ words also of very common use, and which are to be found either by themselves, or accompanied by every variety of figure, but most particularly from those that have rays issuing from the head. The word Abrasax, sometimes spelled Abraxas, with a slight transposition of the letters, was the great mystery of the Gnostics, and has been noticed and expounded by most of the contemporary Christian writers. Without quoting the particular passages from each, I shall give the substance of what they have all said on the subject. The supreme deity and omnipotent god of the Gnostics was the Abrasax, which contained within it the mystic number, 365. He it was that created the NΘC or intellectual mind, from whence proceeded the LOГOC or word: from the word emanated providence; from providence, virtue and wisdom; and from these, principalities, powers, and angels, who finally created the 365 heavens. The least of all these was the Jeho-

* Nulla unquam superstitio latius manavit, ut ex ingenti numero lapillorum hujusmodi, qui quotidie eruuntur, arguere licet. Hæc superstitio latè pervagata est per Gallias, Hispaniam, Italiam, cæterasque Europæ regiones. Tot tantaque hujusmodi indies ex tenebris eruuntur, ut sperandum sit fore ut eorum adminiculis Hæreticorum veterum secretiora mysteria revelentur. Montfaucon, Supplem. tom. ii. ant. explan.

vah, or God of the Jews, the deity of the law and the prophets, whom they reject as a supreme divinity, but admit as a creating angel. Abrasax was the same as Meithras, the sun of the Gentiles; both their names in Greek characters, representing the same number 365, the annual solar circle, and the deity of the sun himself. The mysteries of Meithras were accompanied by Christian ceremonies. The novice was initiated by the rite of baptism, pouring water and making a sign on the forehead, and so it was considered an ablution which purified and cleansed from sin; he then partook of the eucharist of bread and wine.* They adored Christ under the form of the sun, which Meithras signifies, and considered that the visible material luminary was himself."

The Alpha and Omega, in a variety of modifications, is found on most of the gems; but their exact signification has eluded enquiry.—The serpent too, appears in a variety of positions upon many of them. One of the Gnostic sects worshipped him, and it is well known that the Egyptians, Greeks, and afterwards the Romans paid him divine honours. The Egyptian superstition predominated among the Gnostics; and hence their gems are loaded with the mythology which once prevailed on the banks of the Nile. The illustrations given by Dr. Walsh prove this, although there are some of his gems which we suspect are purely pagan. Much certainly remains to be discovered in this branch of science, if we may so denominate it; the very essence of the virtue imputed to the gem and its inscriptions, consisted in its mysticism; for its efficacy was supposed to be lost when its meaning was known. When the sect came into disrepute their tenets were soon forgotten. Had it not been for the industry of Irenæus we should not have known what their common "Abrasax" stood for.

That the Cabala of the Jews had some worshippers among the Gnostics appears pretty evident, from the power which they ascribed to certain words, when written or pronounced after a certain fashion. Their method of interpreting scripture too looks somewhat Rabbinical; and for some of the monograms on their amulets they were indebted to the Cabala rather than to the New Testament. Their sacred absurdities were borrowed in a great measure from the Talmud. The Cabalists affirmed that a mystical arrangement of certain words gave birth to supernatural events, and the miracle is most stupendous when wrought in the very name of God, pronounced in the Hebrew language. The name of the devil, however, had a wonderful effect. There were many words too awful to be mentioned: Jehovah, when uttered by profane lips, shook the heavens and the earth, and produced the utmost confusion in the mansions of the blest, though silly mortals remained unconscious of such events. This extraordinary creed, though greatly modified, still prevails universally in the east, as it did formerly in Europe. We learn from Dr. Walsh that amulets covered with mystic words are sold publicly in Constantinople, and sought after with superstitious avidity.

We now return to the work on our table. Dr. Walsh having dismissed the Gnostics, gives us the history and description of Christian coins and medals; and this part of his volume is peculiarly interesting. We may perhaps return to it at a future opportunity; but we cannot conclude these observations, without expressing our surprise that Dr. Walsh, during his residence at Constantinople, did not acquire more

* Irenæus, lib. i. c. 24. Tertul. de Præser. Hieron. Com. in Amos. August. vol. viii. p. 6. Justin Martyr, Apol. pro. Christ. 2.

correct information respecting the tenets of the Greek Church. He asserts without any qualification, that the Greeks are a kind of—not Eastern papists, as Lord Byron said, but—Eastern protestants. "They succeeded," he says, "in establishing many points of doctrine and discipline, approximating to those which the Protestants adopted at the Reformation. They reject the infallibility of any individual in their church. They do not hold as canonical the Apocryphal books. They do not believe in an intermediate state, where sins are purged by fire or other means." Now they *do* hold the Apocryphal books as canonical; and if they do not believe in an "intermediate state," how comes it that they pray for the dead? Respecting the first fact, Dr. Walsh may enquire of the agents of the Bible Society; Mr. Wilson will convince him of the latter.* Dr. Walsh would seem to lay particular stress on the fact, that "their (the Greek) priests may be married men;" and he reserves for a note the qualifying truth, that "they may be married men when ordained, but cannot marry afterwards." He also acquits them of "idolatry," but adds, that their churches abound with pictures. "It seems a strange anomaly," he says, "that those who profess to feel horror at bowing to (before) wood and stone, should kneel without scruple to paint and canvass." There is nothing strange in those who reject the truth, being guilty of inconsistency.

A MORNING RAMBLE IN SOMERSET HOUSE.

It has been asserted, and most people, not only foreigners, but even Englishmen, have assented to the truth of the remark, that the English are not attached to works of art: after all the position is scarcely tenable; if those of our countrymen to whom cruel fate has denied the inestimable advantages of a good education, or, at least, one calculated to draw forth dormant intellect and taste, are deficient in that which does, in fact, principally depend on and proceed from education and breeding, and betray not a sound discrimination in matters of art, by far the largest portion of the community render nugatory the above remark, by their enthusiastic love for the fine arts. The "Fine Arts" is a vastly comprehensive phrase, somewhat more so than we wish to use, as these observations apply themselves almost exclusively to paintings, and it is a visit to the Royal Academy which has produced this train of reflection in our mind. When we advert to this latter establishment, to the Society of Water colours, and, without particularizing, to the numerous galleries devoted to this branch of the fine arts in the metropolis, surely those who appear so deeply assiduous to prove their countrymen deficent in taste, might pause ere they so definitely pronounced an opinion so derogatory to English character.

Somerset House is one of our most favourite summer lounges, when untoward weather, or any other cause, operates to detain us, most unwillingly, from our country study and rustic scenery. Many a delicious day-dream have we had surrounded by glowing landscapes beaming with sunshine, pictorial anecdotes, and "striking" portraits, and many, we heartily trust, are still in store for us.

A cloudless sky saluted most gratefully our optics this morning:—"Addio to London!" was our first thought and earliest exclamation, but, alack! a consultation with one whom we consider a most infallible

* Travels in Russia, recently published.

judge of weather, changed and utterly diverted the current of our thoughts; "This weather will not last," quoth Sir Oracle, "I see brooding storms, Scotch mists, and tedious rains." "Enough," cried we, and thrown once more upon our own resources, the Royal Academy darted through our mind like the single ray which pierces the darkness of the prisoner's cell. Happy idea! fortunate moment! we donned our walking paraphernalia, fortunately not forgetting either our invaluable glass or trusty cane, (Ponto we left behind, having some faint recollection of a cruel law whereby the canine species are excluded, and consequently prevented from cultivating their taste,) and forthwith commenced our pedestrian excursion.

But a short period elapsed ere we attained the object of our search, and stood within the temple of the Arts. Sooth to say there was enough within to satisfy more discontented minds than ours.

Here we, wandering, soared to the walks of high romance, and then anon descended to the calm, quiet, noiseless monotony of commonplace existence: here we contemplated castellated mansions and gorgeous palaces, and there the cottage and the hut.

We have often held serious communication with our inward man, as to which of the three sister arts, viz. Poetry, Music, or Painting, is our favourite, and which of them a calm dispassionate consideration would induce us to suppose (allowing for difference of taste, and, consequently, speaking generally,) exercises the most powerful sway over the minds of men, and of our supreme self in particular. These divers cogitations and profound ruminations have eventually ended (oh, for the weakness of poor, poor human nature) in our being forced to confess that that identical art which is present before us, is most calculated to rivet our admiration and esteem, and that most probably each one will, in its turn, give way before the powerful influence of another approaching, just as the glories of the setting sun fade away from the imagination, when we behold the rising luminary appear with all his gorgeous glory. Here is a vacillating mind! and too true, we fear, is it, that many, in common with ourselves, share the same feelings. But pause we—these feelings are our own, and truly 'tis absurd to impugn our own ideas; of a surety they must be defended at the point of the goosequill.*

When we read Milton how are our thoughts dignified; when we discuss Shakspeare how is our knowledge of human nature improved, our ideas of its grandeur magnified; when we con the pages of Pope how elevated are our spirits; and when we enter the magic circle which Byron framed, how is our taste refined and our senses amused: yes, yes, vain is the struggle, vain the conflict, to Poetry, divine Poetry, must be the wreath awarded: it is Poetry which possesses and exercises most a magic spell over the minds of men. From the earliest ages has this been known, the poetry of the bards animated the heroes of Greece and Rome to acts of valour almost superhuman, and Poetry gives the last polish to the civilized and enlightened mind.

But then comes the remembrance of Music and all its charms, its power of awakening reminiscences, and its soothing sweetness. We have stood in a great cathedral and have heard the loud organ with mimic thunder roll through the echoing aisles; we have heard it die away, and

* Is there a stronger weapon, or does not this one o'ermatch lance, battle-axe, or spear?—PRINTER'S DEVIL.

then anon break fresh upon the ear, and our heart has been elevated, and our spirit has soared above, and then again returned to mother earth, calmed and purified. We have lounged in the brilliant concert-room, and listened to the strains, unmatched and matchless, of Mozart and Haydn, Handel and Weber, and our thoughts have rambled to days departed—aye, and to beings who are departed too. If any art can pretend to rival that of Poetry 'tis surely Music. Music, like Poetry, has led victors to victory, cheered the exhausted, and made the coward brave; Music has equalized the troubled breast, and lulled the strongest passions, or the deepest grief, at least to a temporary forgetfulness.

After all how shall we rank paintings? With all these delightful efforts of art around us, how can we possibly give to it a position inferior to those occupied by Poetry and Music? Alack, no! vain are our attempts to fix a wavering taste, and we must necessarily end as we began, by acknowledging we, at least, cannot throw the handkerchief. Perhaps the best manner to rank them is to notice severally their various merits, as thus: Poetry addresses itself to the taste, the educated feelings, and the cultivated ideas; Music more immediately to the senses, sometimes to the mind; Painting to the eye, and occasionally, as in the case of portraits, to the heart.

Duly armed with a catalogue comprising upwards of twelve hundred productions of art, we proceed to fix our gaze on the vast variety of subjects which present themselves to our enamoured eye. Here are landscapes of all sorts and sizes, from the gay and gaudy colouring of Turner's "Boccaccio relating the tale of the Birdcage," to the cold yet clever "Doubtful Weather" of Collins. Here are portraits in profusion, faces of every shape and every hue, some pale as Parian marble, others rivalling the ruby; look at that face! why it is a jewel, or rather a a combination of jewels: yes, combination, that is the word, for the fair original has diamond eyes, ruby lips, pearl teeth, and golden hair: surely this a combination of jewellery? But how much superior to common stones, though from Golconda's mines, to common diamonds, though beaming with matchless brilliance and glowing with splendour, are those through which beams forth the evidence divine of life and mind, and soul and intellect: what are rubies and pearls, the mere inmates of a jeweller's shop, to those which glitter in yon smile? Or what the lump of yellow ore, dug from the bowels of the earth, to the silken tresses which play in the summer breeze? Pshaw; these are lovers' words and thoughts, away with them! we are too old and too gouty to essay again that part.

From "gay to grave," and *vice versa*, is our motto, and who, however elevated his spirits, however agreeable his thoughts, or pleasant his reflexions, can view the scene we now contemplate, without feeling all his delightful anticipations and joyous hopes fade away, like the glories of sunset before the approach of night, and their place in his bosom occupied by dismay and fearful forebodings, just as the darkness gradually, but surely, envelopes the previously bright atmosphere in gloom. Need we name

No. 340. Danby's "Attempt to illustrate the opening of the Sixth Seal," The passage which the painter has selected for the purpose of exemplifying, is the following:—

"And I beheld when he had opened the sixth seal, and lo, there was a great earthquake; and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood."

This was indeed an Herculean task, and truly, considering the amazing dificulties under which he has laboured, Mr. Danby has succeeded admirably well: the subject selected was perhaps as difficult to portray as any thing possibly could be: imagination must be left to perform every office, for had one part been natural, or copied from nature, the "Attempt" must have been pronounced a failure. Criticism avaunt! we leave ye to Messieurs of the Morning Herald. It has long been our plan, and until we are satisfied of its folly will so continue, to discover, if possible, the beauties of any object we may be viewing, leaving other eyes to discern the faults; to us it appears little better than madness to act otherwise: the critic views a new painting, his eye, accustomed to search for errors, passes without dwelling on the real merits it possesses, and anxiously detecting every trifling failing, he numbers them in his memory, and departs dissatisfied and discontented: we, on the contrary, dwell on the beauties, and, blind to all but very glaring offences, derive pleasure from the contemplation, and then depart contented and amused. Which is best?

How awful is this scene! how terrific is it depicted! the rocks are crumbling into atoms, the stars are falling from their spheres, cities are destroyed, and misery and horror stalk around; a supernatural gloom shrouds and yet displays the frightful portraiture. Observe that figure in the foreground; he is standing;—weighed to the ground by galling heavy chains, bowed down, perchance, by previous crimes and sorrows, he is roused by the thunder and the earthquake, and forgetting all that has passed, save the recollection of his errors, he springs from the ground, his chains appear to his affrighted mind as mere straws, his diseases are unfelt, his whole soul is bound to the change around, and he appears, in his madness, inviting the lightning to blast him into eternal unconsciousness. The sun has withdrawn his beams, his light is quenched in everlasting gloom; the moon sheds an unnatural ray, and "the heavens are rolled as a scroll."

> "No light, but darkness visible
> Serves only to discover sights of woe,
> Regions of sorrow, doleful shades,
> Where peace and rest can never dwell."

Gracious Heaven! and all this must infallibly occur? Aye, as surely as we have life and being.

Divers pushes and touches, and "oh dears!" apprize us we have paused as long before this great work of art as ought to be occupied by one individual to the exclusion of others; pass we, therefore, on, and—ah! what is this, what can it possibly be meant to represent! the subject appears to be a worn out old animal applying for admission, in the very drear and middle of the night, at the door of a cottage. A reference to the catalogue enlightens us.

No. 308, "Disturbed by the Nightmare," T. Lane.* Really this is excellent: a most admirably humorous illustration of a very unpleasant sensation. The old mare, it seems, has been knocking at the threshold, and thus roused the solitary inmate, a species of Monsieur Tonson, who appears, in truth, to suffer fearfully under the influence of his unwelcome guest.

Among the manifold ills and miseries of which poor human nature is

* Since writing the above, this clever young artist has fallen a victim to the inflexible creditor of man in a way equally sudden and distressing.

made up, surely none of an inferior degree deserve to be more dreaded than the nightmare. He (for we cannot for dear life say "she," and thus render what we profoundly detest appear in the shape of a lady, even to the mind's eye,) comes shrouded by night, and invested with supernatural terrors, and he weighs down the mind, and oppresses the body of his victim with fearful tenacity. Forgetting tropes and figures, and in their place adopting causes and results, we arrive at the knowledge that the nightmare is a disease of the mind and not of the body: that a variety of causes operate to produce a result similar, and merely varying accordingly as the attack is slight or terrible: there is that which is produced by an uneasy posture, such as the head lying low, and this is the most frequent: there is the nightmare which is caused by too much activity during the past day, or that which results from much inaction; and then there is that which occasionally follows deep and intense study—how frightful is this last! The first a single movement, however slight, may probably banish, the second and third rarely hang long on their victims, but the last is merciless indeed: he seizes on the miserable sufferer with a gripe similar to that which characterises that fascinating animal the Vampyre Bat, of South America, and suffers him not to escape until mind and body sink alike under his baneful influence, and the unequal conflict. A host of fearful phantoms, unfelt but seen, surround his bed, and gaze the wretch into distraction; the incantation in the Frieschutz is a mere bagatelle in the comparison. The picture has been long lost to our view, why do we still prate about it? Ask the lover why he talks of love, or why the prisoner of locks and bars, or why the invalid of bad health, and aches and pains; one answer will alike serve all these, dear, dear self is concerned, and after all there is more of self-love in our composition than some persons would be willing, undisputed, to allow.

In spite of the oft-repeated asseverations of discontented schismatics, it is impossible for any impartial, well-informed mind, to avoid admiring the religious observances of our forefathers; and, amidst the many efforts by means of which they strove to render religion what she was manifestly intended to be, the primary end and object of being, and by which they likewise endeavoured to inculcate a correct disregard of luxury, surely pilgrimages are especially well entitled to our unreserved commendation. There is something so noble, something so grand, so magnanimous, so religious, in abandoning all the pleasures and comforts of a calm and peaceful home, to dare the dangers and endure the hardships of a weary journeying through unknown climes and foreign lands, when the motives are as pure and meritorious as those which animated the breasts of the ancient palmers. Actuated by a highly laudable and pious wish to tread the ground which literally bore their divine Master, anxious to bow down in devotion on the identical spot where He had bowed down, and purchased for them everlasting life, the pilgrims of yore

"Fix'd the scallop in *their hats* before,"

and with pious fortitude endured the manifold ills which awaited the execution of their wishes.

That the religious observances of pilgrimages should of late years have obtained no trifling share of odium from certain writers does not surprise us; it has latterly been the fashion (as for two hundred and fifty years previously it had been the *interest*) of most Protestant writers to ridicule all the pious acts of our fathers, however useful or

edifying their nature; the common every-day knowledge of these individuals has taught them that these customs have fallen into complete disuse among their friends and compatriots, and even *their* sense loudly tells them that some cause must be assigned for such a circumstance: disdaining argument, even could they support it, they merely contemn, finding it much easier to say "this is absurd!" than to prove that position by mere force of conclusive theory. This is perfectly natural, they know their weakness and would disguise it: like all other weak and prejudiced minds, ridiculing that which they cannot equal, or even successfully copy.*

The picture before us has given immediate rise to these sage reflections, although we have many times previously agitated the subject in our mind, as some new folly on the part of these sage libellers of former ages has met our sight, and excited our disgust. It is thus named in the catalogue.

"Italian Scene in the Anno Santo, Pilgrims arriving in sight of Rome and St. Peter's: Evening. C. Eastlake." The subject is excellently chosen, the performance above mediocrity, though not possessing all the charms with which our ardent imagination had invested it ere we had gazed on its beauties. Natheless it is very clever; observe with what delight the weary travellers view the object of their long and anxious search: the "City of the World" is now before them; their eager eyes are bent with extasy upon it, and already do they feel the pleasure which results from the completion of a meritorious or pious action. Rome is in sight, and they are pausing to pray: their hopes and wishes are accomplished, and gratitude springs warm from the heart to the eye already dimmed and humid with intense emotion.

Go on then, wanderers; thy sufferings are passed, but they are registered in an eternal page, and the great reward alone remains for thee.

The dinner hour already! how swiftly has the morning vanished! oh that all mortals knew how fast Time flies, and *how* irrecoverable when once departed. We must visit Somerset House again, the library, that which adjoins it, and the Model Academy, are to us, as yet, a perfect *terra incognita*.

Grays Inn, June 1828. W.

THE BISHOP OF HERMOPOLIS'S DEFENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

AN article in the last Number of Jameson's "Philosophic Journal," reminds us of an intention which we entertained some time since, of reviewing the Bishop of Hermopolis's profound work, "Defense du Christianisme ou Conferences sur la Religion," which has excited so much interest in the Christian world, but being unable to procure a copy in London in time for this month's "Miscellany," we are obliged to content ourselves with extracting the article from the journal alluded to. It merits the utmost attention of the reader, and demonstrates that religion has no greater enemy than ignorance, except superficial knowledge. Inquiry and research must be beneficial to the cause of truth.

"M. Frayssinous, in his Conferences, considering Moses as a historian of the early ages, examines his narrative, with reference to the two principal facts recorded in Genesis, namely, the *Creation* and the *Deluge*. It

* A case in point: the late lamented Mr. Canning and the Tory Press.

will be useful to show, then, how the explanations of the learned prelate have rendered all rational disputation between science and orthodoxy henceforth impossible; it will also serve to convince religious men that they need not now, from scruples of conscience, refuse to give their assent to the sound theories of science; and, lastly, it is of importance in giving a more extensive diffusion to accurate ideas respecting the book of Genesis, and the principal geological facts related in it, that the useless discussions which frequently arise in the world may be avoided;—such, for example, as disputes with regard to the age of the world—the universal deluge—whether the fossil shells were produced by the Mosaic deluge, &c.

"By distinguishing, in the language of Moses, the expressions in common use, which it was necessary for him to employ, in order to be understood, and by making allowance for the difference of times and of nations, and for the genius of the Hebrew language, and by adhering, at the same time, to the narrative of the historian, M. de Frayssinous has consecrated, by his suffrage, interpretations which have been elicited by a conscientious judgment. Henceforth the cosmogony of Moses, assuming in some degree a different character, presents only an assemblage of facts, which enter, without effort, under the dominion of the natural laws, imposed from the beginning by the Creator of the universe, and which, therefore, harmonize with the enlightened opinions that may be formed regarding the origin of the globe. For this important observation must not be overlooked: Moses lays down his cosmogony in few words, and in very general terms; and the meaning of the word *day* being once fixed, we have only to consider the order and succession of creations there recorded. M. de Frayssinous shows the agreement thus subsisting between scientific facts and the Mosaic record, viewed in its true light, and in this respect he renders an eminent service to religion, to science, and geology.

"When, in fact, we call to mind the lamentable disputes which have taken place, in these latter ages, on the subject of the Book of Genesis; when, on the one hand, geology, formerly so theoretical, appeared to encourage the attacks of infidel philosophers, and, on the other, religious men, possessed sometimes of more zeal than science, denounced, with so much heat, opinions which, in the present day, give no offence to the lights of the church,—we are constrained to hold forth to public approbation the spirit with which the Bishop of Hermopolis has considered this book, and to extend the knowledge of the opinions which he adopts on the fundamental points which it contains,—as thereby furnishing the friends of religion, science, and geology, who might still find themselves exposed to attacks similar to those to which we have been alluding, with victorious arms for repelling them.

"If however, there is at the present day one truth more than another to which general assent is given, it is this—that the progress of all kinds of real knowledge has entirely banished from us that spurious philosophical spirit, of which so much is still said, as if it could be renewed. What geologist is there, in our days, who, while he admires the exalted genius of Voltaire, is not moved with pity at his scientific arguments against the book of Genesis? And do we now see a single dissertation of a similar nature, by any writer, enjoying the smallest degree of reputation in the scientific world? Were a work of this description to appear at the present day, would not the silence and dissatisfaction of the learned consign it to neglect, more promptly, and with more effect, than the *Index* of the Sorbonne could ever have done? In vain do some interested, or too credulous, individuals attempt to revive the terror of such philosophers; there is nothing to justify their alarms: and did not every thing around us testify, that science is always the surest guide for man, geology (which, after having in its infancy furnished weapons against the sacred writings, may now be rendered subservient to the support of the Mosaic cosmogony) would furnish a memorable example. In truth, setting aside the con-

siderations and sentiments which command belief, it is upon M. Cuvier's researches that the most important fact in the Mosaic record, namely, the order of the creation of living beings, rests; it is the investigation of MM. Champollion and Letronne, which M. de Frayssinous adduces in support of his historical relations; and, lastly, it is the discoveries of Dr. Young and M. Fresnel that afford the learned prelate the means of explaining the passage of Genesis, which refers to the creation of light. We are therefore authorized to repel with indignation the perfidious and calumnious insinuations which a disordered mind would endeavour to propagate against men of science in general, and geologists in particular. All that the learned now request, is, that they may be allowed to enjoy in peace the fruits of their labours, and that the cause of religion may not be inconsiderately blended with the results of their inquiries.

"We must observe, that, with respect to ourselves, we only consider the Book of Genesis here as an historical monument of the highest antiquity; in other words, simply in a scientific point of view; any other mode would be out of place in the bulletin.* Buffon, De Luc, Buckland, Webster, &c. have given great interest to this examination; and it is time that the conventional ridicule which some learned men attach to the study of this valuable monument should be done away with, when so much labour is every day applied to the scrutiny of the cosmogonies of the Chinese, Hindoos, and Egyptians; when history does not even disdain to interrogate the dumb monuments of the remotest dates, or the most extravagant allegories of the nations of antiquity. Without seeking to support an opinion or particular mode of thinking, one may take cognizance of a fact, and intolerance would be as blameable on the one side as on the other.

"The Bishop of Hermopolis, resting on St. Augustine's opinion with regard to the meaning of the word *day*, expresses himself in the following manner, on this fundamental question. 'The chronology of Moses dates less from the moment of the creation of matter than from that of the creation of man, which only took place on the sixth day. The sacred writer computes the number of years of the first man and his descendants, and the chronology of the Holy Books, therefore, is made up by the computation of the years of the successive patriarchs; so that it extends less to the origin of the globe itself, than to the origin of the human species. Henceforward we can say to geologists, dig as much as you please into the bowels of the earth, if your observations do not require that the days of creation should have been longer than our ordinary days, we shall continue to follow the common opinion respecting the extent of these days; but if, on the contrary, you discover that the terrestrial globe, with its plants and animals, must be much older than the human race, the Book of Genesis will have nothing to say against such a discovery; for in each of the six days you are permitted to see so many indeterminate periods of time, and then your discoveries will be the explanatory commencement of a passage, the meaning of which is not perfectly determined.

"Now, observation shows, that a long period of time elapsed, 1st. between the consolidation of the primitive strata of the globe and the appearance of life at its surface; 2nd. between the creation of the different species of plants, and the various races of animals; 3rdly. between the latter and the creation of man. The proofs of these facts are undeniable, as these strata are the product of a succession of slow effects, and the remains of plants and animals which some of them contain, suppose a prodigious succession of distinct generations. The idea, therefore, of days like ours is repelled by facts; and we do not even yet possess any means of estimating the duration of the epochs in question. It is a calculation of the same nature, as that of the distance of the fixed stars from the earth, and nothing is more ridiculous in the eyes of one who is occupied in such

* Bulletin des Sciences Naturelles.

investigations, than to hear people speaking *of the age of the world, the antiquity of the world, &c.*

"As it is equally certain that the human species is the last in the order of creation, since its remains do not occur among those of the other living beings which abound in the solid strata, even the most superficial, of the globe, it may be said that all the phenomena, whatever they may be, to which the formations of these strata may be referred, belong to the scientific history of the epochs, antecedent to the existence of man. From this may be seen the emptiness of the expression which we every day hear repeated, that the *revolutions to which the globe bears testimony are a proof of the universal deluge.* It is evident, from what has been already said, that it is at the surface of the earth only, that we can look for, with some English geologists, the traces of this great cataclysm; and that the shells, the bones of animals, and the impressions of plants, which are found in the solid strata of the globe, have no connection with the deluge, since the object for which it was produced was the destruction of the human race, and as all these strata, as well as the phenomena which have changed their order or inclination, are anterior to the existence of man.

"God, as M. de Frayssinous has observed, could certainly, by an act of his will, have created at once the whole consolidated earth, and all the beings which embellish it; but as nothing prevents us from thinking that the will of the Creator might have received its accomplishment by a concatenation or succession of effects, more or less rapid, or slow, with reference to the duration of human life, and as orthodoxy makes no opposition to the six day's work being considered as *six indeterminate periods of time;* and, moreover, as Moses has not entered into a detail of the first causes by which God determined this succession of effects, and as the only circumstances which he relates agree with observation, or with the inference which the laws of nature authorise, we can without difficulty admit this succession or concatenation of effects, dependent upon first and pre-existing causes, which has successively, and in the way of consequence, brought about the formation of the earth, and the modifications which its surface has undergone.

"Following, according to the Bishop of Hermopolis, the series of the six days' work, we shall briefly make known the rest of this conference.

"On the first day, *God created the heavens and the earth. At first the earth was covered with water, presenting the appearance of a dark abyss; but God said, let there be light, and there was light.* With regard to the creation of light before the sun shone in the firmament, M. de Frayssinous demonstrates that the objections which have been made on this subject are of no validity; admitting, always with the learned prelate, that Moses meant less to say visible and produced light, than the creation of the substance which may develope light. He founds his opinion on the researches of Dr. Young, and those of M. Fresnel, which have made the theory of vibrations prevail over that of emission, which Newton supported. According to the first of these theories, the creation of the fluid which was to become luminous, was independent of the creation of the sun, that star being even considered, since the time of Herschel, as an opaque body, and therefore light may have been in fact produced from the beginning.

"By the creation of the heaven we can only, however, understand space, and the bodies which compose the universe, all which might then have been, as is now, comprehended in that indeterminate acceptation. But this creation does not absolutely suppose the existence of stars in the state in which we now see them. The sun might form part of the creation of the heaven, without having yet that luminous lustre by which it is now distinguished; nor do scientific theories oppose the admission of such a hypothesis. Thus there is nothing to prevent us from supposing that the manifestation of the stars took place only on the fourth day, or at the fourth

epoch. The author has not even thought it necessary to mention this observation.

"He gives an account of the opinions of geologists or natural philosophers, respecting the original fluidity of the globe, to shew that, in fact, the earth was covered with water. This opinion is at the present day one of the most incontestible facts. At the same time, observations leave no doubt with regard to the igneous nature of the fluidity of the globe at the beginning; but scarcely had the cooling of its surface permitted the gases of the immense atmosphere which surrounded it to condense, when in fact the surface of the earth was entirely covered with water. Thus the account of the first day's work must be considered by every mind, not led away by prejudice, and not seeking in it for that strictness of expression with which the very general terms in which it is delivered are incompatible, as being in perfect accordance with the facts and the theories admitted by science.

"On the second day, *the waters which enveloped our planet, were divided in such a manner, that a portion rose into the upper regions.* On the third day, *the dry land began to appear; plants sprung from its bosom, verdure and flowers embellished it.* On the fourth, *the sun, the moon, and the stars shone in the firmament.* On the fifth, *fishes swam in the waters, birds flew in the air, reptiles crept in the dust, and quadrupeds walked on the surface of the earth.* Lastly, on the sixth, *man appeared.* The Bishop passes rapidly over all the facts contained in this part of the Mosaic record, with the exception of the work of the sixth day; he has not judged it expedient or necessary, it would appear, to explain each of these facts in detail, but confines himself to some general reflections, with the view of shewing that this successive formation of beings is not opposed by any authenticated observation. In fact, the second period designates the time when an equilibrium must have been established between the waters of the sea, and those which are contained in the atmosphere; the third, that when the successive diminution of the waters uncovered the first surfaces of the earth, which henceforth were enabled to invest themselves with that primitive vegetation, the remains of which are found in the oldest secondary rocks; but here it is necessary to clear up a difficulty which had frequently been adduced as a very embarrassing argument, and to which recent observations enable us to give a satisfactory explanation. How could plants have grown and propagated at a time when the sun did not yet shine in the firmament? The proper heat acquired by the terrestrial globe from its original incandescence, was sufficient to develope and support this vegetation, and may explain the apparent difficulty in question. The central heat of Buffon, which has thrown so much discredit on the theory of that illustrious naturalist, is now among the number of the most accredited facts, and is supported by all the observations in geology and physics. The phenomena of volcanoes, earthquakes, and hot springs, can only be accounted for by this hypothesis; all the circumstances of which are moreover in accordance, as M. Fourier has shown, with the mathematical theories respecting the cooling of bodies submitted to the influence of a high temperature. We are the first who, in these latter times, endeavoured to revive the memory of Buffon with regard to the fundamental ideas of his theory of the earth, and to explain all the changes which the animal and vegetable kingdoms have undergone at the surface of the globe, principally on the ground of the reduction of temperature. Our theory on this subject was even extended by a learned Englishman, Dr. Crichton, who proved the independence which the original climate of the terrestrial globe must have maintained with respect to the solar heat. All the proofs which he adduces form a blaze of light which leaves no doubt regarding this subject; so that, proceeding from this important datum, we not only can conceive how the primitive vegetation of the earth's surface could have existed independently of the solar heat, but the same observations

prove that the proper temperature of the globe, and a uniform mean temperature much more elevated than that which now reigns at its surface, may of themselves have given rise to the vegetation of that period. In fact, the remains of this vegetation occurring near the Pole, and under the Line, shew that it was equally uniform,—that it was analogous to that which now covers the equatorial zones,—and that thus the differences with regard to the vegetable productions of the globe, arising at the present day from differences of latitude, did not then exist. Every thing proves that, in this original climate, the periodical seasons of our present climates, depending upon the obliquity of the ecliptic, and the preponderance acquired by the solar heat, had no existence. The proper heat of the earth's surface having a great elevation, the influence of the sun's heat, admitting its atmosphere to have been already in a state of combustion, would have been scarcely, if at all perceptible. What we have said renders all explanation unnecessary respecting the fourth day, the period when the stars became visible, and shone in the firmament. With regard to the fifth, the order of creation therein enumerated is in perfect accordance with the order in which the fossil remains of the various races of animals occur. Animal life was first developed in the bosom of the seas, then in the air, reptiles followed, quadrupeds next, and lastly man. This succession, besides being proved by direct facts, is conformable with the various phases through which the earth's surface must have passed, to be successively adapted for receiving the different races of living being. We long ago proved, 1st. The the analogy of station and destination, in other words, of the conditions of existence, and of the office to be fulfilled, is the general law which has presided over the distribution of life upon the globe. 2nd. That the changes which life has undergone on its surface have been graduated, but that life itself has not been renewed; that the races have not been modified, but that, in proportion as the conditions of existence changed, or as new ones were formed, new species occupied the place of those which were no longer able to exist, and which had no longer an object to fulfil; and that they went on, up to the period when, with respect to each part of the surface in succession, an equilibrium was established between the influencing causes. The animals of these times were proportioned to the original vegetation; and this is the reason why we find everywhere remains of elephants, rhinoceroses, lions, &c. Animal and vegetable life has been modified in the same points, by the causes which we have just pointed out, the diminution of temperature at the surface of the globe, and the establishment of terrestrial climates.

"M. de Frayssinous then discusses the question, Whether the stars are inhabited? 'Fontenelle's *Plurality of Worlds* may perhaps, he says, be nothing but an ingenious romance, but you are free to see a reality in it.' He next examines the question so much agitated at the present day, Whether the human race constitute a single species? All the moral reasons which he adduces in support of the opinion that men are derived from the same source, are of great validity; and he admits Buffon's ideas regarding the differences which the influence of climate, food, and other causes, may have operated upon the original stock, in its successive generations, and which have produced the modifications now observed in the different races. We have put it beyond doubt, that, with regard to animals and plants, it is necessary to admit particular centres or basins of production, just as we admit in physical geography, basins and hydrographic masses recurring over various parts of a great surface, or in opposite continents, and being affected among themselves by a variable number of differences and analogies. At the same time, the basins and centres of productions present similar, equivalent, or different productions, according to the places; and the animal creation, like the vegetable, has been subjected to certain conditions dependant upon the form and nature of the soil, and the state of

the air and waters, so that certain genera, and even certain species, are reproduced at great distances, and even upon opposite continents, without the possibility of supposing that they have arrived there by diffusion, or by proceeding from a simple centre, or from several distinct centres of production. But these observations, which we believe it impossible to refute, may yet prove nothing with regard to the human species, and new facts are required, before science can adopt a rational opinion on te subject.

"The Bishop now passes on to the examination of the traditions respecting the deluge, and brings together all the historical evidences transmitted by the most remote antiquity, which tend to support the traditions of that great event. He examines it, in the last place, with reference to its chronological relations. On this subject, we have to observe, that MM. Champollion have shewn that the chronology of the Seventy, adopted by the fathers of the church, is sufficient to account for all the facts recorded in history. As to the means which God employed in producing the deluge, this, although treated by the Bishop at great length, is a subject of little importance in itself; the figurative language of the sacred historian affords no precise information on this point, except that he speaks of extraordinary rains, which he must mean by the cataracts of heaven. God could undoubtedly have disposed of the elements at his will; but without having recourse to incomprehensible means, and viewing the deluge as it ought to be viewed, that is to say, as confined to the part of the earth then inhabited, some less general phenomenon will suffice to account for it.

"The only point of importance to be established is, that the deluge was not universal. Respectable authorities are not wanting in support of this opinion; we might, among others, adduce the testimony of Mabillon, who maintained this opinion at a meeting of the Congregation of the *Index* at Rome, where it was admitted by the nine cardinals who assisted. The object of the deluge was the destruction of the human race; it was therefore unnecessary to bring a general cataclysm over the parts of the earth that were not yet inhabited. Moses calls it universal merely with reference to the then known earth; but he did not certainly comprehend under it America and New Holland. This interpretation, while it is more consistent with reason, and more accordant with geological observations, which formally repel the idea of cataclysms and perturbations of all kinds, cannot be considered as contradictory to the spirit of the sacred text."

THE OSCOTIAN.

We have so often borne testimony to the merits of this little periodical, that it must be unnecessary for us, on this occasion, to do more than express the satisfaction we feel on seeing a second edition of the first volume. Many of the articles have been greatly improved, and the work is got up with much neatness. There is a well-engraved view of St. Mary's College, and a vignette title-page, both very tastefully executed. We trust the volume will experience that patronage which it so well deserves.

We had only just received the second edition of the first volume, when the last number of the second volume was put into our hands. We turned over its pages with unabated pleasure; for it is pleasant to witness the gradual progress of genius in its intellectual operations, from the first timid essay, to the matured disquisition. Our young friends now write with that confidence, which indicates a consciousness of individual power; and, though the diction of the later articles is more

pure, they want none of that freshness and force, which characterized the earlier essays. We would willingly make some lengthened extracts, but we can find room only for the following:—

GOOD NIGHT, GOOD NIGHT.

Good night, good night,—that fairy sound,
Which lulls our languid thoughts to rest;
Good night, good night, full oft has found
A gentle echo in my breast.

'Good night, good night,' the minstrel sighed,
As he hung his harp by its silken string;—
That harp which o'er the evening tide
Its breathing softness lov'd to fling;

That harp, whose witching strains could steal
The cares of manhood from his brow,
Solace the griefs he well could feel,
And ne'er had quit his grasp till now.—

'Good night, good night, my own dear harp,
Fear not the cavern's dampy dew,
No blast thy silv'ry strings shall warp,
To-morrow they must wake anew.'

The morrow came; but o'er the green
The minstrel wends his lonesome way,
His tuneful harp—some hand unseen
Had snatch'd, with ev'ry hope, away.

But hark! its soothing accents still
In ev'ry passing breath he hears,
With sweeter note—with lovelier thrill,
Like music of celestial spheres.

E'en so, when those we love the best
Fade as the dew-drop from our sight,
And, sinking to eternal rest,
Bid us a long 'good night, good night:'

There is a soft undying tone
Which lives in each responsive sob,
Breathes through the heart a feeble moan,
And strikes a chord with ev'ry throb.

The tott'ring tow'r—the yew-tree's shade,
The morning's blush—the ev'ning's gleam,
Each flow'ry hill—each virgin glade—
Whispers in voiceless praise of *him*.

And oh! if thus when sunk to rest,
And laid in dust these bones of mine—
Some tearful eye shall fondly weep
Its unbought tribute on my shrine:—

Lives there but *one* with love for me,
Who feels but half of what *I* felt,
And weep as I have wept for *thee*,
And kneel to heav'n as I have knelt;

Then, then may burst this mortal spell,
Wither creation from my sight,
Without a groan my lips shall tell
Their parting—ling'ring—last 'Good night!'

POLITICS.

ENGLAND.—Parliament will have been prorogued by the time this number reaches the hands of subscribers. The late session, on its commencement, promised much; a finance committee was appointed, and, after much labour, it recommended certain reductions in various departments. The ministry, however, have thought proper to reject their economical views; in the very teeth of their own implied promises, they have refused to lessen the burdens of the people; and it is now pretty evident, that no reductions need be looked for during the administration of the Duke of Wellington. With a hardihood which would become a legislative veteran, his Grace has stood boldly forward to defend one or two questionable measures, and his colleagues in the House of Commons have manifested a laudable zeal in defence of "things as they are." There have been some measures, however, which required more nerve than they possessed; and after the first exposure, a new bill, calculated to add to the patronage and emoluments of the church, was abandoned.

On the 11th ultimo, the Chancellor of the Exchequer brought forward the budget, and made a plain, manly statement of the financial resources of the country. The revenue of this year presented an augmentation of 850,000*l.*, and that of Ireland exhibited an increase of 150,000*l.* From the appearance of continued improvement, he calculated upon a surplus of about 3,000,000*l.* The sinking fund, in future, is to be reduced to the actual produce of surplus revenue. Much difference of opinion prevails respecting the policy which this country ought to adopt in the present agitated state of Europe.

IRELAND.—The people of this country are resolved to obtain their rights. The commanding position which the Catholics now maintain, has thrown all other local politics into the shade. The Orangemen stand appalled, frightened, as it were, at their own comparative unimportance. There was but little display on the 12th of July. Many of them would rejoice to see the Catholics emancipated, provided concession was made in an ungracious way: the most important questions, in Ireland, are matters of feelings.

The Clare election still occupies the public mind, and the enthusiasm which that event has inspired, may be estimated by the amount of Catholic rent *now* collected weekly.

The Marquis of Anglesea still maintains a system of neutrality. Impressed with the idea that the Irish mind is light, frivolous, and giddy, he has been laudably engaged in providing amusement: a regatta, in the beautiful bay of Dublin, has taken place, and perhaps such exhibitions may have some beneficial effects in the present state of Irish feeling: but the people are not to be *diverted* from the great purpose. They want justice, and *will* have it.

The immense importation into England of cattle, sheep, and pigs, from Ireland, increases every year. Some idea of its extent may be formed from the following account of the importation into Liverpool alone: From the 3d of January to the 31st of December, 1827, there were imported into Liverpool 38,052 oxen, cows, and calves, freight 30,441*l.*; 132,531 sheep, freight 13,252*l.*; 138,574 pigs, freight 20,786*l.*

FRANCE.—The French "liberals" had obtained some credit for knowledge previously to their accession to power. Since they have assumed the reins of government, however, they have convinced the thinking part of the world, that they are a *caste* of miserable quacks. In fulminating ordinances against the persecuted Jesuits, they prove that they are either fools or hypocrites. If they have assailed this order from motives of dislike, they exhibit a littleness which must meet with contempt; but if they consider it a wise state measure, they shew an utter ignorance of the first principles of political science. The anomalous state of France, and the situation of the Jesuits throughout Europe, merit, however, a lengthened article at our hands.

RUSSIA.—This great power is prosecuting its grand design against Turkey. The emperor is already at the foot of the Balkan mountains; and were not the spirit of chivalry dead in Europe, the Russian army, in its approach to Constantinople, might calculate on the sympathy, at least, of every thinking man amongst us. We can only say, God defend the right; but it is now evident, that the Mahommedan dominion is drawing to a close, and what is not a little singular, the Mussulmens have a vague prophecy amongst them, that their "hour is almost come." Dr. Walsh, in the account of his journey from the Turkish capital to England, states some curious particulars respecting their apprehensions of the "yellow-haired giaours," alias Russians, and though circumstances may now obstruct the march of the czar, his ultimate triumph cannot be far distant. Europe must see the impolicy of retaining on its borders irreclaimable ruffians,

through an absurd notion of supporting the "balance of power."

PORTUGAL.—Don Miguel has been proclaimed king! The assumption of the crown seems to be popular in Lisbon; and the abuse which our journals heap on the priests and people, must be more fully exposed than we could hope to do in a single paragraph. The constitutionalists betrayed great pusillanimity.

AMERICA.—The approaching contest for the presidentship has cast its shadow before. As a political manœuvre, on the part of General Jackson's opponents, a tariffe has been adopted, the principles of which belong rather to the regions of China than an enlightened republic. It will do a great deal of mischief both in America and in this country; but cannot prevent the election of General Jackson. This hero, as some of his countrymen designate him, is the son of an Irish refugee!

ANTIQUITIES, FINE ARTS, &c.

The Navy.—King Henry V. appears to have been the first of our kings who established a permanent navy. There is a letter in the first volume of *Ellis's Letters* from John Alcestre to this monarch, in which is minutely detailed the progress of certain workmen at Bayonne, in constructing a vessel of considerable size, which his majesty had ordered to be built. The ship, as the timbers had been laid down, was a hundred and eighty feet in length. The entire list of his own ships, in the fourth year of his reign, is preserved among the proceedings of his council. They consisted of three vessels of the greater size: three carracks, eight barges, and ten balingers, or smaller barges. In a document of the antecedent year, among some of the proceedings of council, we have the pay of the officers and sailors of the king's great ships, employed in keeping the narrow seas. The admiral received for a quarter of a year and thirty-nine days' service, wages for fifty men at arms, at xijd. per day each; and for a hundred and fifty bowmen, at vjd. a day each; making a total of eight hundred and twelve pounds ten shillings. For the wages, during the same time, of four masters of respective ships, and two hundred and fifty mariners; the former at vjd. a day, and the mariners at iijd.; he received eight hundred and fifteen pounds five shillings.—The kings of England, in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, had occasionally large fleets under their command; but they consisted of *merchant* ships only, gathered from the different ports of England, or hired from foreign countries, those of England, on such emergencies, being pressed, with their crews, into the king's service. In 1304, the largest ship of war in England, according to Dr. Henry, had a crew of *forty* men; and in the fleet of Edward III., at the siege of Calais, in 1346, the complement of each ship, upon an average, must have been under twenty men.

Tea.—The East India Company began the importation of *tea*, as a branch of trade, in the year 1678; the quantity received at that time amounting to 4713 lbs. The importation gradually enlarged, and the government, in consequence, augmented the duties upon tea. By the year 1700, the importation had arrived at the quantity of 20,000 lbs. In 1721 it exceeded a million of pounds. In 1816 it had arrived at 36,294,380 lbs. Something more than 30,000,000 lbs. is, probably, the present average of importation: some allowance must be made for tea damaged and spoiled upon the passage. In Ellis's second series of letters, we find a letter by Mr. H. Savill, dated 2d August, 1678, and addressed to his uncle, Mr. Secretary Coventry, in which the writer, after praising his uncle for not allowing in his house *a base unworthy Indian custom*, (taking tea), adds, "and which I must ever admire your most Christian family for not admitting. The truth is, all nations have grown so wicked as to have some of these filthy customs."

Yew Trees.—Various reasons have been assigned for planting *yew trees* in our church-yards. The most probable cause seems to have originated in the scarcity of this wood; which would naturally be the case as agriculture spread itself over the country, for no farmer could be safe in turning his cattle into fields, where this baneful evergreen offered its poisonous foliage to their bite. And as it appeared necessary to retain this tree, for the sake of its assistance in warfare, it is probable that every parish was obliged to plant a certain number of them in their respective church-yards, where they would be secure from the cattle; for had it been merely planted there for the purpose of decorating our churches at Christmas, and other festival days, we should have seen the holly planted for the same purpose. It is probable that many of the yew trees, still to be met with in our country church-yards, were planted about

the time of the Norman conquest, 1066. In the days of archery, England could not supply its bowyers with a sufficient quantity of yew, and statutes were made to enforce the importation of staves of this wood, for making bows, which sometimes brought very high prices. All Venetian ships, with every butt of Malmsey or Tyre wine, were to import ten bow staves, as the price had risen from two to eight pounds per hundred. By one of the ancient statutes, a bow of foreign yew may be sold for six shillings, and no more. From the end, however, of Henry the Eighth's time archery seems to have been chiefly considered as a pastime; yet, by the 8th of Elizabeth, c. 10, the price of bows is regulated; and 13th of Elizabeth, c. 14, enacts, that bow staves shall be brought into the realm from the Hanse Towns and the eastward.

Clerical Representatives.—Before the dissolution of monasteries in England, twenty-seven abbots (sometimes twenty-nine) and two priors, almost all Benedictines, held baronies, and sat in parliament. The prior of the knights of St. John of Jerusalem was styled *Primus Anglia Baro*, and was the first lay baron, though a religious man. "From the beginning to the end," says Mr. Henry Wharton, "none ever improved their lands and possessions to better advantage than the monks, by building, cultivation, and all other methods, while they kept them in their own hands."—"To this may be added, that they contributed to the public charges of the nation equally with the other clergy: and the clergy did always contribute in proportion above the laity."—Sir Robert Atkyns says, "there were in England, before the Reformation, forty-five thousand and nine churches, and fifty-five thousand chapels:" now, with a vastly increased population, they amount to little more than ten thousand.

Birds' Eggs.—Chateaubriand remarks, that in the class of small birds, the eggs are commonly painted with one of the colours of the male. The bullfinch builds in the hawthorn, the gooseberry, and other bushes of our gardens; her eggs are slate-coloured, like the plumage of her back. Among the larger birds, the law respecting the colour of the egg varies, and is guided by more important harmonies. We suspect that, in general, the egg is white among those birds, the male of which has several females; or among those whose plumage has no fixed colour for its species. In the classes which frequent the waters and the forests, and build their nests, the one on the sea, the other in the summits of lofty trees, the egg is generally of a bluish green, and, if we may be allowed the expression, of the same tint as the elements by which it is surrounded. Certain birds, which reside on the tops of ancient towers and in deserted steeples, have eggs green like ivy, or reddish, like the old buildings which they inhabit.

Dog-days—In an ancient calendar, preserved by Bede, the beginning of the dog-days was placed on the 14th of July. In one prefixed to the Common Prayer, printed in the time of Queen Elizabeth, they are said to begin on the 6th of July, and end on the 5th of September; and this was continued from that time till the restoration, when that book was revised, and the dog-days omitted. From that time to the correction of the British Calendar, our Almanacks had the beginning of the dog-days on the 19th of July, and the end on the 20th of August; but since that correction, the times of the beginning and end have been altered, and the former was placed at the 30th of July, and the latter at the 7th of September. The dog-days have been commonly reckoned for about forty days, viz. twenty days before, and twenty days after the heliacal rising; and almanack-makers have usually set down the dog-days in their almanacks to the changing time of the star's rising; and thus they had, at length, fallen considerably after the hottest season of the year, till of late, a very proper alteration had been introduced into the almanacks, and they have been made to commence with the 3d of July, and to terminate with the 11th of August. The propriety of this alteration will be evident, if we consider that the ancients meant to express, by the dog-days, the hottest time of the year, which is commonly during the month of July, about which month the dog-star rose heliacally in the time of the most ancient astronomers, whose observations have been transmitted to us.—Ancient authors tell us, that on the day the canicula, or dog-star, first rises in the morning, the sea boils, wine turns sour, dogs begin to grow mad, the bile increases and irritates, and all animals grow languid; and that the diseases ordinarily occasioned in men by it, are burning fevers, dysenteries, and frenzies.

Fleur de Lis on the Mariner's Compass.—Those who have seen the mariner's compass, or indeed a drawing of it, must have observed the fleur de lis at the point of the needle. This takes its origin from the inventor, who, in compliment to the Duke of Anjou, then king of Naples, placed his arms (fleur de lis) in that conspicuous situation.

Cape Broccoli.—This is grown in great perfection in the following manner:—During the first week in June, in an open warm situation, mark out holes in rows, three feet apart, and nearly two feet over. Dig out the holes to the depth of one foot; fill half up with rotten dung, and cover this with two inches of the mould, which will leave a cavity of four or five inches below the surface. On this sow seeds thinly, rake in, and dust the surface with soot. When the plants have risen three or four inches, select three of the strongest to stand for use, earthing up as they advance, and watering, if the season be dry.

To keep Pears.—Pack them in wooden boxes or casks, interlayered with clean sweet straw, and place them in a room out of the reach of frost. Examine them once a month, and take out those for use which begin to speck.

To keep the Common Blue Plum.—Place them, when gathered, in a cask made air-tight. Glass vessels are to be preferred, because the air is then more easily excluded.

Nutritive qualities of Vegetables.—"On the solubility of vegetables," says Professor Brande, "their nutritive powers are considered principally to depend; and in the table which you see here of some esculent plants, and roots, and grains, their relative proportions of soluble and nutritive matter, contained in 1000 parts of each of the substances named, are set down:—

One thousand Parts.	*Soluble or Nutritive Matter.*
Wheat	955
Barley	922
Oats	743
Peas	574
Potatoes	250
Carrots	98
Swedish Turnips	64
Common Turnips	42
Cabbage	73

"So that you learn from this table," continues the learned Professor, "which vegetable substances are most soluble; and we can thus arrive at a knowledge of those which are most nutritive. The loss of weight in each is referable to water, and inert vegetable matter, possessed of the properties of woody fibre. You see that the loss is comparatively trifling in the wheat, whilst cabbage, turnips, and carrots, suffer a very serious diminution, showing that their weight is principally made up of water.'

Spirits.—"If you distil wine," says the same learned Professor, "you gain an acrid, pungent, highly-intoxicating liquid, well known under the name of *spirits of wine;* but the fact is, that all these fermented liquids owe their intoxicating effect to the presence of alcohol, which is the product of fermentation.

"Here is a table, showing you the proportion per cent. of alcohol contained in different fermented liquors; and alcohol, as you are aware, is composed of carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen.

	per cent.
Port wine	25.83
Ordinary Port	23.71
Madeira	24.42
Sherry	19.81
Lisbon	18.94
Bucellas	18.49
Cape Madeira	22.94
Vidonia	19.25
Hermitage	17 43
Claret	17.11
Burgundy	16.60
Sauterne	14.22
Hock	14.37
Champagne (sparkling)	12.80
Vin de Grave	13.94
Cider from 5.50 to	9.87
Perry (average)	7.26
Burton ale	8.88
Edinburgh	6.20
Dorchester	5.56
Brown stout	6.80
London porter (average)	4.20
Brandy	53.39
Rum	53.68
Gin	51.60

"The figures set down opposite to each liquor, exhibit the quantity of alcohol per cent., by measure in each at the temperature of 60°. You see that Port, Sherry, and Madeira, contain a large quantity of alcohol; that claret, Burgundy, and Sauterne, contain less; and that brandy contains as much as 53 per cent. of alcohol. In a general way, we may say, that the strong wines in common use contain as much as a fourth per cent. of alcohol.'

Poisoning of Plants.—Animals are poisoned by introducing deleterious substances into their circulation, either through the organs of digestion or the absorbents; plants, in the same way, may be poisoned with deleterious substances absorbed by the roots. M. Marcet, of Geneva, tried several interesting experiments on this subject. He watered with two ounces of water, containing twelve grains of oxide of arsenic in solution, a pot containing two or three plants of kidney beans, each of five or six leaves. At

the end of from twenty-four hours to thirty-six hours the plants had faded, the leaves had drooped, and had even begun to turn yellow; the roots remained fresh, and appeared to be living. Attempts to restore the plants, after twelve or eighteen hours, by abundant watering, failed to recover them. The leaves and stem of one of the dead plants gave, upon chemical examination, traces of arsenic. A branch of a rose-tree, including a blossom, was gathered just as the rose began to blow; the stem was put into a vessel containing a solution of six grains of oxide of arsenic in an ounce of water. The flower and leaves soon showed symptoms of disease, and on the fifth day the whole branch was withered and dead, though only one-fifth of a grain of arsenic had been absorbed. Similar stems, placed in pure water, had, after five days, the roses fully expanded, and the leaves fresh and green. Some other experiments of M. Marcet we reserve for a future number.

Beauty of Flowers.—It is a notion of many, says Miss Kent, in a pretty paper in Loudon's 'Magazine of Natural History,' and one that I the better understand, from having once partaken of it,—that the study of botany detracts from our pleasure in the beauty of flowers. There is in flowers something of a poetic character, pleasurable and imaginative, which we fear to destroy by associations so mechanical as classes, orders, genera, petals, stamens, &c. The fear is groundless—we should rather look upon these systematic niceties as a foreign grammar, which opens new stores of poetry hitherto unintelligible to us. The mystery that lies in the heart and first cause of every thing, still remains the same—let us know as much as we can.

The beauty of flowers does not lie wholly in their vivid colours and bright contrasts. The starry capsule of the corn poppy, when its ephemeral petals have been carried away by winds, is still beautiful; the common bluebottle of the corn-field (centaurea cyanus) wears a bright coronet of sky-blue florets, every floret a fairy vase, in which nature has stored up sweet nectar for the butterflies and the bees; and when these have disappeared, there is beauty also in the winged children which they have left, rocking each in its green cradle. In some of the species, these winged offspring are peculiarly beautiful. They seem like fairies' shuttlecocks, elegantly variegated at the base, and set with the most delicate feathers of a jet black, but so diminutive as to show no bigger than hairs to the unassisted eye.

Warm Clothing.—Our ancestors wore garments formed of materials much better calculated to exclude the effects of cold and damp than we do in modern times. The attire of females, in particular, consisted principally of woollens, worsted stuffs, and quilted and brocaded silks,—a difference totally opposed to the light and thin draperies of our own fashions. Nor was the clothing of the male part of the community, of former years, less adapted for protection from the vicissitudes of the weather. On this subject, Dr. Southey, in his excellent work on Consumption, remarks, that in many parts of Scotland, where consumption is now prevalent, the old people affirm, that it was unknown before the warm Scottish plaiding was exchanged for the thin, fine, cold English cloth, and woollen cotton.

MONTHLY INTELLIGENCE.

Birchley.—On Tuesday the 20th of June, the Catholic chapel at Birchley, near St. Helens, Lancashire, was opened, for divine service, by a solemn high mass. This convenient edifice, which has been lately erected under the able superintendence of the Rev. John Penswick, owes its origin to the liberality of the late Sir Wm. Gerard, Bart. who bequeathed an eligible piece of land and the sum of 1000*l.* for the laudable purpose of providing his Catholic tenantry with the consolations and blessings of their religion.

The Right Rev. Doctor Penswick the coadjutor Bishop in the northern district, officiated, assisted by the Rev. Wm. Brown and the Rev. John Anderton. The music was selected from Haydn and Mozart. Before the creed, the Rev. John Walker preached an appropriate sermon, in a style of manly eloquence, best adapted to the solemn truths which he uttered, and the sacred cause which he advocated. The collection, which exceeded one hundred pounds, will speak best to its merits. There were present about forty-six Catholic Clergy of Lancashire, the greater part of whom were arranged round the sanctuary in their surplices and stoles. The attendance of respectable Catholics from Liverpool, St. Helens, and their respective vicinities, was very numerous.

Wrexham.—The new Catholic chapel at Wrexham, was opened on the 17th instant, with a solemn high mass, which was celebrated by the Right Rev. Dr.

Penswick, V. A. northern district. An excellent sermon was preached, suitable to the occasion, by the Rev. F. Martyn, of Walsall. This is the first Catholic chapel which has been erected in North Wales since the Reformation. It was dedicated under the patronage of the saint of the principality—St. David.

"While oppression, says a correspondent of the 'Catholic Journal,' " and the withholding of natural rights is operating from without, against the temporal interests of the Catholics of this kingdom; conversion, on the other hand, is supplying consolation to those who are truly pious, and who desire to see the spiritual interests of the Catholic Church advanced. If we look back into past history, we shall find that persecution has always been a fruitful source of conversion. I know from unquestionable authority, that several scientific members of our universities, but Cambridge in particular, have lately embraced the Catholic faith. Had I permission so to do, I would give you their names; but do I not choose to do this unadvisedly, although they make no secret of their change of sentiment; but on the contrary, openly court the discussion of their opinions. I have likewise accounts of a very considerable number of converts in distant parts of the country; and, in many cases, I am fully persuaded that the investigation of the real merits of the two religions to which the discussion of the Catholic Question has led, has been the cause of the change of sentiment in favour of Catholicity on the part of many enlightened and independent individuals."

Ashley, Staffordshire.—On Tuesday the 17th of June, an elegant new chapel, was solemnly opened by the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, in the village of Ashley, in the north of Staffordshire. The occasion was honoured by a numerous and respectable attendance; amongst others we noticed some leading Protestant families of the neighbourhood; we were particularly pleased to observe that a highly estimable liberality of feeling had secured the presence and patronage of the Rev. Mr. Broughton, a much-respected Protestant magistrate of the vicinity, and the family of the Wedgewoods of Meer Hall. A solemn high mass was celebrated by the Rev. T. Price, the venerable and worthy incumbent of Stafford, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Richmond and Hubbard. It may, with truth, be said that the solemn service of a high mass had not been heard before in this part of the country since the Reformation, and we need not remark that the splendid ceremonies of our holy religion, accompanied and ornamented by the rich and mellow intonation of the Rev. Mr. Price, produced a powerful impression on the minds of the strangers present.

Clare Election.—On the 2nd of July, a public meeting was held at the Crown and Anchor for "the purpose of adopting such measures as may be deemed necessary in order to co-operate with the Catholics of Ireland for the success of the principle of reformation which is now about to be acted upon in the county of Clare." Lord Rossmore was in the chair, and the meeting was numerously and respectably attended. The collection of the day amounted to upwards of 260*l.* fifty pounds of which was subscribed by the British Catholic Association. Towards the conclusion of the meeting some confusion arose in consequence of Mr. Henry Hunt and some of his friends having proposed a resolution which the noble lord in the chair declared did not come within the terms of the original notice.

Hexham.—A large and new elegant Catholic chapel is now erecting in Hexham, in the county of Northumberland, which is to be finished before the end of the year, when the present two old chapels will be discontinued.

St. Edmond's College.—On Sunday, the 29th of June, the Right Rev. Dr. Bramston celebrated, at St. Edmond's College, the anniversary of his consecration. The solemnity of the service was suitable to place and the occasion. Whoever has witnessed the church ceremonies at Old Hall, will allow that they are always conducted with very becoming dignity.

Manchester.—On Friday, the 11th of July, a public meeting was held, in the Theatre of the Mechanics' Institution, for the purpose of originating a subscription in aid of Mr. O'Connell's election fund, and for the freeholders of Ireland who might be exposed to the persecution of their landlords, in consequence of the votes they had given. The attendance was very numerous, the whole theatre, which is seated for about one thousand, being filled. Several eloquent speeches were delivered, and the utmost harmony prevailed. The result of this meeting shows that the Catholic cause has advanced with giant strides in this country.

Cobridge.—Several years ago the Rev. Mr. Gerard, the incumbent of Cobridge, Staffordshire Potteries, erected a school-room calculated to accommodate about 250 scholars; but owing to some untoward circumstances, some arrears

remained to be liquidated. To meet the exigencies of the case, a bazaar, under the patronage of the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury, their daughters, and the Baroness Montesquieu, was held on the 1st and 2d of July, in the school-room. A variety of curious and valuable articles were furnished for the occasion, by the Catholic ladies of the neighbourhood, and the community at Caverswall, which were further augmented by the liberality of the Shrewsbury family, and Lord Stafford's daughters. The occasion possessed the joint attractions of novelty and charity; and we were pleased to see that the attendance was both respectable and numerous. Among the company we noticed the Misses Dormer, Mrs. Coyney, Mrs. Wedgewood, the Count de Chatillon, C. Fitzherbert, Esq., The Rev. Messrs. T. M. M'Donnell, Waring, Daniel, Hall, W. Richmond, Dr. Rock, Howe, Jefferies, Morgan, &c. &c. The proceeds of the two days amounted to 200*l*.

Rome.—Dr. Gradwell, Rector of the English College here, has been appointed Coadjutor Bishop of the district of London; and is to be consecrated on the 24th of June. He will set out immediately for England: he is succeeded by Dr. Wiseman, who has been Vice-Rector, and who is an intimate friend of Dr. Baines.

Conversions.—On the 1st of June, Trinity Sunday, an officer in the French service, by birth a Swiss, but who has resided for several years at Ville Notre Dame, in the Canton of Chatillon de Michaille, diocese of Belley, abjured the errors of Calvin, in which he had been educated. This officer enjoys the esteem of all who know him; he was instructed in the principles of religion by M. Gervais, curé of the place, a virtuous and enlightened priest. He adopted the proceeding we announce, after having devoted a whole year to examination and reflection. His abjuration was received at the parochial mass, which was celebrated by the officer's own son, a priest, who lives in a neighbouring state.

Dr. Phillips, a distinguished Professor of the University of Berlin, has also recently embraced the Catholic religion.

Newcastle-under-Lyne.—On Tuesday, the 8th of July, a new Catholic chapel was opened at Newcastle-under-Lyne, in the populous neighbourhood of the Staffordshire potteries. A large and handsome saloon, which had formerly been used as an assembly room, and calculated to accommodate 200 persons, was converted, by the solemnities of the day, to the sacred services of religion. A mission had not been established here before, since the Reformation, and the town bore the character of a bigoted opposition to the Catholic religion; we were much pleased, however, to observe, that the attendance on this interesting occasion, was both numerous and respectable; and that the conduct of the strangers present was marked by the most respectful attention.

The foundation of this mission is owing to the piety and zeal of the Rev. Mr. Gerard, of Cobridge, and we are happy to learn, that his laudable exertions are about to be warmly seconded by his reverend brethren in the neighbourhood, many of whom have engaged to preach a course of controversial sermons at the newly-established chapel.

MARRIAGES.

On Wednesday, June 18th, at St. Nicholas Church, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, having previously been married at the Catholic chapel, by the Rev. James Worswick, Mr. Robert Gills, Clerk of the Committee of the Coal Trade, to Miss Elizabeth Blacklock, all of the above place.

On Thursday, June 26th, at Morpeth, in the county of Northumberland, having previously been married by the Rev. Henry Lawson, according to the rites of the Catholic Church, Thomas Forster, Esq., of Burraden, to Miss Davidson, daughter of John Davidson, Esq., of the former place.

OBITUARY.

Died.—On Sunday, the 6th of July, aged 17 years, Mr. John Thompson, organist to the Catholic chapel, Newcastle-upon-Tyne: a young man deservedly respected.

On the 7th of July, at Biddleston Hall, in the county of Northumberland, in the 10th year of her age, Catherine, eldest daughter of Walter Selby, Esq.

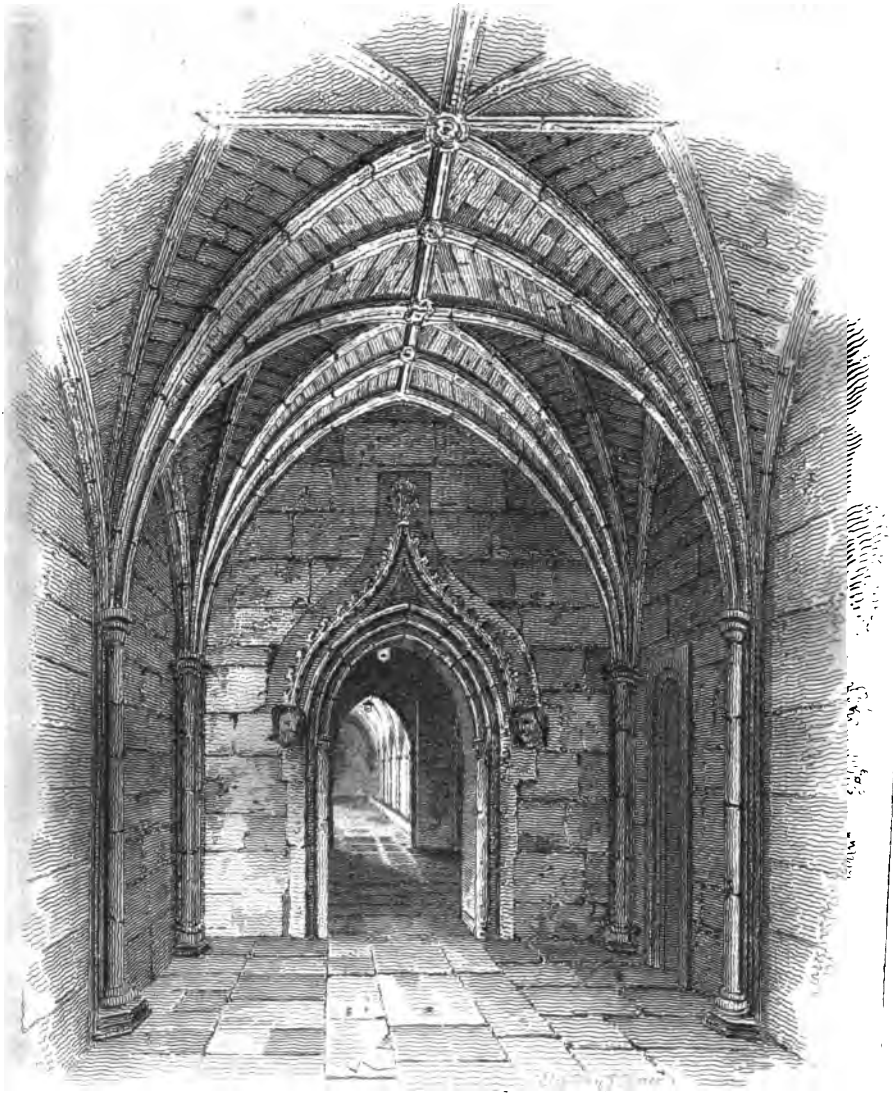
On the 10th of July, aged 71, Thomas M'Kiernan, Esq., late of Great Surrey Street, Blackfriars.

On the 19th of July, aged 59, George Carey, Esq., late of Tor Abbey.

On the 29th of July, at his seat at Llanarth Court, Monmouthshire, in the 68th year of his age, John Jones, Esq. His best eulogy will be found in the deep, but alas! unavailing regret of all who knew him.

Entrance to Henry 7.ths Chapel

WESTMINSTER.



Entrance to the Cloisters from the Dean's Yard

Westminster Abbey.

THE

CATHOLIC MISCELLANY.

SEPTEMBER, 1828.

CATHOLIC ANTIQUITIES. NO. II.

HENRY THE SEVENTH'S CHAPEL—THE CLOISTERS, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

"THAT the Supreme Being," says Dr. Johnson, "may be more easily propitiated in one place than in another, is the dream of idle superstition; but that some places may operate upon our own minds in an uncommon manner, is an opinion which hourly experience will justify." Our Catholic ancestors were of a similar opinion; and, accordingly, they erected temples worthy of the living God, and calculated, at the same time, to elevate and enliven the devotion of those who came to propitiate his mercy. We have already, on Protestant authority, shown that the Gothic style of architecture was most suitable for religious structures, and at a future time we shall endeavour to trace its introduction and subsequent progress in these countries. At present we shall restrict our inquiry to what Leland calls the "wonder of the world"—Henry the Seventh's chapel.

This edifice was erected during the reign of that monarch, whose name it bears. Islop, then Abbot of Westminster Abbey, laid, according to Mr. Malcolm, the first stone of that "wondrous building" on the 24th of January, 1502. It was designed by Sir Reginald Bray, and built under the direction of the Prior of St. Bartholomew's, as master of the works. Its execution and ornaments prove that those who projected and superintended its progress wanted neither skill nor science. Before we enter the chapel, we must, like Mr. Malcolm, pause to admire the beautiful side of Henry the Fifth's oratory. It forms an arch across the aisle directly east of his tomb. It is supported at each corner by clustered pillars; on the ends are shields with his arms, surrounded by four angels, whose wings are disposed so as to form an imperfect quatrefoil: and the point of the arch is a shield, helmet, and crest: in the frieze a badge of deer and swans chained to a beacon: in the centre is a grand niche of three canopies, which contains a representation of the coronation of Henry V. or his successors; two prelates are in the act of placing the crown on the seated king; two figures kneel on the sides: to the right are nine small niches, with statues; on their canopies are deers and swans: on the left, five niches and statues; and on the tops of their canopies statues under other canopies; these occasion a rise of about two feet near the altar. The south side is very much like the above: the three arches which stand on the flight of steps leading to Henry the Seventh's chapel are of unequal breadths: the ornaments over the smaller ones are alike. Over the north arch is a shield and crest, with the side frieze continued. In a triple canopied niche is St. George piercing the Dragon: on the left two niches with statues; and on the right over those, are six niches, containing saints, with canopies; and above is the side continuation of the altar-piece in Henry the Fifth's Chantry.

The ceiling of the arch over the aisle has a crown for the centre; panneled rays diverge from it, which are bounded by a circle of

quatrefoils; some of the pannels contain deer, and others swans. The basement of Henry the Fifth's tomb next the aisle is formed into quatrefoils, much decayed.

The ascent from the abbey to The Blessed Mary's, or Henry VII's Chapel is formed by twelve steps; over them is a most magnificent arch of the same width as the nave: unfortunately it has very little light. The capitals of the pillars on the western side have a bear and staff, a greyhound and dragon on them: the angels on the sides of the great arches have the king's arms within quatrefoils; and those of the two sides his badges: a row of pinnacled and foliaged arches, divided by one bay, extend north and south across the entrances: the frieze is adorned with roses; and the whole is completed by a battlement. The roof is composed of quatrefoils, filled by badges; between are beautifully enriched pannels: on the platform of the stairs are two doors leading to the north and south aisles. The basements of the two rows have rows of quatrefoils; over them arches, and vast blank windows of three mullions, crossed by one embattled, which finish in beautiful intersections; one of those divisions, on each side is glazed; besides those, the other lights are only reflected. Three steps higher is the pavement of the chapel, of black and white marble lozenges, in which is a square, something different in the shape of the pieces, containing a small plate of perforated brass: this is the only memorial the present royal family have to distinguish the place for their interment.

Let us now attempt a more detailed description of this wonderful piece of architecture, where some new perfections may be discovered after the fiftieth examination: and, first, the gates of brass: the great gate is divided into sixty perfect squares; and five imperfect ones; these contain pierced crowns and portcullises, the king's initials, fleurs-de-lis, an eagle, three thistles springing through a coronet, their stalks terminating in seven feathers; three lions, a crown, supported by sprigs of roses: on each division of that gate is a rose; and between them dragons. Some of which are broken off, as are also one or two of the roses. The smaller gates contain twenty-eight squares each, with the above emblems: the two pillars between the gates are twice filletted, and the capitals are foliage: the animals, badges of the king, hold fanciful shields on them, but have lost their heads, and are otherwise mutilated: the angles of the three arches are all filled with lozenges, circles, and quatrefoils, with a rose in the centre of the quatrefoil: fourteen busts of angels, habited as bishops and priests, crowned, extend across the nave; the two corner ones are hidden by the canopies over the respective stalls of Prince Frederick, and the king's stall bearing the flag of England and France; this canopy has no crest; between them are seven portcullises, three roses, and three fleurs-de-lis, all under crowns, more or less broken; from hence to the roof is filled by a great window of many compartments, so much intersected and arched, that a description would not be comprehended. The lower part is blank: the upper part contains figures in painted glass, crosses, or crowns, and fleurs-de-lis, single feathers of the Prince of Wales's crest, red and blue mantles, crowns and portcullises, crowns and garters, crowns and red rose, and two roses, or wheels full of red, blue, and yellow glass, but little light passes through this window, it is so near the end of the abbey, and covered with dust. Several fragments of pinnacles in glass remain in the arches of the lower divisions, which were parts of the canopies over saints.

The side aisles have four arches hid by the stalls; the clustered pillars, five in number, between them support great arches on the roof, each of which have twenty-three pendent small semi-quatrefoil arches on their surface, and two rich pendants or drops; there are five small drops in the centre.

Four windows, very like the western, fill the spaces next the roof; in all of them are more or less of painted glass, of three lions, fleur-de-lis, and red, yellow, and blue panes: five of the windows are now restored, having quatrefoil arches, with embattlements. Under the windows the architect and the sculptor have exerted their utmost abilities; and exquisite indeed are the canopies, niches, and their statues, which they have left for our admiration: there are five between each pillar; trios of two-part pinnacled buttresses form the divisions: the canopies are semi-sexagons; their decorations and open-work are beautifully delicate; over them is a cornice, and a row of quatrefoils; and the battlement is a rich ornament of leaves: the statues all stand on blank labels; and, although the outline of the pedestals are alike, the tracery and foliage differ in each: beneath those is the continuation of half-length angels, before described on the west-wall.

There are in all seventy-three statues; all varied in their attitudes, features, and drapery; no two are alike, and the disposition of their limbs is indicated through their clothing, in that delicate manner which is characteristic of superior sculpture: the folds of their robes fall in bold marked lines, and, regarded as specimens of art, these statues are well deserving of the attention of modern sculptors. Within the precincts of this chapel repose the remains of the mighty dead. The place is sacred to the dust of royalty; and the tombs of many of those whom history has immortalized, serve to add to the dim religious gloom which pervades this Catholic edifice. The rival queens are here at rest, and vex the world no more: how would it vex the "haughty Eliza," were she to feel how many pay the tribute of a tear to the memory of "Mary," while they pass unheeded the spot where her cruel kinswoman lies honoured but unregretted.

If the visitor be in a meditative mood, and not disposed to sympathize with those who glory in sepulchral pomp, he would do well to adjourn to the cloisters, where "heavenly pensive contemplation dwells." We have spent some hours, we hope not unprofitably, listening to the echo of our own footsteps, as we paced through the deserted aboles of those calumniated men, who spent their lives in praising God, and benefiting the world. They interrupted the career of barbarism, when they sat down in the unhealthy marsh which once occupied this part of the modern metropolis, and their solemn hymns, as their voices floated on the breeze, must have soothed the ear of the uncivilized Saxon, while their pious admonition must have interested him in the cause of morality and religion. It is impossible to pace those cloisters without being impressed with reverence for those who once occupied them: calumny and misrepresentation cannot diminish our admiration of the spirit which dictated their retirement from the world, and every man who examines his own feelings, will be prepared to commend the choice of those who thought, like Charles V., that the period which usually intervenes between the decline of physical energy and the extinction of life, ought to be spent in retirement, in self-examinations, and propitiatory addresses to the Almighty. Monasteries offered peaceful asylums to broken spirits, and

served to remind the hardiest warrior that these were works more acceptable to Heaven than the destruction of his fellow-creatures.

But the monks, we are told, were indolent voluptuaries; and served only to interrupt the progress of religion and civilization. "It is," says a great historian, "against the wealth and immunities of the monks, that their enemies have directed the fiercest of their attacks. Wit and malignity have combined to expose the riches which sprung from the profession of poverty, and the distinctions which rewarded the vow of obedience.—From the discipline of the cloister, its votaries are supposed to have acquired the science of fraud and superstition; the art of assuming the garb of sanctity, to amuse the credulity of the people, and of prostituting to private advantage the most sacred institutions. In investigating the manners of a class of men, who lived in a remote period, it is always difficult to restrain the excursions of the fancy; but if passion be permitted to guide the enquiry, possible are frequently substituted for real occurrences; and what *might* have been the guilt of a few individuals, is confidently ascribed to the whole body. If, in the theology of the monks, 'to patronise the order was esteemed the first of virtues,' if they taught that 'the foundation of a monastery was the secure road to heaven, and that a bountiful donation would, without repentance, efface the guilt of the most deadly sins,' they were undoubtedly the corrupters of morality, and the enemies of mankind. But of these doctrines no vestige remains in their writings, and we have yet to learn from what source their modern adversaries derive the important information. If they had consulted the venerable Bede, he would have taught them, that 'no offering, though made to a monastery, could be pleasing to the Almighty, if it proceeded from an impure conscience;' from the council of Calcuith, they might have learnt, that 'repentance was then only of avail, when it impelled the sinner to lament his past offences, and restrained him from committing them again;' and in the acts of the synod of Cloveshoe they might have seen, how repugnant such interested morality was to the genuine doctrine of the Saxon church. 'The man,' say the prelates, 'who indulges his passions, in the confidence that his charities will procure his salvation, instead of making an acceptable offering to God, throws himself into the arms of Satan.' Alms, indeed, were enumerated by the monks among the most efficacious means of disarming the justice of the Almighty; and in this opinion they were supported by the clearest testimonies of the inspired writings. But they did not point out their own body as the sole, or the principal object of charity. To the penitent, who was anxious to make his peace with heaven, they proposed works of public utility. They exhorted him to repair the roads and erect bridges; to purchase the freedom of slaves; to exercise the duties of hospitality; and to clothe and support the distressed peasants, whom the broils of their petty tyrants often reduced to the lowest state of wretchedness. If, among these different objects, frequent donations were made to the religious houses, the impartial reader will consider them as proofs rather of their merit than their avarice. For men, however vicious they may be, are seldom blind to the vices of their teachers. The malignity of the human heart is gratified with discovering the defects of those, who claim the reputation of superior virtue. Had the monks been, as they are so frequently described, an indolent, avaricious, and luxurious race, they would never have commanded the confidence, nor have been enriched by the benefactions of their countrymen."

"In their convents the nuns were employed in the elegant works of embroidery; in the monasteries the monks practised the different mechanical arts. The ironsmith, the joiner, and the goldsmith, were raised by their utility, to a high degree of consequence among their brethren; their professions were ennobled by the abbots and bishops, who occasionally exercised them; and these distinctions contributed to excite emulation, and accelerate improvement.

"While the mechanic trades thus flourished under the patronage of the richer ecclesiastics, the more important profession of agriculture acquired a due share of their attention. The estates of the lay proprietors were cultivated by the compulsory labours of their theowas or slaves: but in every monastery numbers of the brotherhood were devoted to the occupation of husbandry; and the superior cultivation of their farms quickly demonstrated the difference between the industry of those, who worked through motives of duty, and of those whose only object was to escape the lash of the surveyor. Of the lands bestowed on the monks, a considerable portion was originally wild and uncultivated, surrounded by marshes, or covered with forests. They preferred such situations for the advantages of retirement and contemplation; and as they were of less value, they were more freely bestowed by their benefactors. But every obstacle of nature and soil was subdued by the unwearied industry of the monks."

The more learned our adversaries, they more willing they are to do justice to their Catholic ancestors. "The honest recorder of Dr. Parr's opinions," says Mr. Field, in his memoirs of that learned man, "must not attempt to conceal that, for the old Romish church, he ever entertained an almost reverential respect; and that he was accustomed to extol its merits, to soften its errors, and to palliate its enormities, more than, to the writer's apprehension, truth would warrant or candour require. In his strong way of talking, he used to say that he was but imperfectly a Protestant; and that, if ever he changed his religion, it would be to go back to the bosom of the mother-church, 'that great and ancient and venerable church,' as he loved to designate it. So highly did he estimate the erudition of its many great scholars, that, speaking of a distinguished modern divine, he said, 'he was a learned man in the English church, and would almost have been considered so in the Church of Rome.' He carried his favourable opinion of the latter so far, as to avow his belief that, with the reformation of some of its most glaring abuses, it would have stood firm and flourishing to this day. 'I shall always maintain, openly and unequivocally,' says he, 'that in far the greater part of those doctrines, which the Church of England has classed among the essential truths of Christianity, the Church of Rome has long professed, and continues to profess, the same belief.'"

LETTERS TO THE REV. JOHN GARBETT, M. A.

LETTER II.

SIR—Having in the preceding letter exposed the errors and inconsistencies which are abundantly scattered over the introduction to your work, I proceed to the examination of the merits of the work itself. Amidst the various excuses which you allege for obtruding your lucubrations upon the public, it is somewhat difficult to determine precisely the object you have in view. But from an observation in your introduction, and your occasional reference to the 'End of Controversy,' it would ap-

pear that you profess to direct your efforts against, as you arrogantly term it, 'that most uncandid and unchristian volume'—a volume, however, sir, which, in the opinion of judges not inferior to the Rev. John Garbett, exhibits an union of charity, piety, learning, and sound reasoning, which will ever characterize it as a model of Christian controversy—a volume, too, which, in the conversions from Protestantism, of which, in the hands of a gracious Providence, it is the almost daily instrument, is continually shedding fresh lustre upon the church of all nations and of all ages.

If I am right in the conjecture I have made, it is impossible to pass unnoticed the disingenuousness of yourself and the other nibblers at that hitherto unanswered, because unanswerable, work. You and they have affected not to discover the very nature and essence of the "End of Religious Controversy," developed in the plan on which it proceeds. What is that plan? Assuming the necessity of believing the truths comprised in the Christian Revelation, the bishop supposes that Christ has provided a means for arriving at the knowledge of those truths. This means he designates the rule of faith. He then examines the several rules proposed by the several societies of Christians, and arrives at the conclusion that the rule provided by the Divine author of the Christian system, is "the word of God propounded and explained by the Catholic church."

Having arrived at this conclusion, the prelate proceeds to investigate the important question, "Which is the true church?" and terminates the investigation by concluding that only the church called the Catholic church has a just claim to that appellation.

These two questions, What is the true rule of faith? Which is the true church? may be said to comprise the whole of the "End of Religious Controversy;" the examination of certain particular articles of Catholic faith, being rather an appendage for the purpose of removing objections than an essential part of the work itself. And if you, sir, and the others who have taken up the pen to reply, had been candid and sincere in your opposition, you would have journeyed along with the author in his inquiries; you would have stated how far you would accompany him, and then alleged your reasons for your separation. Whether you would have done so satisfactorily, the public would have decided; but such conduct would have borne, at least, the mark of sincerity. Not one of you, has, however, done this, and not having done it, you have no right to impugn the incidental positions introduced into the work. That Christian to whom any of your replies may be presented, has a right to ask, "Have you overturned the bishop's position—that the word of God propounded and explained by the church of God is the true rule of the Christian's faith? or his second position—that the Catholic church is the church of God?" You and your colleagues are bound to answer, "No, we have not attempted either." "Then," he replies, "you may go your way. If his reasoning upon those two points is beyond reply, one thing is clear—every Christian ought to be a Catholic."

But, presuming that you will by this time have found it convenient to deny that "The End of Religious Controversy" is the object of the attack of "The Nullity of the Roman Faith," I shall follow you through the several essays of which the latter is constituted, and treat it as if it were altogether an independent work.

Your first essay is a very desultory dialogue upon the important doctrine of the infallibility of the church. You are, sir, seldom inferior to Protestant controvertists in general, in those qualities by which their writings has been so much discredited. Accordingly throughout this article, you perpetually, and most disingenuously, endeavour to represent the discussion as one respecting the particular church comprised within the diocese of Rome. Your "want of access to the treasures of a theological library" cannot reconcile me to the belief that you were ignorant that the controversy turns upon the infallibility of the church of Christ. Before I enter more fully into this controversy, it is necessary to give you correct notions of the infallibility attributed to, even to the church of Christ.

Infallibility, strictly speaking, is exclusively an attribute of the Deity. He, alone, can neither err nor lead into error. But until the revelation which emanated from him was reformed by man, it was believed that he could exercise this attribute according to his own holy will—that he might, if it so pleased him, exercise it by the instrumentality either of men or of incarnate things. Thus it was believed that for the benefits of his people he communicated a certain species of infallibility to the brass of which the serpent in the wilderness was made, as well as to the troubled waters of the pond of Bethsaida. It was believed, too, that he could, if so pleased, communicate to an aggregate of men otherwise liable, and still in their individual character liable to error, an assurance that he would guarantee them against error in the execution of their important function of preaching and teaching. This, sir, you should know, is what is signified by the infallibility of the church, and is, more properly, the infallibility of God himself, and of the Divine promises,

The question then is, first, whether the Divine founder of the Christian religion could, and second, whether he did, communicate an infallibility thus explained to the church which he founded, The first branch of the inquiry may appear superfluous. It would be such were I arguing with any other than the Rev. J. Garbett, who speaking upon this question of the promise of Christ, utters this extraordinary doctrine: "It (the government of Christ and his spirit) neither is nor *can be* perfectly efficacious in this world." (p. 28.) I do trust, sir, that even in the church of England, Christianity is not reduced to so low an ebb that many of its members will be found to subscribe to this tenet, which you have broached, and I shall not stop to confute it. I proceed, therefore, to the second branch of the inquiry, which is, whether Christ has, in fact, communicated to his church an infallibility as above explained. You yourself shall give the first answer. In the page above quoted, you say, "We have his (Christ's) gracious promise, not that she shall not err, not that she may not fall in part, but *that she shall never totally and finally err unto destruction.*" In having read this acknowledgement, I can no longer be astonished at another, which is found at page 26. "Every Christian maintains, as an article of faith, *that the universal church can never totally fall, nor cease to sustain the truth.*" These passages are undoubtedly invested in a looseness of phraseology unworthy of theologians; but it is impossible to reconcile them with the denial of the dreaded doctrine of infallibility. If the church cannot totally fall—if she cannot cease to sustain the truth—if she shall never totally and finally err unto destruction, then is she infallible.

You say that this security from error, however you may define it, is derived from the promise of Christ. It is much to be regretted that your harmless and easily satisfied antagonist, Philodox, did not think of requesting you to produce the passage or passages of Scripture from which you infer such promise. Had he done so what answer would you have made? You would have adduced precisely those texts, the authority of which when adduced by a Catholic you reject, and you would have confirmed them by others, which you suffer your poor Philodox to overlook.

(To be continued.)

THE JACOBITE'S HYMN TO THE WHITE ROSE.

O THOU pale snowy rosebud, though rent and laid low
By the rude hand of pow'r, in the day of despair,
Yet thou still in the breasts of the loyal shalt blow
Full as lovely, as fragrant, as fresh and as fair.
Though our bosoms no longer may glow with the dream
Of royalty righted and exiles restored,
Yet still they swell with the rapturous theme,
Of the faith they long cherished, the prince they adored;
And still they in silence may weep o'er the woes
Endured by the chieftains who bore the White Rose.

Scattered darkly in blood, on Culloden's dire plain
Thy pale maiden blossoms were crushed by the foe,
And thy best and thy noblest fell bravely in vain,
In the dread scene of slaughter laid low.
And in that mournful, fatal stream,
Which flowed upon Culloden side,
Thy hope's last, faintest, glimmering beam
Was quenched in the crimson tide,
And perished in its gloomy close,
The glories of the Snowy Rose.

With that deep thrilling interest where pleasure and pain
Contend in the bosom and struggle for sway,
We muse on the emblem of loyalty vain,
And sigh o'er its hopes in Culloden's sad day.
Yet the cloud that o'ershadowed the dawning so bright,
And obscured with its darkness the valley and heath,
With the beam of the meteor flashed radiance and light,
And illumed with its splendour the pale field of death;
And bright o'er the fallen its lustre arose,
And hallowed their sufferings, their valour, and woes.

O! still whilst our bosoms shall glow with the flame
Which heaven itself in its mercy inspired,
Shall awaken each thrill, as we dwell on the fame
Of the heroes so loyal, devoted, admired.
And still the pure emblem of loyalty true,
Shall honoured and blest in our bosoms remain;
And whilst its white blossoms we pensively view,
We behold no dishonour, or sully or stain;
And ages to come shall admiring disclose
The virtues and fame of the pure Snowy Rose.

A SPINSTER'S TOUR IN FRANCE.*

MENDEZ PINTO, the prince of liars, was nothing to your *liberal* traveller. He describes not only what he never saw, but what never existed; and, improving on the practice of Protestants, who seem to regard as a duty the misrepresentation of Catholicism, he indulges his fancy and his wit at the expense of Christianity. The obscene prints which piously adorn the walls of Voltaire's bed-room, at Ferney, are the only things which command his respect; all else on the Continent, from the Custom-house at Calais to St. Peter's at Rome, are converted into objects of risibility. His is a laughing journey; but, like the urchin who persecuted the frogs, he willingly forgets that, what is merriment to him is the cause of grief to others. We have had, within the last few years, scores of such travellers, from Hobhouse to Stevens, and even gentle ladies have indulged their mirth at the expense of good taste and veracity. The fair authoress of "Rôme in the Nineteenth Century," finds a rival in Miss Murphy, (now Mrs. Jameson,) to whose pen we are indebted for the "Ennuyée;" but these "lady travellers" sinned only through a silly imitation: they are, as educated females ought to be, extremely pious; and, from persons of a religious turn, free from fanaticism, Catholics have very little to apprehend. Their opinions respecting acts of piety necessarily approximate very closely to our own; and, unlike the "liberal traveller," their sense of veracity will generally preserve them from wilful misrepresentations. We have an instance of this in the work on our table. The Spinster—a maiden lady of a certain age, we suspect—made a journey, in 1827, from Havre to Genoa, and sojourned for some weeks in many of the towns through which she passed. Her mind is well informed; her habits of thinking, in general, correct; and, though what is vulgarly denominated a "Saint," her piety is free from cant and affectation. She speaks of others without asperity; she persists in her own opinions from motives as pure as they are sincere. Like a good Protestant, she bewails the misfortune of Catholics, in being ignorant of the light of the reformation; but as she depicts what she saw with much truth, her book is no bad comment upon her individual opinions. We have long thought that a good defence of Catholicity could be extracted from the writings of Protestants; and in the selections of works for this purpose, "The Spinster's Tour" ought not to be forgotten.

In the month of June, 1827, our "lady traveller," as she delights to call herself, landed at Havre, and soon after proceeded to Rouen. The country is wooded, and game abundant; no object of real charity presents itself, and the people are all employed, well dressed, and look contented. The hills are lofty, and feathered with trees, while the villages with their spired churches did not diminish the beauty of the scene. The air, too, had that inspiriting quality so rarely felt in our denser atmosphere; and the production of the fields and cottage gardens sent forth a most exhilarating perfume. Marks of revolutionary devastation, however, came frequently in painful contrast; here and there a ruin pointed out the former site of a village church. From Rouen she proceeded to Bernay; the road continued equally delightful, and the people appeared happy.

* A Spinster's Tour in France, the States of Genoa, &c., during the Year 1827. London, 1828: Longman and Co.

"We had been assured of good accommodations here, and the event has proved it. La bonne femme Cécille is in person rather awful, with a look and voice that evidently kept perfect order in her house; but she is very obliging and respectful to us. The daughter is pretty as Mercandotti, with a gentle manner and pleasing voice; and all the attendants are alert, and dressed in the costume so singular and becoming. It is gladdening to find the ideas and expectations forming in the mind from infancy of France and its people realized fully and flatteringly. The early facility of speaking the language is most serviceable, as the first wish of a traveller must be to glean information from all classes of the people, who are invariably pleased at being noticed. It is unfortunate that any English should still indulge *éloignement* against this nation, who are every where, except now and then a rare instance, frank, intelligent, and respectful. A distant manner must lead the stranger to form wrong judgments, as it mortifies the natives; and they then remember all the prejudices which the arch-enemy of Great Britain unceasingly diffused throughout France against the only people who constantly exerted themselves to repel his tyranny.

"Who can observe and not love this people for their urbanity, their independent spirit, which induces them to every active pursuit, their kindliness to each other, their strong domestic attachments? The pride with which the parents lead along their pretty well-dressed children of a festival day; the happy countenance of the good-wife, who enlivens the atélier or métier of her husband with her chat, while her eye and hand are busy with her work or distaff, or spinning-reel; the confidence neighbours have in each other, by living as they do with open doors and windows, all bespeak the highest qualities of human nature and of Christians. Their supposed inferiority certainly is not in their head or their heart, most certainly not in their bodily comfort. No peasantry or bourgeoisie are more neatly or substantially clad; and the cheapness of every prime article of food, and their own simple and sober habits, allow them almost always to have more than a sufficiency. An additional proof of an orderly mind is in their houses: look into the humble cottage, you see substantial, sometimes curious furniture, good kitchen apparatus, a garden stored with their favourite vegetables and fruit, and enlivened with beautiful flowers, the out-house preserving peats or fire-wood. The fowl is admitted, it is true, into the family circle; but as most of the active housewives brush out their dwellings every day, and strew them with sand, or sprinkle them, litters do not accumulate. At the inns the beds are good; the rooms prettily decorated with the papers manufactured in this as in other provinces; the linen is always clean, though coarse; and the cotton blankets are very beautiful, though rather heavier than those of wool. The communications throughout the country are continual, and the roads in this province much less obstructed by repairs than in many counties of England. Certainly the tea equipage is not generally understood by the French: a tin pot, with a cover which rarely fits, is in lieu of tea urn, to which a plate, basin, and large table-spoon is the couvert; and those substitutes for fingers, the sugar-tongs and salt-spoon, are never put upon a table, though they sometimes ornament a shelf."

And, again,

"I feel quite at home amongst these good-humoured, obliging people, who seem pleased at foreigners visiting them. A merry little couturiere has arranged me a complete téte, and showed me how to place it on my own: the watchmaker who repaired my watch brought me a beautiful musical box of his own making, which played several tunes correctly, while the transparency of its tortoiseshell case showed every motion of its works: the price was 100 francs.

"The young people follow us civilly, gather the prettiest wild flowers, and seem intent on directing rather than incommoding us. Those who laugh do so because encouraged by a smile; and their caps and our

bonnets may well entertain each other. The beauty of the women is remarkable: they have generally fine or elegant features, mild countenances, and often very fair complexions, which set off their fanciful dress. The bourgeoise emulates the capital, and her laced mob cap and broad gauze ribands would rival the prettiest déshabille of the fairest countess in London. Their manner is perfectly good, neither awkward nor confident; their words are ready, and the tone of their voice is very pleasing."

Yet these people are Catholics, and have preserved the integrity of their religion. "You can," she says, "nearly guess the people's sentiments, from their manner. An open, cordial civility, and unsuspicious and guileless eye, characterise the right-minded, that is, the faithful to their God and their king. An abrupt tone, a fierce, yet lurking expression, generally denounce the unsettled: sometimes an atrocious mien will betray the horrors which atheism and profligacy are still attempting to bring on a country, which, after undergoing so many shocks, cannot yet have settled itself into perfect order." The conduct of the religious is calculated to promote the interests of piety.

"My companion had tired; and I set forth to explore. A rural mill-stream attracted me to meadows fragrant with hay; but the dampness of the ground cooled my pastoral ardour, and I turned to a steep, rocky, and wooded lane, which, after several windings, brought me to the front door of the 'hospice.' A poor man was at that instant presenting himself to the porteress, and I followed him into the court of the building, which is spacious, and open at one end to the garden. A form being needful to pass the man into the interior, I went into the chapel, which is neat and commodious. The altar is gilded, decorated as usual, and has a tolerable picture of our Saviour at the tomb of Lazarus: the walls are hung with pictures, not good certainly, but the subjects are judiciously chosen, and the cross is every where pre-eminent. A grate separates the nuns of St. Lazare, who reside with their superior in the house, and who are always so exemplary in their attention to the sick, and their care of the aged and children.

"My guide now returned, and I went through the four large airy wards, which are comfortably furnished, and perfectly clean. The convalescents looked happy; and the smile and nod even the sick gave to the old porteress, showed that kindliness pervaded the establishment."

Here, as elsewhere, genuine piety has not interrupted the progress of literature. There is no provincial town in England better provided than Le Mans with the materials of knowledge. Speaking of libraries, the "Spinster" says,

"That of Pesche circulates books, and his catalogue is very creditable. Belon's is a very superior bookseller's shop, and Monsieur is an intelligent, obliging person: you have every brochure from Paris as fast as the diligence wheels can bring them, and they have constant communication with Nantes and Angers, whose presses are often active. There are yet two other bookshops, moderately good; and the great and valuable library of the Prefecture is open every day, except Wednesday, from ten till three o'clock. Its librarian is an intelligent, polite young man, who readily assists you to books; and, as the rooms are spacious, you may establish yourself without incommoding or being incommoded."

At Le Mans our fair tourist stops to record the remarkable events which have befallen the province; in doing this she bears testimony to the beneficial influence of the Catholic religion.

"Ferocious tribes of wandering Germans, hordes of savage Northmen, desolated their province, and destroyed every trace of civilization; when, after a horrid darkness, light began to dawn; a ray was seen advancing from the ancient imperial city; and soon the Preacher of peace diffused

the beneficent beams of the gospel through the whole extent of ancient Roman rule.

"The Manceaux acknowledge St. Julian as their apostle, who was sent to them in the third century by St. Clement himself, a privileged disciple of St. Peter. The cathedral was dedicated by the grateful people to their first preacher; and fountains, to which he gave miraculous power, are to this day under his patronage. Ecclesiastical schools were founded in this city as early as 586, and their directors were held in esteem even by a St. Gregory of Tours. The Jews were kindly tolerated, and Berengaria, the widow of Richard Cœur de Lion, to whom Philippe Auguste gave La Maine as dower, granted them a charter and a schoolhouse near the Pont-Neuf, which, within my friend's remembrance, had retained the name of la Juivrerie. Berengaria, who died in 1232, lies in effigy in the cathedral, and besides other good works, she was the foundress of l'Abbaye de l'Epaun near the city."

Her opinion of the monks differs considerably from that entertained by Mr. Planché.

"Great was the encouragement which Geoffrey Plantagenet, his spouse Matilda, and their son Henry II. of England, who was born at Le Mans, gave to letters; and the renown of the province, for the accuracy and elegance of its language, was celebrated by the erudite William of Malmesbury. Thus learning acquired patrons and advocates; the enormous value set on books, and the great price paid for them, shows the eagerness with which all states and professions pursued knowledge. A present of a few volumes to the schools of Le Mans immortalized an abbot; and a countess of Anjou gave two hundred sheep, a measure of wheat, another of rye, another of millet, and a certain number of martin's skins for a copy of Aimon's homilies. In some monasteries, days were set apart to pray for authors and donors of books, who brought their gifts to the altar, where they presented them 'pro remedio animæ suæ.' Even in those days, when the difficulties in the path of knowledge were almost insurmountable to the laity, woman had the resolution to overcome them; and a female poet is eulogised by Bishop Hildebert in 1100, though, to spare her diffidence, the worthy pastor has concealed her name. A wise order was enforced in the twelfth century, that nuns should be sufficiently instructed in Latin to understand the breviary; and a letter extant from a nun of l'Abbaye du Pré, on the death of St. Bruno, shows that the recluses of Le Mans could write as well as read.

"In the early ages of Christian Europe, the religious orders must have had the most beneficial influence over countries whose nobles were mostly lawless tyrants, struggling with their neighbours for their mastery; whose people were plunged in the grossest ignorance, and reduced to the most abject slavery. The monks of that period were often men of irreproachable lives, of unwearying zeal, of great and various knowledge; consequently they could speak with an effect, an authority, and an eloquence unattainable by the warlike feudal baron, or the retainer who practised only arms and revels in his chieftain's halls.

"Difficult as were the means of holding communication through countries at open feud or threatening jealousy with every surrounding state, it was well that the awe of the monastic habit often suffered these defenceless men to pass unmolested. The frequent transmigration, too, of relicts, and the incomprehensible working of miraculous gifts, gave at length to distant people an interest in each other, and a higher value for themselves. It was after one of these embassies, in the year 840, that the episcopal church of Paderborn, in Westphalia, obtained, as a special favour, the body of St. Liboire, one of the earliest bishops of Le Mans. His virtues had sanctified his memory, and his friendship with St. Martin of Tours had given evidence of his zeal and knowledge. The journal of the saint's progress has been inserted by a curious collector, (Bollandus) in his 'Actes,'

and proves the credulity of the people and the omnipotence of the church. The advantage, however, of these interchanges was always great, as they kept up a spirit of kindliness and gratitude between the givers and the receivers. In 1648, many churches of Germany lost their privileges by the erection of secular principalities: the dean and chapter of Le Mans, mindful of the fraternity existing between the church of Paderborn and their own, interceded with Louis XIV., who obtained the preservation of the bishopric and church privileges of Paderborn. In 1761 the princes of Brunswick, again anxious to secularise it, prohibited the chapter, after the death of their bishop, from proceeding to a new election. Their brethren of Le Mans again interceded for them, wrote to the duc de Choiseul, who, under the authority of Louis XV., requested and obtained a renewal and confirmation of their ancient rights and dignities.

"When, during the troubles of the Revolution in 1792, the Bishop of Le Mans was severed from his flock, he found an asylum at Paderborn, and the stipend which the chapter assigned to him while in exile, was punctually remitted to the unfortunate pastor by their dean. When such 'brotherly kindness and charity' survive through ages, the superstition that first caused the intercourse is almost excused."

After this, we shall not quarrel with our author respecting the propriety of her use of the epithet "superstitious." Those practices and ceremonies which Protestants thoughtlessly condemn, were mainly instrumental in civilizing Europe. Our lady traveller seems to be of this opinion; for, after describing, in very eloquent terms, some of the religious rites which she witnessed at the different churches at Paris, she says,

"Every stranger should be directed to notice an effect at St. Sulpice, which, strange to say, is not usually pointed out, and which I was glad to have by chance discovered. When at the high altar, turn, raise your eyes towards the central dome, and if ever you feel holy reverence, that personification of the 'Word,' which appears in the attitude of blessing his creatures, assembled beneath at his altar, will undoubtedly impart it. The painting is too distant to allow of clearly distinguishing its merits; but the effect it produces equals that of the awful 'Logos,' that divine inspiration of Leonardo da Vinci. Effect only is spoken of, for the pictures, undoubtedly, could not, in point of execution, be compared. At St. Sulpice, the august temple itself, the magnificent dome, the striking position of the figure, heighten illusion; but in the gallery of Lee Court, where the chef-d'œuvre of the finest genius that ever honoured human nature is exhibited, surprise, awe, amounting even to terror, is produced by the power alone of that tremendous countenance.

"I can imagine nothing more capable of attaching ardent, susceptible, uninstructed young persons to the Romish faith, than accustoming them to the beautiful services performed on high festivals in these fine churches, most particularly St. Geneviève. Those domes, those chapels, those effective paintings and statues, especially that of the saint herself, which is lately finished and erected, all give exaltation to the mind, which is then most apt to be worked into enthusiasm. This fine piece of sculpture is the production of a modern French artist,—of such a master as would have rejoiced Canova,—for he, like our West, hailed and encouraged genius, of every country. She is represented in her shepherdess's attire: the delicacy of her features—the perfectly innocent and resigned expression of her countenance—her graceful dignity, that shows 'the freedom of her soul' has remained untouched by the ignominy, the slavery to which malice has reduced her—might well charm the simple votary into idolatry. The folds of her drapery are classic; her hat light, flexible, as straw itself; and the form and attitude of her hands, in one of which her crook lightly rests, are in accordance with the air and elegance of the whole figure.

"It is rather a remarkable circumstance, that in 1777, when this superb edifice was building, some lines were made, that proved prophetic of the purpose to which the republic afterward allotted it.

Il s' élève à Paris un temple auguste, immense,
Digne de Geneviève, et des vœux de la France :
Tardive piété ! dans ce siècle pervers
Tu prepares en vain des monumens divers.
Avant qu'il soit fini, ce temple magnifique,
Les saints et Dieu seront proscrits,
Par la secte philosophique
Et des temples, et de Paris.

"This church was not finished when the Revolution broke out; and, the change of its name to 'the Pantheon,' and the devoting it to 'les hommes illustres,' by depositing the remains of Voltaire and Rousseau in its capacious crypt, entirely verified the prediction."

And, subsequently speaking of Italy, she indulges in similar reflections. "It must be," she says, "the splendour of these religious buildings, with the music and the august ceremonies often performed in them, that preserves the taste and humanizes the manners of this poor and ignorant people." Of their poverty and ignorance, however, she furnishes no proofs; but those are things which English travellers always take for granted. Notwithstanding the studied malignity of our enemies, they cannot refuse bearing, occasionally, involuntary testimony to the utility of our religious practices. "The monasteries," says a writer in the last Quarterly (No. 57), "were schools of devotional music, and many times during the day the voices of the choir were heard swelling from the neighbouring abbey, 'over some wide-watered shore.' The labourer as he woke with the sun to his accustomed toil; or as, in southern climates, he reposed from the heat of the burning noon; or as he lingered weary on his return at evening to his dwelling; the traveller at midnight—all were reminded of the Heavenly Father and Redeemer, by the solemn strain of the organ from the commanding minster, or the sweeter and gentler voices which pealed from the chapel of the convent. Doubtless, the exquisite beauty of these services must have won many to worship, in ignorance perhaps, but still in humble sincerity. Though their understandings did not comprehend the words, yet their hearts felt the purport of those exalting or pathetic harmonies. We, who are, perhaps, the most unmusical nation in the world, and too many of us not disposed to judge candidly of the religion of the dark ages, cannot estimate fairly the real devotional effects of the old church music: it did not, it is true, impart religious knowledge, but did it not awaken and exalt religious affections? did it not excite multitudes to join in its hallelujahs, who would otherwise have been almost without God in the world?"

It is now time, however, to return to Le Mans. Before quitting this town, our fair tourist procured a female companion to accompany her in her future wanderings.

"Her parents were respectable: though poor, they had given her an excellent education, and her perfect conduct had gained her the esteem of all ranks. Good temper, good health, good manner, made me without apprehension for herself; and the satisfaction she showed at my arrangements convinced me that she would prove a most helping companion. These expectations were entirely answered; and throughout my travels I found so much advantage in having a native with me in France, and a Roman Catholic when the French frontiers were passed, that all English ladies

would do wisely in securing to themselves such a pleasant assistant. It is an illiberal and erroneous judgment that we often form of French women. Because they have ease and liveliness of manner, we imagine their thoughts and their conduct unsteady. But observe a well-educated Frenchwoman of any rank, watch her attentively, and you will find that her ease proceeds from an obliging disposition, and her liveliness from a good and guileless heart. The religion of many people in France being much reformed from that of the unhappy beings still under the tyranny of Rome, whose reason is fettered by ignorant monks and selfish priests, powerfully influences the principles which every thinking French mother is careful to fix in her child. Then the laws of society are strict in France, and to appearance rigidly observed; consequently, a respectable young Frenchwoman attends to the convenances with a punctilio not always regarded by us, even in high rank. This gives an additional charm to foreign travel, for a well-bred English lady will always experience respectful and prompt attention from the inferior classes abroad—courtesy, and, if she so choose, kindness from her equals. If she wishes for society, and is known to be well regarded in her own country, her acquaintance will be sought, even though adverse fortune may prevent her from appearing with those adventitious circumstances her station might be supposed to command."

It gives us great satisfaction to find that religion is rapidly regaining her useful dominion in the rural districts of France. Our fair traveller saw everywhere manifestations of this fact; on coming to market the peasantry retired, before they exposed their commodities, to the church; and the celebration of mass, it appears, is numerously attended. Speaking of a little chapel at La Flèche, she says:—

"Its decorations, as in most chapels and churches in these dioceses, have been refreshed; the altar and shrine are neatly restored, and its numberless offerings show it to be the favourite oratory of the young and the tasteful. The ceiling is of painted wood; the ancient cornice is carved into ships, whose form and rigging reminded me of the old paintings in Hampton-court-palace, of the 'Invincible Armada.'

"The church of La Flèche is spacious and neatly restored, and at the nine o'clock service many persons of all ages and ranks attended; after which procession of the host was made round the church, the first Thursday of the month being here appointed for the ceremony." * * *

"A very good girls' school has been conducted many years by an Englishwoman, who has excellent testimonials from all the authorities of the town. Her house is spacious, and well situated in the most open part of the town; and the specimens she showed me of her pupils' drawing, work, &c. were very creditable to them and their masters. She generally accommodates a parlour boarder, as ladies often prefer the protection of being in a family, to living alone in a foreign country. Her terms are moderate, and she appeared, as indeed she has the character of being, a liberal minded person. She has conformed to the church of Rome; and it must be observed that the zeal of the 'missionaries' in these provinces is ardent; the watchfulness of the priests unceasing. Many of the ceremonies of ages past are being revived; and the procession in honour of the Virgin, instituted by Louis XIII., is acted simultaneously throughout France on the 15th of August with much splendour." * * *

"After some hours passed at the chateau, we proceeded to the pretty little village of St. George. Sunday in every country is a cheering day, when the people attend their religious duties with pleasure, and collect their families around them with kindness. Such did the habitants of this populous village, whose church is rebuilding with a taste that shows Monsieur de Serrant as good a friend to the clergy as any former seigneur du château. It was the Sunday of procession; all classes, for there appears a scale at St. George, attended their pastor reverently through the village,

while his benevolent serious countenance showed him attentive to the people committed to his care.

"The pure air, the cheerfulness of the country, the walking up to a côte, whence a fine panoramical view of La Vendée, and all around meadows, woods, villages interspersed, detains you, regardless of time; the bien-être which rural scenes inspire, kept us content the whole day. Ere its close we had a simple but sufficient meal, neatly served at the village-inn, where cleanliness and kindliness were still characteristics. Pleased with the country, the people, each other, and ourselves, we returned to the hotel, and found rest, after the exertions of the day, doubly sweet."

The château of which she speaks, is that of Serrant near Angers, the history of which is somewhat curious. The castle is a quadrangular building, erected at different periods, yet forming a handsome and uniform whole. It is kept in a state of elegant preservation, and stands about a quarter of a mile out of the high road to Ancenis, and two hours' drive from Angers. The domains of Serrant have been enregistered so far back as the twelfth century. In 1636 it fell into the hands of William Bautré, a creature of Cardinal Mazarin, who subsequently obtained a patent of nobility. His daughter and heiress sold Serrant to an Irishman, the grandson of Captain Walsh, on board whose ship the unfortunate James II. was conveyed to France. Another of the Walshes fitted out a vessel in a port of Brittany, to carry Charles Edward to Scotland. It was in compliment to these services to their kings, that Louis XV. afterwards granted Mr. Walsh letters of nobility; and the antiquity of their family is expressed in their patent. "The Walsh born in France, but of Irish origin, have proved by authentic documents, that they are of an ancient noble family of Ireland, which traces its descent from Philip Walsh, surnamed 'the Breton,' who in 1174 killed with his own hand the chief of the Danish fleet, then devastating his country. By this action he not only acquired glory, but large possessions in Ireland, which his descendants enjoyed, and even increased by distinguished alliances. The splendour and wealth of the Walshes subsisted while it was permitted for subjects who continued faithful to God and their king to preserve their titles and possessions."

After a few weeks spent in La Vendée, our tourist proceeded to Paris, and having seen the lions of the French metropolis, she prosecuted her route to Italy, but did not penetrate further than Genoa. Here she was particularly attentive to whatever concerned religion.—"It is not," she says, "possible, but that the Christian who has been taught to 'search the scriptures' from her youth, must regret that 'the book' is still kept closed to so many of her brethren, and that a veil still conceals the 'only Saviour' from their view. Never, during my sojourn in this country, did I hear the mediation of Christ invoked!" We have too many proofs of the fair writer's ingenuousness to suppose her guilty of a wilful misrepresentation; and, perhaps, like the 'lady traveller,' who wrote "Three Years in Italy," she has been betrayed into an error, from her ignorance of the classical language. Had she understood Latin, and been present, as no doubt she was, at the celebration of mass, she would not have made the above charge. The Bible, contrary to her assertion, is not a sealed book to the people; but in justice to our author we must say, that this is nearly the only piece of downright cant in her volume.

THE REV. MR. POPE'S INACCURACIES.

To the Editor of the Catholic Miscellany.

MR. EDITOR,—It is with feelings of great reluctance, that I resume the tedious and disgusting business of exposure. My communications already, cannot but have been wearisome and uninteresting to the major portion of your readers; and, did I anticipate drawing much further on your pages and their patience, I should be tempted to make a forced march through the remainder of Mr. Pope's quotations and authorities, and animadvert upon those only, that present themselves in more prominent features, and that merit more immediate and special observation. However, for the satisfaction of all, it gives me pleasure to state, that my examination is drawing to a close. My original and only intention was, to examine the celebrated polemic's extracts from the Fathers and writers of the Catholic Church. In attempting this I have advanced progressively, and noticed all those passages that appeared to me to demand attention, and which no opponent, though pre-eminently gifted, could be expected invariably to reply to, from the resources of study however assiduous, and the supplies of a memory however retentive. If the tone of my communications has been almost uniformly that of dreadful crimination, I must say, in all the soberness of reflection, that I could not adopt a different tone, without a flagrant departure from truth. The monotonous tongue of slander and falsehood has been at work for centuries, putting forth its baseless allegations, with a daringness of purpose and impudence of repetition, that would seem to bespeak in its partisans, a total abandonment of every thing like honest principle and human feeling. Truly is it painful for us to declare, that there never was, perhaps not even a single individual of our Protestant opponents, who stated and attacked our doctrines fairly. Their predominant passion is mis-statement; and this is become so habitual, that we almost despair of ever dislodging it. But we console ourselves with this reflection, that, however dishonourable the weapons may be which our enemies employ, the truth of our doctrines, to borrow the exquisite language of the Roman lyrist, like the republic of the seven-hilled city, ever buoyant amidst the waves of adversity, shall always appear in all the vigour of strength, and in all the spotlessness of unsullied beauty:

"Merses profundo, pulchrior evenit."

1. Mr. Pope, with his wonted intrepidity, in his third speech on the fifth day's discussion, presents us with two extracts from Ephrem of Antioch, and Facundus of Sirmium. The one from Ephrem, which goes to show, that after consecration the "sensible substance" still remains, is perfectly orthodox. The polemic only blunders about the words *nature* and *substance*. The Catholic Church never maintained that Christ was palpably present in the Eucharist. Facundus merits no other notice as connected with the present inquiry, than that Mr. Pope should be instructed that he (Facundus) was engaged in schism.

Here we are again introduced to Alphonsus de Castro. Mr. Pope's former quotation from this sound reasoner, was a pitiful specimen of garbling and perversion. The Bishop of Compostella does say, that rare mention is made by the early writers, of transubstantiation and several other doctrines, *sub talibus nominibus;* but Mr. P. forgot to subjoin, what directly follows his insulated words, that whoever should be so presumptuous, as to question this or any other mysterious doctrines of the Church, would involve himself in the guilt of heresy, as did the

great patriarch of the Reformation, Luther, against whom Alphonsus was writing. Mr. Pope miscalculates dreadfully, if he contemplates any advantage to his cause from the pen of Alphonsus de Castro.

At the commencement of the fourth speech, Mr. P., on referring to the Roman Missal, where directions are given on any accident befalling the sacramental species, takes occasion to favour his audience with a sneering translation of the rubric. A person of Mr. Pope's acquirements could not but know that, though a sneer is not an unfrequent substitute for an argument, and though oftentimes "it is easier to laugh ten follies out of countenance, than to coax, reason, or flog a man out of one," such a subject was of too awful a character, to admit of so pitiful and contemptible an auxiliary. He should have prefaced his translation, by reminding his auditors that the Catholic firmly believes in the real presence; and not only so, he should have borne in mind, that many of the most distinguished authorities of his own Church, were staunch supporters of the same doctrine. A sneer, eventually, often inflicts a wound on the very cause which it is intended to benefit.

2. The celebrated disputant closes his objections to the doctrine of the real presence, by asserting in a tone of confidence, that "the Syriac language possesses no word meaning *to signify*, and that, therefore, our Lord was under the necessity of using the auxiliary verb." Mr. Maguire showed to demonstration the inconclusiveness of this argument, by reminding his opponent that, granting that our Saviour did speak in the Syriac tongue, still the Evangelists, or two of them at least, did not write their Gospels in the Syriac tongue, but in the Greek, which has a variety of words meaning to represent; and certainly the inspired penmen would not misrepresent their divine master. Though this reply is perfectly satisfactory, a preferable and more direct rejoinder may be made to this impudent falsehood. The Rev. Hartwell Horne was, I believe, the first to put forth this shameless assertion, viz. that the Syriac possessed not a single word to express the idea of a figure. Whether Hartwell Horne made this statement through ignorance or malice, it is not for me to say; but whatever might have been his reasons, he has most assuredly stated what is *untrue*; as any one may be convinced, who will take the trouble to consult the very erudite biblical production of Dr. Wiseman on Syriac Literature.* In his learned dissertations, he proves that the Syriac abounds in words that express the idea of figure, by giving a list of words, amounting to more than forty, that positively mean figure. These words too, are selected from the most classical and standard Syriac writers; and by adducing citations from these authors, he proves that the meaning which he attaches to them, is the true one. What opinion can we, or his admirers, entertain of Horne and his copyists, who, with the utmost *sang froid*, ignorantly or maliciously originate such lying statements as the one under review? But we must bear in mind what Dr. Whitaker, one of their own champions, has penned, that such conduct is characteristic of Protestantism and its abettors; it is the "head and front of their offending."

3. The sequel of my inquiry now brings me to a short extract from Cardinal Bellarmine, which, if nothing else had been adduced against Mr. Pope, would ruin all his pretensions to good faith, and demonstrate

* See a well-written notice and analysis of Dr. Wiseman's work, in the Catholic Miscellany for December, 1827, p. 404.

him to be any thing but a candid and honest polemic. I will first transcribe Mr. Pope's own quotation, as it stands in his first speech on the sixth day, and .then allow the learned Cardinal to speak for himself. Mr. Pope's extract on the subject of unity is this: "All things necessary for all, are written by the Apostles." Dico illa omnia scripta esse ab apostolis quæ sunt omnibus necessaria. De verbo non scrip. Lib. 4, c. 11. Now mark the passage, as it is found in Bellarmine's controversial writings: "*His notatis*, dico, illa omnia scripta esse ab apostolis, quæ sunt omnibus necessaria, et quæ ipsi palam omnibus vulgo prædicaverant; alia autem non omnia scripta esse." The reader will observe, that Mr. P. has omitted the two words at the beginning of the quotation, upon which, the meaning of those that follow entirely hinges. To understand the passage then, it will be necessary briefly to analyze the premises, upon which the Cardinal bases his concession; which premises are contained in five paragraphs, antecedent to the one from which Mr. P. produces his solitary and naked clause, and to which the words "his notatis" immediately refer. Bellarmine is replying to some objections, adduced by Kemnitius from the early writers of the Church. In the first paragraph he gives the objected passage from St. Irenæus, and Kemnitius's inference. In the second he replies, by maintaining that St. Irenæus does not say, that the Apostles preached nothing more than what they wrote. In the third, supposing even that they did not, a distinction, observes the Cardinal, must still be made, between things simply and absolutely necessary, and things that are not; or, as the theologians term it, between things necessary *necessitate medii*, and things necessary *necessitate præcepti*. In the fourth, he states his reasons from Scripture for drawing this distinction. In the fifth he allows, that the Apostles might have preached to their converts, previous to their admission into the Church, those things that were necessary *necessitate medii*, but not the rest. Then comes the passage in question, beginning with the words "*his notatis*," which derive their meaning from the five precedent paragraphs, and which qualify the garbled and perverted clause, cited by the disingenuous opponent of Mr. Maguire. Whoever will take the trouble to collate the clause quoted by Mr. P. with the original, must come to one of these conclusions, either that he never saw the original, or that he was actuated by an over ardent zeal to prove his devotion to the Established Church, by acting most maliciously and most wickedly towards those, whose cause he was engaged to ruin: facto pius, et sceleratus eodem.

In this, as well as in most other instances, Mr. P. has shot his arrows far beyond the mark, to which a more discreet and more calculating attachment to his object would have directed them. Like the bribe-devouring judges mentioned by Hesiod in his "Works and Days," where he tenders some lessons of instruction to his unfeeling brother, Mr. Pope, by grasping at the unreasonable and monstrous whole, lost not only the whole, but even the half, which he might otherwise have succeeded in acquiring:

Νηπιοι ουδ' ισασιν οσῳ πλεον ημισυ παντος.

The indulgence of another page in your next number, Mr. Editor, will rid you of so troublesome and uninteresting a correspondent as Candidus.

Yours, &c.

CANDIDUS.

PROTESTANTISM IN GERMANY.*

WERE we not informed by the divine Apostle that heresies will arise, we should feel inclined to conclude, that the Protestant Reformation, from the effects it has produced, would be the last convulsion that should vex the church of Christ. Were mankind left to exercise a dispassionate judgment on attested facts, this would undoubtedly be the case. The progress of Protestantism in every country of Europe, bears testimony to the truths of Catholicism, the necessity of unity, and the importance of discipline. Since the days of Luther, the Reformation has gone on reforming: it has found no resting-place: in "wandering mazes lost," its professors have never known that quiet, which arises from the conviction of being in possession of truth: they have embraced every conflicting doctrine, but, dissatisfied with all, they may be considered as still in pursuit of orthodoxy: the tenets and preachers which pleased them to-day, lose their influence to-morrow; and, glorying in the shadow of religious liberty, falsely imputed to private interpretation, they oscillate between infidelity and Christianity. In this country, a multitude of sects give evidence of religious discontent, and, by implication, an absence of truth. In the place of its birth, Protestantism has produced more fearful consequences: the genius of the Reformation has taken the monstrous dimensions of atheism, and, with a frightful dishonesty, has disseminated its unhallowed doctrines from Christian temples. Its preachers retain the garb of religion, and, in the name of Jesus, they have inculcated tenets subversive of His dominion. It is not our wish to hurt the feelings of our Protestant brethren, but in stating facts, we trust we shall not be accused of wanton disrespect towards those who differ from us, and we must say that the conviction is forced upon us, that all this folly and blasphemy is attributable to the Reformation. It could hardly be otherwise: to support the new creed, it was necessary to impeach the old one: in doing this, however, the foundation of Christianity was impaired; for we cannot see how doubt could be excluded from that mind, which was assured that the Church of Rome—the only visible church on earth for centuries—was the strong-hold of error. It was contradicting the express promise of Christ: and thus, in spite of every thing to the contrary, an incipient scepticism was begotten. It was quite logical to conclude, that the whole was mortal where a part was unsound; and that this was really the case, the history of the last three hundred years will clearly prove. Those, however, who were not "liberal" enough to embrace infidel opinions, had no bond of unity among themselves; private interpretation, and the "Bible only," destroyed all hopes of uniformity. Confessions of faith were multiplied in vain; articles, from thirty-nine to one hundred and thirty-nine, proved equally inefficacious; the principles of the Reformation encouraged the wanderings of the human intellect; and the consequence is now apparent in every place where Protestantism prevails. In Germany, most extravagant opinions predominate. The author of the pamphlet before us, was dispatched by the Heads of the University of Cambridge, some two or three years since, to ascertain the state of religion among our sombre neighbours, and, on his return, he published the result of his

* An Appendix to "The State of the Protestant Religion in Germany;" being a Reply to the German Critiques on that work. By Hugh James Rose, B.D. London, 1828: C. and J. Rivington: J. and J. J. Deighton, Cambridge.

observations, in the form of sermons. The work excited a great sensation in this country: the Catholic controversialists in Ireland frequently appealed to it; and some good Protestants lamented its appearance. It gave a tacit triumph to the Catholics. The German divines viewed it in a very different light: some regarded it as they had previously regarded the Word of God—as an object of ridicule; others saw in it cause of alarm:—it might have the effect of exciting the civil power to acts of intolerance; and several undertook to reply to it. Mr. Rose says:—

"The object of my work was to show that certain opinions, entirely at variance with what is commonly considered as Christianity in England, have been widely held and taught in Germany, and that the influence they attained is mainly attributable to certain deficiencies in the Constitution of the German Churches. The statements which I made, undoubtedly represented a very singular state of things; and the inferences to which they led are assuredly of very considerable importance. As several German writers have undertaken to destroy the credit of my work, I am anxious to afford the English reader an opportunity of judging between my antagonists and myself; and of ascertaining, (1.) Whether I have *endeavoured* to represent things fairly; and (2.) whether I have succeeded in doing so, or, in other words, whether my account may be relied on.

"To the English Reader then I would beg to present the following brief view of the case.

"My principal adversaries admit that I have *endeavoured* to write fairly, but they accuse me of having been misled by others, of ignorance, and of exaggeration. To the first of these accusations I beg to put in here a distinct and positive denial, and to say, that I have received no assistance whatever. The correctness or incorrectness of my statements is wholly due to myself. With respect to the charges of ignorance and exaggeration, I must refer the reader to the following pages for my defence. But I must add here, what may perhaps be still more satisfactory to many persons, and what could not be adduced in reply to any specific charges, viz. the testimonies of other writers to the truth of the statements I have made. It will then be easy for others to judge, whether in accusing a vast portion of the German Protestant divines of holding opinions which degrade Christianity from a divine to a human institution, I went beyond the truth.

"First, I will adduce the words of Reinhard, one of those admirable and venerable men who in an apostate age adhered firmly, though always mildly, to the degraded and contemned doctrines of Christianity.

"'I became,' says he, 'a preacher at a time when our innovating theologians had arrived at making the Christian system so simple and so easy to comprehend, that *it was nothing more than pure Deism.* At this epoch, *whoever aspired to reputation, or to the eulogies of the journals, must, as an almost indispensable condition, have attacked the authenticity of some book of Scripture, or the truth of some point of doctrine.* He who dared to present himself in public without paying his tribute *to the spirit of the age,* had no other reception to expect than contempt and ridicule—you know that I experienced how incomprehensible my attachment to old ideas was judged to be, and with what injustice, harshness, and bitterness, the journalists spoke of it. One indeed thought it right to collect the bitterest of these reproaches, and to form them into a little volume.'* Reinhard then goes on to state, that he never said a word in his own defence, but that *his friends* endeavoured to excuse him, by saying, 'that

* Neueste Protestantische bekenntnisse uber Sectengeist und kanzel-krieg, veranlasst durch die Reinhardische Reformationspredigt von 1800, gesammelt von Wilhelm Köster.

it was not from ignorance that he adhered to *a superannuated faith*—that circumstances probably compelled him (for there could be no doubt that he *was perfectly convinced of the truth of the new opinions—what man of sense could think otherwise?*) or that perhaps he thought that a teacher of religion was bound to teach what was presented to him.' After noticing how painful such a defence was to one who loved truth above all things, he explains how he arrived at a belief in orthodox Christianity.—He observes, that the only consistent opinions are pure Deism, and a full belief in Christianity as a divine Revelation; that a mixture which allows a sort of joint and equal reign of Reason and the Word of God can only lead to confusion, and to a want of clear views and fixed principles. He then adds, 'This middle road appeared to me to be that taken by most of the theologians who were at work to purify Christianity. I say *by most;* for an attentive observer saw clearly that there were men among them who perfectly knew to what their opinions tended, in a word, *true Deists*, who found it more prudent not to announce their real character, who in the bottom of their hearts rejected all positive religion without publicly attacking it. But in fact the greatest number of innovating theologians did not know what they wished, and did not understand to what their efforts led. They thought they had done a great service to truth in rejecting first one and then another doctrine of the whole system, while they retained others, which on the same grounds they ought to have rejected.—Thus was introduced into dogmatic theology a vacillation which deprived it of *all character of a system.* The greater part of these people did not know where they were; detached from the old system where Scripture decided every thing, but not having yet gained resolution to withdraw themselves wholly from its authority and to recognize only that of reason, these theologians established a sort of absurd compromise between the two. Sometimes they sought to satisfy reason at the expense of Scripture; sometimes they made it stoop to tolerate certain things too clearly taught to be denied. This was a negociation in which the parties alternately triumphed, as the negociator might chance to aspire to the reputation of Critic or Philosopher, and as his particular situation gave him more or less liberty. Can one be angry with Lessing for taking every occasion to laugh at the miserable system of the New Teachers, for expressing aloud his disgust at it, and his preference for the ancient orthodoxy.'

"It is true that it may be replied, that Reinhard is of a different opinion from the Rationalists. But, on the one hand, Reinhard was proverbial for his freedom from all violence; on the other, neither he nor a far more violent person could have any desire to exaggerate *the extent* of opinions which they disapprove.

"Staüdlin, in his latest work, 'The History of Rationalism and Supernaturalism,' in speaking of the eighteenth century, says, that 'Rationalism made greater strides during this period than it had ever done before, especially in Germany, and in the Protestant Church,' and that it is 'extraordinary and difficult to explain how Rationalism should have gained so great a preponderance, and so wide an extension among Christians *.'"

"But there is still one other consideration which I am desirous to submit to the English Reader. Putting aside all notice of particular accusations of inaccuracy which are answered in the following pages in detail, let me enquire, what is the answer which has been given to the accusations I have produced, viz. that for some years the German Protestant Churches have not been bound by any rule of faith; and that, in consequence, a very large and influential body of Clergy have openly professed and taught doctrines which more or less tend to deprive Christianity of its character as an immediate Revelation; I say, with truth, that I find no other answer than this—that Theology, like other sciences, must make

* Page 282.

progress—that enquiry cannot be stopped—that it is better to have learned and enquiring men as divines, even though their opinions differ from those laid down in the symbolical books, than mere men of form—that Scripture, interpreted as every one can, is a sufficient rule of faith—and that the Church of England, with all its Thirty-nine Articles, is in a very bad state. This is the sum of the reply of one of my two principal opponents. The other repeats these arguments and adds to them this only—that I am wrong in describing the Rationalists as one party, for that in fact there are four classes of them; the three first of which, according to the writer's own admission, go to the full lengths which I have stated; and the fourth, which he declares to be the largest, and which he considers as the very perfection of Christianity, 'regards the Bible and Christianity as a Divine Revelation in a higher sense than the Rationalists, inasmuch as they admit a revealing energy of God, distinguishable from his general Providence; carefully discriminate the periods of this divine communication; ground the divinity of Christianity more on its internal evidence than on its miracles; but chiefly draw a distinction between Scripture-doctrines and Church-creeds; reform the latter by the decisions of the Divine Word; but as regards the relation between reason and Revelation, maintain that it is the province of reason to scrutinize Revelation, which must not contain any thing *contrary to reason*, though it contain much that *is above it*.' Now, if I were disposed to cavil, I might certainly ask whether *Rationalism* could be more distinctly represented than in this creed, which professes to reject it? Who is a true Rationalist, but he who thinks that it is the business of reason to scrutinize *what is confessed to be Revelation*, or who acknowledges it to be a Revelation, *only* by its accordance with what his reason judges to be true? But this is a matter of little importance; I am desirous rather to point out the singularity of this creed as the creed of Christians. If they who hold it have *not* rejected the positive doctrines of Christianity, why not say so simply and distinctly, and thus at once put me to silence and to shame? It is in vain to hope that men can be deceived by a pretended dislike to Church systems and scholastic definitions and distinctions. We desire to know this and this only. Do the professors of this creed believe in the Divinity of the Saviour, in the justification of man through the Saviour's sacrifice, and in his sanctification by the Spirit? If they *do* believe in these doctrines, I repeat it, the bare statement of that belief will put me to confusion; if they do not believe them, why not equally avow their creed, and why complain of me for saying that they do not believe doctrines which they consider as neither Christian nor Scriptural? For this is the head and front of my offending."

Although most of the German critics who noticed Mr. Rose's sermons, have admitted the truth of his facts, they are, one and all, quite indignant, that an English Episcopalian should undertake to find fault with Protestantism in Germany. Religion, in this country, does not appear to have inspired them with any surprising veneration. They indulge their mirth at the expence of the established church, ridicule methodism, and charge some of the bishops with being infidels, play-actors, and grooms of the King's bedchamber. They do not stop here: the condition of Protestant curates in the wealthiest church in the world, supplies them with materials of invective, and to Mr. Rose's horror, they do not hesitate to ascribe the "frightful depravity" of the episcopal population, to the "fat epicurean appearance of the English clergy!"

"I could heartily wish," says Mr. Rose, "that on another point the writer spoke with as little reason as of the infidelity of our bishops, and our chapters of actors, and navy captains; but however violent and vulgar

his reproaches are, there is truth in what he says as to the want of a proper education for the clergy. He states with great truth, the completeness of the courses of divinity in the German universities; and the abuse of knowledge among a large party of the German divines, can never be alleged as an argument against deeper theological studies among ourselves. I do not mean that to individuals, private study may not answer as well, or better than public lectures; but in the Church we are not to think of individuals, but to form, for the sake of the Church and the people, a body of learned men—a task certainly very difficult without public instruction of the highest order.

Yet this clergy, imperfectly informed in theology, are constantly reproaching the Catholic priesthood of Ireland with ignorance! A slight experiment, however, has proved how grossly mistaken their assailants were! The Biblicals, the chosen and disciplined advocates of private interpretation, have been every where defeated. There was no selection on the part of the Catholic Clergy. The located priests were quite adequate to the task, and be it observed, in no instance have they imitated the bad taste of their Protestant adversaries: they have never misrepresented the principles of those who dissent from them. This fact is creditable to them as men and theologians; they understand not only their own principles, but the principles of those, who are surreptitiously endeavouring to insinuate themselves into their folds. Were the impugners of Catholicism equally well informed, we should have fewer polemical discussions. No Protestant clergyman, in England or Ireland, has either written or spoken on controversy, without being guilty of misrepresentation—sometimes too palpable, for even charity to suppose that it proceeded from ignorance.

What has been done in Ireland, is now doing in England. In no age has the Church been more ably defended, than within the last fifty years by English divines. Their works were written for eternity, and Protestants have acknowledged their respective merits: all sects are inclined to regard Dr. Lingard as a national historian. The great body of the English Clergy, however, like their brethren in Ireland, were too long content to be obscurely useful. Teachers and lovers of peace, they allowed the fanatical itinerants of the day, to deal forth uninterruptedly their falsehoods and blasphemy. In ordinary cases, religious controversy may not be desirable, but still there are few circumstances, under which it can prove hurtful to truth. There is no reason now, why we should refuse the challenges so ostentatiously given us. Victory has uniformly been awarded us, wherever our clergy have met our opponents; and frequent defeat has taught the most violent of our habitual calumniators to abate somewhat of their fury, and begot a more becoming moderation. The most bigoted Protestant alive cannot read the report of the meeting of the Reformation Society at Bristol, without feeling his prejudices weakened: he must be convinced, that the Catholic Clergy want neither talent nor knowledge; and be it observed, the triumphant opponents of the Church militant on this occasion, were the priests of Bristol, with the exception of the Rev. Mr. M'Donnell, of Birmingham, who is always to be found at his post. His extensive erudition, his experience, his fine tact, his keen and searching irony, give him peculiar advantages in discussions of this nature, The *Rev.* Captains must have enjoyed his laudations of the Established Church; his personal compliments to their holy zeal were admirable;

but, telling as these were, we question if they produced half the effect of that fine burst of natural feeling, which follows his appeal to the situation of his own unhappy country.*

Efficient, however, as Mr. M'Donnell's services were, the Rev. Gentlemen who are attached to the district, were quite adequate to the task of defeating the Reformationists without their aid. We have seldom read any thing more to the point, than the speech of the Rev. Mr. Edgeworth; he "spoke just the words he ought," and no more, and must have made an impression, which of itself would have been attended with beneficial consequences. Mr. O'Farrell evidently possesses that ready eloquence, which is peculiar to the Catholic Clergy. Pitt never displayed greater facilities in reply: he overwhelmed his adversaries with indignant ridicule.

We beg that the reader will not consider this allusion to the recent discussion at Bristol, as foreign to the purpose of this Review. It is useful to contrast, occasionally, the Clergy of the Catholic and Protestant Churches; and we cannot see the policy of that humility, which would permit egotistical falsehoods to circulate uncontradicted: a dignified station belongs to us; and it ought to be known, that, notwithstanding all the disadvantages under which we labour, our Clergy are not deficient in that learning, which Mr. Rose insinuates would be a desideratum in the Established Church!

Mr. Rose's critics are quite severe on the discipline of the Established Church, and allege, in excuse for their own rationalism, that the Liturgies and Confessions of Faith of the early Reformers, are too long and too absurd to be adhered to.

"I do *not* blame modern German divines," says Mr. Rose, "for the bad judgment which dictated their confessions of faith—but I blame them, because, although they *profess* to belong to a Lutheran or a Calvinistic Church, they hold few or none of the points of belief recognized by those Churches, and because they are thus guilty of gross deceit. To accuse me of bigotry for objecting to this is absurd; if the reviewer had read the Sermons he attacks, he would have found me saying, that they who could not agree in the faith of a given Church, should not *enter it*, but *should become openly teachers of Christianity under such a shape as they do admit.* Freedom, I agree with the reviewer, is an excellent thing, but honesty is a still better. And I ask, what sort of honesty is it to enter into a Church

* We cannot refrain from giving the extract in a note. "As to my own unfortunate country,—and I love her the more for her very misfortunes—she is doomed to be the victim of every scourge, and of that of Discord among the rest. Her favourite bard, in his beautiful allegory, represents her as sitting beside that ill-fated river, on whose banks she sacrificed her liberties to her allegiance to her king. In the waters of that river he represents the Demon of Discord as concealing his accursed darts, which he annually draws forth, to plunge them into the bosom of her children.

'When will this end, ye powers of good?'
She, weeping, asks, for ever?
But only hears, from out that flood,
The demon answer, 'Never!'

My ill-fated country I expect not to deliver from these emissaries of evil. For nearly three hundred years, have they been engaged in their vain attempt to destroy the Catholic religion there. Every means which earth and hell could afford, they have employed for this purpose. The sword of persecution has nearly fallen from the hands that have been actually wearied with using it; and by means of these Societies they are making another desperate attempt to destroy that faith, which, as sure as that there is a God in heaven, will last as long as the world shall endure."

whose faith you despise, and are perhaps labouring to overthrow? On this subject, however, I have spoken so fully in the reply to Dr. Bretschneider, that I deem it unnecessary to add another word. For the same reason I pass over all the absurdities of the journalist, with respect to the principles of the Reformation, (principles as much opposed to the practice of the Rationalists as light to darkness,) and go on to what he says on another point, the rule of faith in the German churches. They have still, he says, a guide of faith in the Scripture; an assertion which is directly followed by a statement, that Scripture is differently interpreted by different persons; and very soon by an observation, that the words Trinity, Atonement, God-man, &c. are not found in the Bible, and that God will never condemn men for disagreeing with Athanasius, or Augustine, I am well aware, that the difference between my German adversaries and myself, is here wholly irreconcilable. It rests on grounds not visible on the surface. The simple fact is, that they have no value for a Church, in our sense of the word, and do not see that any benefit arises from unity."

How could they? A disregard of Christian unity was manifested by every one of the early Reformers; and the Germans are in strict accordance with the spirit which led to the religious revolt three hundred years since, in rejecting all principles of unity. It is a necessary consequence of their situation: private interpretation and unity are incompatible. The Rationalists have a convenient way of explaining away the obvious meaning of Scripture; and here, too, they are only imitating the early Reformers.

"I have already noticed in my Sermons," says Mr. Rose, "the strange way in which the Rationalists retain the phrases of orthodox Christians, and attach a different meaning to them. They seem, like the wit, to think that words were invented only to deceive. This practice is most dangerous to others, and most discreditable to themselves. Most dangerous, I say, to others, because a treacherous friend is always worse than an open enemy. The Deist, (says Soame Jenyns, speaking of the English Rationalists,) comes like the multitude with swords and staves to take Jesus; the Rationalist, like Judas, betrays him with a kiss. But it is also most discreditable to themselves. They do not hold the opinions commonly called orthodox; why should they use, in expressing their belief, terms which, from their long usage in conveying those opinions, bear a definite and peculiar signification, different from that which the Rationalists choose to attach to them? Is any good or honest purpose answered by this proceeding? Are they ashamed or afraid of expressing, either collectively or individually, their real opinions? or have they no definite opinions at all? For example, the journalist says, that Christ is the Son of God, and in a peculiar sense the Saviour of mankind. Has he formed to himself any idea of the meaning of the phrase, *Son of God*, as expressed in Scripture? Does he mean by it, one who has any part in the Divine nature, or a mere man, favoured and protected by God?"

The Rationalists may answer negatively or affirmatively, and affirm, that his opinion is the result of private interpretation. Agreeably to the Protestant doctrine, he has a right to exclude Mr. Rose's notes and comments, and exercise his own judgment on the texts of Scripture, without reference to confessions of faith, creeds, or liturgies.

The wise and the good in Germany, disgusted with the folly of the metaphysicians, and the absurd blasphemy of the Rationalists, have sought Christian truth, where alone it is to be found, in the bosom of the Catholic Church. The Rationalists and Mr. Rose admit this, (p. 111,) and the fact is another proof, that we have nothing to apprehend from discussion, though the daring of man's intellect may occasionally approach the verge of infidelity.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF THE REV. JOSEPH BERINGTON.

[The kindness of the Correspondent to whom we have already expressed our obligations, has enabled us to lay the two following letters, now first published, before our readers.]

TO THE PROTESTANT FABULIST.*

SIR,—I rejoice that my remarks † on your *note* reached you, which were not sent by me, nor did I know that they had been printed till I received a copy. The date marked the day on which they were written: but I rejoice because they have drawn from you an exposition of the most obnoxious passage, which exposition amounts to a positive retractation. Every writer remains master of his own words: if incautiously he has said, that black is white, he may still be allowed to add, that by white he meant black. But as you knew what painful feelings the passage had excited in the breasts of some, whom you profess to esteem, the exposition should have come sooner; and had it been more open and candid, it would have done you more honour. Honourable also it is to have given my letter a place by the side of yours; and I will not say you were prompted to it by any conviction to which of the two, from their partialities, the greater part of readers would lean. You are giving circulation, I understand, to these letters; I shall, therefore, subjoin a few more remarks: But, Sir, where is the use of all this? To what end these mutual criminations? Why repeat charges and replies which have been reiterated now through the lapse of ages? Is the cause of real religion thus advanced; or is not its course retarded? Why look back to times when we certainly were guilty of many excesses, and when you were not always blameless? Rather take the Christian world as it now is, when the opinions of men, the maxims of conduct are much changed; and in this view of things, mutually contend who shall best promote, according to the divine model we have before us, the interests of that religion which we all profess to venerate. Your learning and accomplishments, if properly directed, might help to diffuse many kind affections: emulate the gentle character of your fabulist, and write no more uncalled-for notes.

And so, my gentle Sir, you, it seems, must not be considered the *aggressor* on this occasion; and my remarks on your note were an *attack!* There is something odd in your use of words. Thus you say:—"I am on the defensive against the *encroachments* which the advocates of the Catholic claims so pertinaciously press on the legislature." Your view is "to alarm the friends of the Protestant cause, rather than to *hurt* the Roman Catholics." In your vocabulary then, our endeavours and those of our friends to recover, by constitutional means, the rights of Englishmen, are *encroachments*; and your attempts to frustrate those endeavours are not meant to *hurt* us! You mean, I presume, that by long suffering we are become so callous as not to feel. Has it ever occurred to you, in a moment of composure, to reflect who the English Catholics are? That they are the venerable remains of the ancient natives of the land, still professing, under a thousand pressures, that religion, by the influence of which and the firm texture of their minds, was laid the solid basis of its constitution. And shall their endeavours to regain its blessings be deemed an *encroachment*, ye men of yesterday?

* The English translator of Fontaine's Fables.

† These remarks we have been unable to procure. ED.

Traverse the land, and walk the streets of Oxford. We raised these noble structures in honour of the living God, and to promote the cause of letters; while your piety, with all your wealth, and backed by an act of parliament, can barely cover a few feet of soil with stone and mortar. Look at the western front of your own cathedral. I call you not to the ruins accumulated by your reforming zeal; but from them, surely, you might take some profitable lessons of humility, and learn some respect for the name of Catholic.

With confidence I think I can assert, that if the passage in my letter, in which I tell you what is the doctrine we teach, grounding my exposition on the solemn words of our Saviour, as recorded by the two Evangelists, were perused by any minister of your establishment, without hesitation he would say, that the same was and must be the doctrine of every church which claimed its descent from Christ. The question, he would add, only is, in whose hands is lodged the deposit of revealed truths, while each sincere man believes it to be in those of the church or society of which he is a member. Your comment on the passage is unworthy of you. You say—"You admit there is a teaching authority *assumed* by the priesthood, to which all understandings must implicitly submit;" and you remind all those who presume to doubt of any of the articles of faith so taught, "that he that believeth not shall be damned." I leave these words to your further consideration, at which every thinking mind must pause, and at the same time, do run over the anathemas of the Athanasian creed, to the force of which, I must presume, you implicitly submit, as announced to you from your pulpits.

I pass over as very trifling, your sarcasm about sacerdotal *dicta*, a weapon which may be allowed to controversialists, when argument fails; and with the greatest good-nature, I will allow your Cranmer to rest in peace, enjoying the rewards of his *moderation* and consistency.

Now again to the pleasing theme of intolerance and persecution. If persecution, you say, be so repugnant as I have asserted to the principles of the Catholic religion, you wish to be informed "by what public document any of the atrocities imputed to us have been condemned?"—They have been condemned, Sir, in all ages, by the most moderate and really virtuous portion, and now by the universal voice of Christendom—an agent more potent than any formal document. As to the death of Huss, it was an unjustifiable and cruel act. Then, in your fancy's flights in quest of traces of persecution, you go up to the Saxon Heptarchy. Saxon Heptarchy! Were you not then in communion with the Saxon church? I really thought you did not begin to suspect error till ages later, when the Waldenses and Albigenses, and Wickliffites and Lollards began to disturb the peace of Europe, with whom now, indeed, you claim relationship; but who, had it been their fate to live in this country, and in the present day, would all be prosecuted by the Attorney-General for sedition and treason.

Alas, for the Courts of Inquisition! They are gone, or going: and what a fertile theme of declamation will then be lost. But two curious facts now present themselves. While Spain and Portugal are putting down those courts, and giving free expansion to the powers of mind, you, in humble imitation, are erecting similar tribunals: I mean the "*Society for the Suppression of Vice*," which has been some time in action, and the grand "*Constitutional Association*" just now entering on business. Their views and objects are precisely those of the Holy Office, with this

difference, that these courts were sanctioned and checked by their respective governments, while yours are self-created and uncontrouled.

You are not pleased at my assertion that England is "the most illiberal and intolerant nation on the face of the earth!" Then take into your hand the map of Europe, brush the film from your eyes, and examine in each nation the religious state of society; or rather, which may be safer, put the question to any candid man who has travelled well and widely. I know by experience what his answer will be. Then whisper in his ear—what do you think of England? Observe, I have no concern with any trivial, and may be superstitious, practices among the vulgar; but I allude to that spirit of toleration, rather of Christian liberality in governments and their people, which makes no distinction between man and man, but in his endowments and his virtues, and holds out to all the kind hand of fellowship. You have a licensed place of worship in Rome itself; and a more benevolent and tolerant man never lived than its present bishop.

Allow me a short digression, which is not foreign from the subject, and which further shows, in the midst of the light of Europe, how dark are your prejudices. A few weeks ago when our question was agitated in the House of Lords, a Right Rev. Prelate, a member of that house, as the papers told us, asserted before that august assembly, that there was in the Catholic church an authority "which assumed an unlimited dominion over the consciences, excluding from them all exercise of their own reason regarding *all matters of religion.*" This is not true in the invidious sense plainly meant: but let me ask his Lordship, what liberty his reason can exercise in the matters of his own religion, as he is aware that there is not a single article of the thirty-nine that he can conscientiously disbelieve, or dare publicly to controvert, though some of them are confessedly of human growth! The dominion over his conscience is here unlimited and absolute. He goes on—"It is a principle in that religion to regard all dissent in spiritual matters as rebellious contumacy, and to require of its votaries the uniform advocacy of her *interest and power.*" Nor is this true.—He proceeds: "It followed, that no oath or contract clashing with that interest or power of his church, could be deemed by a Catholic as *lawful* or *valid*; and none could be understood as being taken without a reservation of the nature he had alluded to. This reservation was implied in all the oaths and obligations of Catholics." If his Lordship when he uttered these words, did not know them in every syllable to be false, I am compelled to say, that he is more ignorant than the girl who watches by the cradle of his child, and frightens it, when it cries, with the sound—*no popery!* What can we say? Our reverence for the sacred character of oaths, in the face of every allurement to ambition or interest, has been visible to every eye that would see. Our peers might have taken their seats: places of trust and honour were open to our commoners: we applied to parliament for redress when the remedy, it seems, lay in our own hands: and now a prelate of your church tells us, that we have no regard for oaths; that we perjure ourselves on the very principle of our faith, when the interest and power of the church are concerned, not aware that that interest and power, under his idea of our want of conscience, should have impelled us to take every oath. Yet still, like fools, we are applying to parliament; and parliament has been kindly occupied in devising such a form of words as our consciences may admit. Indeed, you can swallow absurdities as big

as Mount Athos, and still fancy yourselves the most logical and enlightened reasoners of the human race.

You are puzzled by the closing sentence of my letter. My meaning was, that as you seemed most seriously to apprehend, should five Catholic peers take their seats in the upper house, and perhaps in the course of time, as many commoners of the same persuasion in the lower, by the magic of their influence, the constitution in church and state would soon be overturned; the bloody days of Mary return; at the call of the priests the instruments of torture be unsheathed; and as you were determined not to *come in*, therefore I said it was prudent in you, by a timely caution, to warn the nation of its danger, and thus screen yourself from harm.

I make no apologies for any asperities in my former letter: your note called for the severest reprobation; and I have observed, that some missiles, apparently not so honourable in the warfare of words, have more effect than the closest press of argument.

Sir, with equal good humour, and with sincere respect, I subscribe myself your faithful humble Servant, &c.

June 5, 1821.

TO THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

My Lord,—In your Lordship's Memoirs of the Life of Mr. Pitt, vol. ii. p. 400. occurs the following passage:—

"A Petition had been presented to the House of Commons on the 7th of May, 1789, by certain persons, calling themselves Catholic Dissenters; implying by that title, that they did not believe all the tenets generally maintained by Roman Catholics. The Petitioners stated, that they and other Papists were subject to various penal laws, on account of principles, which they were supposed to entertain, dangerous to society, and totally repugnant to political and civil liberty; and, therefore, they thought it due to their country and to themselves publicly to disclaim and protest against the five following doctrines:—1°. That Princes excommunicated by the Pope, or by any authority of the See of Rome, may be deposed or murdered by their subjects or other persons. 2°. That implicit obedience is due to the orders and decrees of Popes and General Councils, even if they require open resistance to Government, the subversion of the laws and liberties of the country, and the extermination of all persons not professing the Roman Catholic Religion. 3°. That the Pope by his spiritual power can dispense with the obligation of any compact on oath. 4°. That not only the Pope, but even a Priest, has power, at his will and pleasure, to pardon sins, and consequently can absolve from the guilt of perjury, rebellion, and high treason. 5°. That faith is not to be kept with heretics.*

Allow me to observe, my Lord, that the account given above, so far from being accurate, contains a gross misrepresentation; which, from respect to your Lordship, I am willing to believe is not a wilful one. It is true, that the Petitioners in 1789 styled themselves *Catholic Dissenters*. It is equally true, that many Catholics objected to the title assumed by the Petitioners; and for this reason, they conceived the term *Dissenters* to be appropriate to those who deserted the Antient Faith in the sixteenth century, not to such as were inheritors of it in the pre-

* "These five doctrines are to be found in the decrees of Councils, and other authentic documents of the Church of Rome, and have always been considered as forming part of the faith of Papists."

sent times. But no thinking man, before your Lordship, ever insinuated, that the Petitioners were dissenters from other Catholics, in respect to the doctrines against which they protested.

Neither did the Petitioners insinuate, that the tenets which they disclaimed were maintained by any other Catholics whomsoever. They knew, indeed, that such tenets had been imputed to other Catholics as well as to themselves; but, as they were petitioning for themselves only, they confined the disclaimer to themselves.

It is not, however, of these inaccuracies, but of the note which follows them, that the Catholics chiefly complain. The statement in that note is not only erroneous in point of fact, but is calculated to make on the public mind an impression most injurious to their interests, by representing them as members of a church which inculcates, "as part of its faith," doctrines subversive of civil allegiance and moral duty; doctrines not to be tolerated by any Government, nor in any society. On what this representation may be grounded, few readers of the Memoirs will stay to inquire: they will adopt it as true on the authority of the writer.

The Catholics deny, that the five doctrines in question ever formed part of their faith. They challenge your Lordship to prove your assertion: they call on you to produce, if you can, "the decrees of Councils, and the authentic documents of the Church of Rome, in which they are to be found." If you cannot, they trust that you will have the courage to come forward, and with the honesty of a man, and the charity of a Christian, acknowledge that you have been misled.

Your Lordship says, that "these five doctrines have always been considered as forming part of the faith of Papists;" but by whom? By Catholics? Most certainly not; they have always disclaimed them.—By their adversaries? But you must be aware, that little credit is due to adversaries, especially when the passions of those adversaries have been heated, and their judgments warped by theological controversy.

But what is the meaning of the words "have always been?" They seem to imply, that the doctrines in question were not only considered *formerly*, but are also considered *now*, as making part of the Catholic Faith. Is it, however, possible, that so unfounded a notion can exist at the present day? Your Lordship cannot be ignorant, that in 1788 the Catholic Universities of Louvain, Douay, Paris, Alcala, Valladolid, and Salamanca, when those learned bodies were consulted to satisfy Mr. Pitt, spurned the imputation as most foul, false, and calumnious. You cannot be ignorant, that in 1791, Pius VI. in his Letter to the Roman Catholic Archbishops of Ireland, not only condemned these doctrines, but declared that they had been imputed to the Holy See merely for the purpose of calumniating it.* You cannot be ignorant, that the British and Irish Catholics seized the first opportunity which was offered them of disclaiming such doctrines upon oath. You cannot be ignorant, that that very oath had been prescribed by the legislature as satisfactory evidence of the religious principles of those who should take it. What better proof can be desired, or devised? The declaration of the chief Bishop of the Catholic Church, the testimony of the Catholic Universities, the oaths of the Catholics, both laity and clergy, of the united kingdom, and the authority of the legislature, all combine to show, that

* See Substance of Sir John Cox Hippisley's Speech, May 18, 1810. App. p. lv.

these five doctrines form no part of the Catholic faith. Certainly the most obstinate prejudice must yield to evidence so general and conclusive. I have the honour to be, &c.

London, June 12, 1821.

THE REV. MR. PEACH'S SERMONS.*

THE Catholic public is greatly indebted to this gentleman, for many valuable publications, all replete with truly religious instruction, and abounding with edifying examples of the most solid piety. His first literary labours, if we mistake not, consisted of sundry translations from the works of approved spiritual writers, such as The Virtuous Scholar, Pious Biography, in four volumes, and Fenelon's Letter on Reading the Holy Scriptures. Most of these were published while he resided in the family of Mr. Turvile, of Bosworth, where a small congregation afforded him much leisure for study; but when he became burdened with a large congregation in Birmingham, there was reason to apprehend, that he would no longer be able to pursue the literary course he had so laudably begun. Our fears happily proved to be groundless, for, soon after he was placed at St. Chad's Chapel, in that populous town, we saw him engaged in a controversy—published in Swinney's Journal—with two opponents, during six months, both of whom left the field.

In 1807, Mr. P. published "Sermons for every Sunday and Festival in the Year," in 3 volumes. "The substance of these," he tells us in his preface, "is taken from Massillon, with the exception, sometimes of parts, and sometimes of the whole of the introduction and conclusion. Instructions to the lower classes, are sometimes substituted in the place of the numerous addresses to the Court, which abound in the original; and occasional hints at the times, and the situation of the country, are inserted. Sometimes two discourses are formed out of one; at one time, one part only is taken, and at another, the whole is abridged: at all times, the division, the arrangement, the subject—with the exceptions mentioned above—are Massillon's; and his method is followed as closely as the nature of the work would permit. Yet it cannot be properly called a translation: it is a collection of pious and enlightened discourses, drawn up after the manner to which the English reader is habituated, and appropriated to the Sundays and Festivals of the Year."

In 1821, Mr. P. favoured the public with a *second* part to the much admired "Practical Reflections;" that is, finding that in the original work, "the same lessons occurred *twice* in the year, and that it was only half a work," he furnished a lesson *for every day in the year*; and thus completed what had, for more than a century, been a great desideratum among Catholics. A second edition has been given of this truly valuable work. He was also more than suspected, and we believe with good reason, of writing "Letters on Religious Subjects, between a Dissenting Minister and a Catholic," "Letters on Infant Baptism," &c.

In the last and present year, Mr. Peach published a "Series of Familiar Discourses for every Sunday and Festival of the Year," 2 vols. 8vo. The subjects selected, and the manner of treating them, are such

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* *A Series of Familiar Discourses for every Sunday and Festival in the Year.* By the Rev. Edward Peach. 2 vols. 8vo.

as we should have expected from a zealous, enlightened, and experienced pastor, and they do great credit both to his head and to his heart. They are dedicated "To the Congregation attached to the Chapel of St. Chad, Birmingham, by their affectionate Pastor:" and as the dedication gives a modest, and, in our opinion, a just account of the work, we shall present our readers with an extract from it; and this the more readily, as it exhibits a fair specimen of the writer's style and composition.

"To no others," he says, "than to you, the beloved objects of my pastoral labours and solicitudes, can I appropriately dedicate the publication of this *Series of Familiar Discourses*. They were written purposely for your instruction; they have been frequently preached to you; they have met your approbation; and I am happy to be able to say, that they have, to all appearance, been of considerable service to your spiritual welfare. This conviction has been the source to me of inexpressible consolation. How long Providence may be pleased to continue to give me zeal and strength to administer the benefits of religion to you, is more than any of us can foresee. Considering my advanced stage of life, the additional fatigues which I have to endure, and the multiplied dangers to which I am exposed, arising from the multitudes of poor, whom I have, and shall have to attend, in fevers and in sicknesses of every kind, we may reasonably calculate, that the time, if not of my existence among you, at least of my strength and vigour, will be much shorter than the twenty years which I have already devoted to your service. But whether that be the decree of Providence or not, it is the most fervent desire of my soul, to continue to be of service to you, and to the dear children, whose early entrance into the paths of virtue it has been my duty to direct,—and to let my voice be heard in your private circles, and at your fire-sides, even after strength, vigour, and life itself, shall be taken from me. I present to you, therefore, these discourses: I request you to consider them, after I am taken from the abodes of mortality, as a legacy, the most valuable which a pastor, whose only solicitude, during the period of his residence amongst you, was the salvation of your souls, could possibly bequeath. I beseech you to ponder frequently on these effusions of zeal, which the grace of God enabled me, over and over again, to pour forth before you. But, above all, I beseech you to labour to practise the lessons I have inculcated, and to persevere to the end, in hopes of our being united together again in the bosom of our God, never more to be separated for eternity. * *

"To the public, something will be required to be said on my part. I do not seek applause, and I hope that the purity of my intentions will preserve me from censure. These discourses are original compositions; probably less entitled to merit on that account. Had I again explored the rich mines of pulpit oratory and genuine piety, which are to be found in the publications of foreign preachers, I might have presented to you a series of sermons, not inferior to that which I extracted from Massillon. But, being appointed to superintend a numerous and increasing congregation, in a very populous town, I was induced to turn my thoughts to their peculiar spiritual wants, and to arrange my Sermons accordingly. I did so; and, having reason to believe, that my labours met with that success which a preacher ought alone to seek after, I feel less difficulty in exposing them to the public eye. To the admirers of splendid oratory, and to the learned composers of studied and minutely arranged harangues, I may appear presumptuous; but by those, whose only desire is to promote the reign of piety, and who are disposed to rejoice, when an addition is made to the means of producing this desirable effect, I fondly hope this publication will be graciously received. Instruction, not oratory alone, has been my aim; and, consequently, the approbation of those only do I ambition, who prefer the improvement of the head, before the mere

gratification of the intellectual senses. With respect to doctrine," Mr. P. adds, "I bow implicitly to the articles of Faith taught by the Catholic Church. If any thing contained in these discourses be discovered by my spiritual superiors, as infringing, in any manner, on any one of these articles, I will immediately disclaim and retract it."

We have no doubt of the sincerity of the Reverend gentleman in making this public declaration; at the same time, we cannot but express our firm conviction, that in such excellent discourses as these appear to us to be, nothing will be discovered, in the slightest degree infringing on the articles of faith taught by the Catholic Church: we cannot, therefore, too strongly recommend them to the attentive perusal of the public in general, and of our Catholic brethren in particular.

THE OAK.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KÖRNER.

THE evening comes; the sounds of day are gone,
The sun's last glow gleams red on tower and tree,
Here 'neath your shade I take my seat alone,
And oh, my heart, my heart! how full art thou and free!

With ancient time dwelt ancient spotless faith,
But life's green freshness crowns thy summit now,
And antique forms of power are in thy wreath,
And look down on us from thy leafy brow.

How much of earth's rare beauties and best braves
Doth death exult o'er, with his funeral bell!
E'en through the glimmering region of your leaves
Yon sunset struggling smiles his last farewell.

But *thou* with destiny hast nought to do,
Time on *your* head has vainly spent his breath,
To me he calls from out yon whispering bough,
All worldly grandeur must succumb to death.

Thou hast endured through summer's fiery heat,
Through wintry storms hast flourished brave and free,
Beneath your shade the traveller takes his seat,
And grateful pours libations forth to thee.

And when your leaves drop with the dying year,
Whirled from each branch before the west-wind's wing,
Those buried children heaped red and sear,
Yield you fresh nurture in the pomp of spring.

Image sublime! of ancient Teuton faith,
Such as displayed in former better years,
When for his father-land, despising death,
The soldier-citizen took up his spears.

Oh! what avails that I repeat the woe;
The woe in which all recreants now take part—
Germania, thou proudest! that thou'rt low;—
Thy OAK still stands; but fallen, fallen thou art!

June, 1828. R.

THE INSANITY OF MARTIN LUTHER.

PERHAPS you are not aware, Mr. Editor, that the phrenologists of modern Athens are divided respecting the *bumps* which adorn the cranium of Martin Luther's bust, conspicuously placed in their library.—There is no mistaking the indications of "combativeness" and "amativeness"—they are too largely developed; and Dr. Coombe is quite positive that ordinary eyes, with the help of spectacles, could discover that prominency over the eyebrows, which is the strong hold of "ideality." To this no great objection is made; but very different opinions are maintained respecting the bump of "veneration." This, you must know, is situated, when it exists, midway between the crown of the head and that part of the forehead where the hair ceases to take root. Your infidel's head is quite concave—a duck's egg might lie concealed in the sceptical chasm, but a religious man's cranium is uniformly convex—a kind of orthodox mount being quite conspicuous above the outline of the forehead. This is remarkable in the head of Luther; indeed, its excessive development,* has occasioned the phrenological contention.—That it is a proof of religious feeling there can be no doubt; but some contend that it indicates fanaticism, which we all know borders somewhat upon insanity. Luther's *works* would seem to lend some support to their arguments: no man in his *senses* would have undertaken what he did; and none but a madman could have accomplished it. It required a mind freed from all sober calculations, and uninfluenced by ordinary habits, and his whole career dispassionately considered, bears evidence of a diseased intellect. His writings teem with proofs of this fact, and his casual conversations betrayed an unsettled mind; great mental weakness; and the extreme of superstitious silliness. The industry of his friends has enabled us to adduce evidence in support of this charge, and without going further than his "Table-Talk," we meet quite enough to make us extremely sceptical respecting the sanity of the apostle of the Reformation. This work was originally written in High German, and was translated into English by Captain Henrie Bell, who was induced to undertake the task, in consequence of a supernatural visitant. "About six weeks (he says) after I had received the said book, it fell out, that I being in bed with my wife, one night between twelve and one of the clock, she being asleep, but myself yet awake, there appeared unto me an ancient man, standing at my bedside, arrayed all in white, having a long and broad white beard, hanging down to his girdlesteed, who, taking me by my right ear, spake these words following unto me. 'Sirrah! Will you not take time to translate that book which is sent unto you out of Germanie? I will shortly provide for you, both time and place to do it.' And then he vanished away out of my sight."

I do not know that it has ever been remarked that the Reformation encouraged the superstitions of the people. Witchcraft did not flourish in England until after that event, and the shelves of the British Museum are loaded with dusty tomes on Demonology, chiefly written by Protestant divines. The opinion which led to the immersion of old women in horse-ponds, when there were no Captain Manbys with life-preservers, is not yet extinct. A Rev. Mr. Jones, a clergyman of the Established

* Any thing in excess, in phrenology as well as in other things, is hurtful. We often hear "long-headed" people commended for wisdom; but the truth is, a "long head" indicates a paucity of brains. *Vide* Phrenological Knowledge.

Church, not long since published a smart volume, to prove the healthy existence of Welch fairies. "Long life to 'em," as Paddy would say, they are, in Mr. Jones's book, merry little fellows. Yet the reformers we are constantly told were the enemies of superstition! If they were, they differed considerably from Luther, for I gather from his "Table-Talk" some very superstitious notions entertained by that Protestant apostle. The Devil and he were, according to his own testimony, familiar acquaintances, and his satanic majesty was particularly useful to him in his study of Theology.

"I (said Luther) did not learn my Divinitie at one onely time; but I was constrained to search deeper and deeper, to which my temptations brought me: for no man, without trials and temptations, can attain to the true understanding of the Holie Scriptures. St. Paul had a divel that beat him with fists, and with temptations drove him diligently to studie the Holie Scripture. I (said Luther) had cleaving and hanging on my neck the Pope, the Universities, all the deep learned, and with them the divel himself: these hunted me into the Bible, wherein I diligently read, and thereby (God be praised) at length I attained to the true understanding of the same. Without such a divel, we are but onely speculators of Divinitie, and according to our vain cogitations we dream, that so and so it must be, as the Monks and Friers in Monasteries do. The Holie Scripture, of itself, is certain and true enough; but God grant me the grace, that I may catch hold on the right use thereof; for when Satan disputeth with me in this sort; namely, whether God be gracious unto me or no: then I must not meet him with this text:—*Whoso loveth God with all his heart, with all his soul, and with all his strength, the same shall inherit the Kingdom of God;* for then the divel presently objecteth, and hitteth me in the teeth, and saith:—Thou hast not loved God with all thy heart, &c. which indeed is true, and my own conscience therein witnesseth against me; but at such a time I must arm myself, and encounter him with this text; namely, that *Jesus Christ died for me, and through him I have a gracious God and Father: Christ hath made an atonement for me,* as Saint Paul saith: *He is of God, given unto us for wisdom, for righteousness, for holiness, and for redemption.*"—p. 30.

The devil, in former times, was fond of nut-cracking.

"Anno 1521, as I departed from Worms, and not far from Eisenach was taken prisoner, I was lodged in the castle of Wurtburg, my Patmos, in a chamber far from people, where none could have access unto me, but onely two boyes that twice the daye brought me meat and drink; now, among other things they brought me hasel-nuts, which I put into a box, and somtimes I used to crack and eat of them. In the night times, my Gentleman the Divel came and got the nuts out of the box and cracked them against one of the bed-posts, making a very great noise and a rumbling about my bed, but I regarded him nothing at all, when afterwards I began to slumber, then he kept such a racket and rumbling upon the chamber stairs, as if many emptie hogsheads and barrels had been tumbled down; and although I knew that the stairs were strongly guarded with iron bars, so that no passage was either up or down, yet I arose and went towards the stairs to see what the matter was, but finding the door shut, I said, Art thou there? so be there still; I committed myself to Christ my Lord and Saviour, of whom it is written *Omnia subjecisti pedibus ejus,* and then laid me down to rest again."—p. 381.

The devil, in Luther's estimation, is not partial to fun—he dislikes irony.

"At such time when I could not be rid of the Divel with uttering sentences out of the Holie Scripture, then I made him often flie with jeer-

ing and ridiculous words and terms; I have recorded my sins in thy register; I said likewise unto him, Divel! if Christ's blood, which was shed for my sins, be not sufficient, then I desire thee, that thou wouldest praie to God for me. When he findeth me idle and that I have nothing in hand, then he is very busie, and before I am aware he wringeth from me a bitter sweat; but when I offer him the pointed spear, that is, God's Word, then he flieth, yet before he goeth, he maketh me bloodie armed, or else giveth me a grievous hurrycane. When at the first I began to write against the Pope, and that the Gospel went on, then the Divel laid himself strongly therein, he ceased not to rumble and rage about, for he willingly would have preserved Purgatorie at Magdeburg, and *discursum animarum*. For, there was a citizen, whose childe died, for which he refused to have Vigilia and Soul-masses to be sung; then the Devil plaid his reaks, came every night about twelve of the clock into the chamber where the childe died, and made a whining like a young childe. The good citizen beeing therewith full of sorrow, knew not what course to take. The Popish Priests cried out and said,—O, now, you see how it goeth when Vigils are not held and solemnized, &c. Whereupon, the citizen sent to me desiring my advice therein, (for my Sermon which lately before I preached touching this sentence, *They have Moses and the Prophets*, was gone out in print, which the citizen had read,) then I wrote unto him from Wittemberg, and advised him not to suffer any Vigils at all to be held, for he might be fully assured, that those were meerly pranks of the Divel, whereupon, the children and servants in the house jeered and contemned the Devil, and said, What doest thou, Satan? Avoid, thou cursed Spirit, and get thee gone to the place where thou oughtest to be, into the pit of hell, &c. Now, as the Divel marked their contempt, he left off his game and came there no more,—*Quia est superbus Spiritus, et non potest ferre contemptum sui.*"—p. 381.

Luther speaks of the arch-enemy as one of whose embodied presence he had ocular demonstration, and draws no very flattering picture of his personal accomplishments. "The devil," he says, "is *squint-eyed*; he cannot look downwards; he gazeth at high and pompous things; he goeth on looking upwards!!"

So intense was Luther's religious frenzy, that like a whirlpool it drew every thing within its vortex. In Fairy legends—these creations of a Persian fancy, his distempered imagination saw the operations of Satan, and accordingly he related them with the utmost confidence in their truth; *videlicet*—

"A gentleman had a fair young wife which died, and was also buried. Not long after, the gentleman and his servant lying together in one chamber, his dead wife in the night-time approached into the chamber, and leaned herself upon the gentleman's bed, like as if she had been desirous to speak with him. The servant (seeing the same two or three nights one after another) asked his master whether he knew, that every night a woman, in white apparel, came unto his bed? The gentleman said, No; I sleep soundly (said he) and see nothing. When night approached, the gentleman, considering the same, laie waking in bed. Then the woman appeared unto him, and came hard to his bed-side. The gentleman demanded who she was? She answered, I am your wife. He said, My wife is dead and buried. She said, True: by reason of your swearing and sins I died; but if you would take me again, and would also abstein from swearing one particular oath, which commonly you use, then would I be your wife again. He said, I am content to perform what you desire. Whereupon his dead wife remained with him, ruled his house, laie with him, ate and drank with him, and had children together. Now it fell out, that on a time the gentleman had guests, and his wife after supper

was to fetch out of his chest some banqueting stuff: she staying somewhat long, her husband (forgetting himself) was moved thereby to swear his accustomed oath; whereupon the woman vanished that instant. Now seeing she returned not again, they went up into the chamber to see what was become of her. There they found the gown which she wore, half lying within the chest, and half without; but she was never seen afterwards. This did the Divel, he can transform himself into the shape of a man or woman."—p. 386.

Changelings are not peculiar to Ireland and Scotland: a dose of physic, I suspect, would have proved somewhat more efficacious than the ex-monk's prayers.

"Eight years since, at Dessaw, I did see and touch such a changed childe, which was twelve years of age; he had his eies and all members like another childe: he did nothing but feed, and would eat as much as two clowns, or threshers, were able to eat. When one touched it, then it cried out: when any evil happened in the house, then it laughed, and was joyful; but when all went well, then it cried, and was very sad. I told the Prince of Anhalt, if I were Prince of that countrie, so would I venture *Homicidium* thereon, and would throw it into the river Moldaw.—I admonished the people dwelling in that place, to praie to God devoutly to take away the Divel; the same was done accordingly, and the second year after, the changeling died."—p. 387.

Luther was certainly a man of a "vigorous intellect!" Here is his account of another changeling:—

"In Saxonia, near unto Halberstad, was a man that also had a Killcrop, who sucked the mother and five other women drie; and besides, devoured very much. This man was advised that he should in his pilgrimage at Halberstadt, make a promise of the Killcrop to the Virgin Marie, and should cause him there to be rocked. This advice the man followed, and carried the changeling thither in a basket; but going over a river, being upon the bridge, another Divel that was below in the river called, and said, Killcrop, Killcrop! Then the childe in the basket (which never before spake one word) answered, Ho, ho. The Divel in the water asked further, Whither art thou going? The childe in the basket said, I am going towards Hocklestad, to our loving mother, to be rocked."—p. 387.

The touch of blasphemy in this is quite edifying: the Virgin Mary, the devil's mother! The ho! ho! is peculiar to "the good people." Mr. Croker, in his Fairy Legends, has a very amusing story about poor Teague, who always prefaced his observations with ho! ho! ho! But as they say in Ireland there is no *ho* with Luther and *his* devil; and, therefore, I shall claim a page of your Miscellany, Mr. Editor, next month, when I shall furnish you, perhaps, with another extract or two.

Preston, Aug. 15, 1828. L. P.

EARL KILDARE.*

Deep in a British dungeon mewed,
Long sighed Kildare in vain;
Whilst many a jealous rival viewed,
Well pleased, his lengthened pain.

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* In 1495, Gerald Fitzthomas, Earl of Kildare, was attainted by the Irish parliament of treason, rebellion, &c. and sent prisoner to London, where he lingered in prison for some time. Being at length admitted to confront his accusers in the King's (Henry VIIth) presence, it ended by his being restored to all his titles and estates, and sent back Chief Governor of Ireland. *Vide* Leland, ii. ch. 5.

And day by day he lingered on
Within that damp cold cell,
And knew not the broad peal of noon
From midnight's heavy knell.

At length his prison bars were burst,
All ranged his rivals stood,
And deep and deadly was their thirst
For his right gallant blood.

And accusations, dark and dim,
Mysterious, undefined,—
Of "Treason," they pour thick on him—
Treason, at least "designed."

"A dangerous, subtle, artful man,
"On *Irish interest* bent,"
— Thus wide their inuendoes ran—
"Therefore he is attaint:

"To Perkin Warbeck he's inclined,
"Each rebel has his hand,
"On Carlow Castle seized, and takes
"Black mail throughout the land."

"Now by my soul!" King Henry cried,
— For at his throne this passed—
"Of ablest counsel in the realm
"Right awful need thou hast."

"The ablest counsel in the land,"
Fitzthomas cried, "I crave;
"For I engage King's Henry's hand
"Against each lying knave."

The smiling King then turned and spoke—
"Produce the evidence;
"And see ye it be good and strong,
"Or quickly get ye hence."

"Your Majesty, he burned a church,
"A sacrilege and sin—"
"Because" replied the Earl, "I thought
"The Bishop was within."

Right heartily King Henry laughed
At this most high conceit;
The accusers in that laugh foresaw
Their own deserved defeat.

But one more wrathful than the rest,
In bitterness did swear,
"Your Majesty, all Ireland
"Can't rule this Earl Kildare!"

"Then by my soul!" outspoke the King,—
"By this my sceptred hand,
"Since it be so, this noble Earl
"Shall rule all Ireland!"

R.

SECURITIES.

We are about to break through the silence which we have hitherto maintained, respecting the question of Securities; not that we intend to advance, just now, any opinion of our own upon so debateable a subject, but that the time has arrived, when the Catholic public ought to be in possession of the different arguments which are advanced for and against the measure. There can be little doubt that government contemplate the adjustment of the Catholic question, and it is not reasonable to suppose that they will do so, without requiring some of those securities, the notice of which has been impoliticly forced upon their attention, by individuals of our body. Protestant fears may be thought to require some concession; and the permanency of the Established Church may be thought inconsistent with the free exercise of the Catholic religion. The past does not warrant us to hope, that emancipation will be granted without the agitation, at least, of this very delicate question: and therefore we, with some reluctance, enter upon it. We consider that it partakes quite as much of a political as of an ecclesiastical nature.

It has been long since established, that the authority and jurisdiction of the ministers of the Church, can only emanate from the Church itself: "All their powers," says the Ecclesiastical Council, in reply to one of Buonaparte's queries, "bear a spiritual character, and are dissociated from the circle of temporal authority. It is to the Church, and to the Church alone, as personified by the apostles, and by the bishops, their successors, that Jesus Christ confided the province of teaching, of administering the sacrament, and of directing the members of the Christian faith in the true way of salvation. Now, the Church could neither instruct nor govern, if uninvested with the exclusive power and right of nominating and inaugurating its teachers and its magistrates.

"It may therefore," they continue, "be laid down as an unquestionable and fundamental principle, that the Church alone has authority to choose her pastors and magistrates, and to invest them with the powers requisite for the valid and legitimate performance of their functions. And since the question before us principally concerns the bishops, whose functions must be inoperative unless they can combine the powers of jurisdiction with the powers of the order, it is obvious that it must be the province of the Church alone, to confer that jurisdiction, which the major part of the functions of the episcopacy of necessity exact.

"From the apostolical times to the present, the Church has never recognised any bishop but such as she has herself ordained; but the mode of conferring the ordination has not been always the same. In this particular, as in many others, the discipline of the Church has suffered changes prescribed by the change of circumstances.

"In the early ages of the Church, the bishops were nominated by the suffrages of the co-provincial bishops, of the clergy, and the people of Church, for the vacancy of which it was necessary to provide; and the election was confirmed by the metropolitan bishop; or if the latter bishop was to be elected, then by the council of the province. Subsequently, the Emperors and other Christian princes, interested themselves in a great degree in the nomination of bishops. By degrees, the people and the clergy of the local vicinity were no longer convoked; and the election devolved on the chapter of the cathedral church, but always required consent from the prince, and confirmation from the metropolitan and the provincial council. The abeyance into which these assemblies

fell, the frequent contests to which the elections gave birth, the difficulty of bringing them to a conclusion on the spot, and the advantage which the princes derived from treating directly with the Popes, introduced the custom of referring these matters to the Holy See; and, by slow degrees, the sovereign Pontiffs found themselves in possession of the right to confirm the major portion of the bishops.

"Such was the condition of things at the period of the Council of Bâle, whose decrees relative to the nomination and ordination of bishops the Church of France adopted, in the Pragmatic Sanction, published at Bruges in 1438. The capitular elections were maintained, and the right of confirmation and institution referred to the proper claimants. By virtue of the Concordat of 1515, between Leo X. and Francis I., the nomination of the king was substituted for the election of the chapter, and the confirmation or canonical ordination left to the Pope."

Dr. Lingard, in his Antiquity of the Anglo-Saxon Church, says: "The election of bishops has frequently been the subject of controversy between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities. As long as the professors of the gospel formed a proscribed but increasing party in the heart of the Roman empire, each private church observed without interruption the method established by its founder. But after the conversion of Constantine, when riches and influence were generally attached to the episcopal dignity, the freedom of canonical election alarmed the jealousy of the imperial court: the prince often assumed the right of nominating to the vacant sees; and the clergy were compelled to submit to a less, rather than provoke by resistance a more dangerous evil. However, the occasional exercise of the imperial claim was chiefly confined to the four great patriarchal churches of Antioch, Alexandria, Constantinople, and Rome: and of the eighteen hundred dioceses which the empire comprised, the greater part enjoyed, till the irruption of the barbarians, the undisturbed possession of their religious liberties. But the Saxon church in its infancy was divided among seven independent sovereigns, ignorant of ecclesiastical discipline, and impatient of control. Their impetuosity was not easily induced to bend to the authority of the canons; and their caprice frequently displayed itself in the choice and expulsion of their bishops. Of this a remarkable instance is furnished by the conduct of Coinwalch, king of Wessex. Agilbert, a Gallic prelate, whom his industry and talents had recommended to the notice of the king, was appointed by him to succeed Birnius, the apostle of that nation. But the influence of the stranger was secretly undermined by the intrigues of Wini, a Saxon ecclesiastic of engaging address, and more polished accent; and after a decent delay, the foreign bishop received from Coinwalch an order to surrender to the favourite one half of his extensive province. Opposition was fruitless: and Agilbert, rather than subscribe to his own disgrace by retaining a mutilated diocese, retired from the kingdom of Wessex, and left his more fortunate antagonist in possession of the whole. But Wini in his turn experienced the caprice of his patron. On some motive of disgust, he also was compelled to abdicate his see, and an honourable but fruitless embassy was sent to Agilbert to solicit him to return. Similar instances which occur during the first eighty years of the Saxon church, show the inconstant humour and despotic rule of these petty sovereigns: and the submission of the prelates proves, that they were either too irresolute to despise the orders, or too prudent to provoke the vengeance of princes, whose power

might easily have crushed the fabric, which they had reared with so much difficulty and danger.

"By Theodore, the discipline of the Saxon church was reduced to a more perfect form. The choice of bishops was preserved to the national synods, in which the primate presided, and regulated the process of the election. Gradually it devolved to the clergy of each church, whose choice was corroborated by the presence and acclamations of the more respectable among the laity. But the notions of the feudal jurisprudence insensibly undermined the freedom of these elections. As it was dangerous to intrust the episcopal power to the hands of his enemy, the king forbade the consecration of the bishop elect, till the royal consent had been obtained: and as the revenues of the church were originally the donation of the crown, he claimed the right of investing the new prelate with the temporalities of his bishopric. As soon as any church became vacant, the ring and crosier, the emblems of episcopal jurisdiction, were carried to the king by a deputation of the chapter, and returned by him to the person whom they had chosen, with a letter by which the civil officers were ordered to maintain him in the possession of the lands belonging to his church. The claims of the crown were progressive. By degrees, the royal will was notified to the clergy of the vacant bishopric, under the modest veil of a recommendation in favour of a particular candidate: at last the rights of the chapter were openly invaded; and before the fall of the Anglo-Saxon dynasty, we meet with instances of bishops appointed by the sovereign, without waiting for the choice, or soliciting the consent of the clergy."

These abuses were not speedily abated: after the Norman conquest they grew intolerable. Ecclesiastical dignities were prostituted by William Rufus to the highest bidder. The Pontiffs at length claimed the freedom of canonical election, and out of the opposition which they encountered grew the dispute concerning investitures. In these times, when rights were disregarded, and religion had lost its primitive simplicity, the riches of the Church proved baneful to the interests of piety. Incumbents were harassed on one side by the Pope, and on the other by the monarch; and in escaping from the exactions of the Holy See, the hierarchy fell under the destructive protection of the state. The laws which were made in the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, against what has been denominated the claims of the papal power, have been inconsiderately lauded by some Catholics, and they have recently been adduced to prove, that a concordat is a thing needful and harmless. The author of a Letter to Mr. Peel* says:—

"Of the six periods into which Mr. Justice Blackstone divides the history of the legal polity of England, three are unquestionably Catholic—those before the reign of Henry VIII. During the first, there occurs no remarkable event bearing on the question which we are about to examine. But in the second, from the Norman Conquest till the reign of Edward I. a period of two hundred and six years, we have the Magna Charta, and the Constitutions of Clarendon. The former is too well-known to require any commentary, the latter has the following:—

"'Article 3. If an archbishop, bishop, or any dignified clergy of the realm go out of the kingdom without the King's license; and if they shall

* A Letter to the Right Hon. Robert Peel, M. P., &c. &c. &c. on the Present State of the Catholic Question. By an Irish Catholic. London, 1828: Ridgway.

go, they shall, if it please the King, give *security, that they will not either in going or returning, procure any evil or damage to the King or kingdom.*'

"This is one of sixteen articles enacted by Henry II. who was a *Catholic*, 'by the advice of his council or parliament,' who were also *Catholics*, 'against the insolencies and usurpations of the clergy.'* Lord Lyndhurst (then Sir John Copley) in a debate on the 6th of March 1827, on the Catholic Question, said, 'if securities are proposed to which the Catholics will accede, and with which the Protestants will be satisfied, *I for one shall be ready to make concessions.*'† Against what is security required, if not against foreign power, and the possibility of Catholic bishops, in their intercourse with such power, 'procuring some evil or damage to this king or kingdom?' But Catholics have been ever, and are still as jealous of any such power, as Protestants can be, as is manifest from the article just recited. The Constitutions of Clarendon were passed in the year 1164, almost seven hundred years ago: and can it be supposed that we would now tolerate an interference with our liberties which we then guarded against, when king and people were both Catholic?

"But it is in the third period, or that immediately preceding the Reformation, that the great glory of English law and polity was acquired. It commenced with the reign of Edward I. and, excepting those already alluded to, contains all the laws and statutes which give stability to the British Constitution. As regards Catholics, it shows plainly, that they did then voluntarily in defence of the constitution and liberties of these countries, what they are now accused of not doing for the sake of obtaining their rights. Edward established the distributive justice of the kingdom, and did more in the first thirteen years of his reign than has ever been done since in favour of our laws: his reign was long, and under it the law was improved to its greatest height. 'So that, at the latter end of this king's reign,' says Sir M. Hale, 'the law seems to me to be near its meridian.'‡ It would be detaining you, Sir, too long to enumerate all the regulations made in this reign by our Catholic ancestors: the principal of them are summed up and briefly stated under fifteen heads by Mr. Justice Blackstone in his Commentaries,§ to which I would refer the reader.

"It was in the time of Edward the First, that the celebrated statute of provisors, limiting the pope's temporal authority, was passed. About the year 1307, he enacted that law against papal provisions, which according to Sir Edward Coke was the foundation of all the subsequent statutes of *præmunire*. It first restrained the pope from nominating to ecclesiastical benefices in this country; the shadow of which power he now cannot have, when the king is at the head of that church which is alone entitled by law to hold property. So that our popish ancestors have done substantially what we are called upon to do nominally,—deprive the pope of all real authority in this kingdom. He can have no real or temporal authority, when there is nothing real or temporal to which he can appoint; unless it be contended that the chancellor of a foreign university who confers a degree upon a British subject has authority in these dominions. The cases are analogous: the pope may confer the title of bishop, and the chancellor the degree of doctor, without the least pretension to influence in the country where either may exercise his profession.

"It was not in the reign of Edward I. alone, that such a spirit was manifested, and such liberal notions evinced by our ancient legislature.—In the time of his successor, the feeble and fanatic Edward II. the people showed the same firm determination to oppose papal influence: the parlia-

* Sir M. Hale's History of the Common Law, p. 136.
† Parliamentary Debates, New Series, vol. xvi. p. 927.
‡ History of Common Law, chap. 8.
§ Book iv. chap. 33.

ment refused their assent to acts in which the king attempted a recognition of the authority of Rome. One of the charges against this unfortunate monarch was, that he allowed the bulls of the see of Rome to pass through the kingdom. In the next monarch's reign the spirit and liberal views of the nation were upheld by both prince and people. The pope as usual attempted to renew his encroachments. The king, as a docile and obedient Catholic, equally alive to the interests of his country and the respect due to the lawful ministers of God, expostulated with him on the subject, and, joined by the nobility, tried by all gentle means to reconcile differences, and come to some arrangement. In doing so he showed that deference and submission which all Christians are disposed to pay to the dignitaries of the church, as long as they confine themselves within their proper jurisdiction. But when the pope replied in a contemptuous manner that the King of France and the Emperor of Germany had yielded to him, and by menaces endeavoured to enforce submission, how did the English Catholic prince and people meet the threat? They replied, that if the King of France and Emperor both joined the Pope in his unjust and unchristian claims, England would give them battle in defence of her rights and liberties."

"Several statutes were passed in subsequent reigns, confirming and explaining those already mentioned, the writ for the execution of which having the words *præmunire facias*,* thus denominated that species of offence defined to be the 'introducing a foreign power into this land, and creating an *imperium in imperio*.' But the chief of these, most frequently called 'the statute of præmunire,' and to which many subsequent ones have been referred, is the 16 Rich. II. cap. 5. by which, 'whoever procures at Rome or elsewhere any translations, processes, excommunications, bulls, instruments, or other things which touch the king, against him, his crown and realm, and all persons aiding and assisting therein, shall be put out of the king's protection, their lands and goods forfeited to the king's use, and they shall be attached by their bodies to answer to the king and his council, or process of *præmunire facias* shall be made out against them as in other cases of provisors.'† This law was passed by Roman Catholics in the year 1393, one hundred and thirty-five years before the 'Protest' made at Spires or Smalcalde in Germany, from which the reformers have taken their name. The last of the ancient statutes on this subject was the 2d of Hen. IV. which subjected all who accepted a dispensation from the pope, freeing them from the obedience due to their ordinary, to the penalties of *præmunire* above recited. This was in 1401, nearly a century after the first act against provisors."

Now, were these representations correct—which they are not—we question the judgment of the writer who has brought them forward. They make against the proposition which he labours to establish, and are admirably calculated to increase those absurd fears, which some of our opponents entertain. If penal statutes were necessary in Catholic times, to restrain the injustice of Popes, it necessarily follows, that securities of still greater cogency are called for, when a Protestant Church, and a Protestant government, require protection against the cupidity and ambition of the papal power. This is the natural inference which a Protestant would come to on reading the letter to Mr. Peel; but the truth is, our "Irish Catholic" is one of those self-satisfied persons, who, free from the distractions of thought, and the humility which reading

* *Præmunire*, from *præmonire*, to warn. "Præmunire facias præfatum A. B. quod sit tunc coram nobis," &c.—Coke, 1st Inst. 129.

† Blackstone, vol. iv. chap. 8.

and reflection beget, considers himself qualified to pronounce, *ex cathedrâ*, upon questions, which even great intellects approach with timidity.

Were we to judge from the total absence of logic, and the colloquial barbarisms which disfigure his style, we should pronounce this to be his first literary essay; and it may gratify his friends to know, that there is ample room for improvement. He has much to learn, before he understands even the constitutional history of this country; and no doubt he has discovered before this, that Coke and Blackstone, on whom he principally relies, are authorities which none but law-students would appeal to on questions of this nature.

If his premises are questionable, his conclusions are startling. With the privilege of great minds, he confounds time and place; and, for the purpose, we suppose, of giving additional value to his remarks, he speaks with the freedom of one delivering the sentiments of the Catholic body. "The most numerous, respectable, and influential" (of the Catholics) he says, "wish for emancipation, *on any terms* which the wisdom of parliament may deem necessary for the satisfaction of this country," (p. 7); and subsequently, that "there is not the least reason for alarm, in acceding to the arrangements of security to the Protestant Church." (p. 47). His reason for this opinion is a good specimen of his logic: "The said security," he observes, "come from what quarter it may, cannot require from us more than our ancestors would give!" About what our ancestors *would* give, we pretend to know nothing:—they did not live under Protestant rulers. If the most numerous and influential of our body are prepared to accede to *any terms*, we wonder why they have so frequently entered into resolutions, declaratory of their determination to accept only unconditional emancipation?

A reference to the past records of history is unquestionably useful: the world grows wiser as it grows older, for experience is an admirable teacher; and it is because we have read history, that we refuse to admit the conduct of our ancestors in the thirteenth century, as precedents which ought to be followed in the nineteenth.

Allusion has been made to the twelfth and three subsequent centuries, but these were periods which bear no analogy to the present times. The laws are now better respected; and, what should not be overlooked in considerations of this nature, there is *now* such a thing as public opinion. If the Court of Rome required tallages and provisions, Edward I. robbed and outlawed the clergy. Unfortunately, the groundless pretensions of the Pope to temporal supremacy, led to infringements on his spiritual authority; and to this, monarchs were tempted by the wealth of the Church. The honours and emoluments of ecclesiastical stations were, in a venal age, regarded with the eyes of cupidity: they were not always bestowed upon merit: and from a very early age, the state looked upon them as convenient rewards for dependants and political tools. The court in such proceedings, found willing abetters in the aristocracy: the Church was the resort of the unprovided sons of the nobility; and as a vocation was not considered necessary, the robes of the priest did not disqualify for those amusements and pursuits, which, in other days, were considered incompatible with the duties of the churchman. The spirit of piety was no longer vigorous; discipline was relaxed; and the abuses of religion filled with grief the devout and the patriotic. The Court of Rome, however well inclined, could only remonstrate. The nomination of bishops, and the appointment to benefices, were in the hands of lay-

men; and some are of opinion, that they can trace to this circumstance the Reformation in England, and the Revolution in France. A Hierarchy, in some measure dependent on the crown, and appointed by it, was not likely to countenance necessary and useful reforms. The bishops, having belonged to the aristocracy, entertained their sentiments, and we have seen more than one of them refuse to yield even to the force of circumstances.

The interference of laymen in ecclesiastical affairs, has uniformly been followed by effects detrimental to the cause of religion. "That the Anglo-Saxon monks," says Dr. Lingard, with that philosophic precision which marks his writings, "by their virtue, their learning, and their utility, deserved the esteem of their contemporaries, can scarcely be denied by those, who are acquainted with their true history. It must, however, be acknowledged, that the merit of all was not equal, and that in several monasteries, the severe discipline of their founders was gradually abandoned. Experience showed, that opulence was not in general the soil the most favourable to the growth of monastic virtue. But the cause should be ascribed to the circumstances of the times. The wealth and importance attached to the dignity of abbot, often stimulated the ambition, and rewarded the intrigues of men, the least qualified for so elevated an office. When the prince assumed the right of nominating to the vacant abbeys, the merit of the candidate was frequently the last recommendation which he required: and if the freedom of election was granted to the monks, they were often compelled, by the rapacity of an unprincipled neighbour, to purchase the protection of some powerful family, by giving their suffrages to one of its members. If we peruse the catalogues of those, who governed the more opulent monasteries, we shall find them filled with names of royal or noble descent: and of these superiors, though several maintained with honour the reputation of the order, and the regularity of the monks, many considered themselves as little more than secular thanes. They abandoned to others the care of the community, followed the sovereign to the field of battle, and mixed in the pleasures and occupations of the world. The consequence was natural. The sterner virtues of the institute were suffered to languish; discipline was relaxed; and the private monk imitated, in many instances, the dissipation of his superior."

The circumstances which led to abuses in monasteries, produced similar effects on the secular clergy; and the events which characterized the Reformation in England, and the Revolution in France, very clearly prove that the priesthood did not possess, because they did not merit, that useful influence, which is never denied to religious teachers whose morals are pure, and whose lives are holy. Many ecclesiastics of these periods, were worthy of primitive times; but the events themselves are sufficient evidence, that the clergy, taken collectively, did not perform their duty. Previous to these melancholy epochs, the authority of the Popes in England and France was extremely limited. The Gallican liberties had been recognized in the one country, and the nomination of bishops by the state, was a thing of course in the other. It is idle to talk of infidelity and fanaticism: both must ever be harmless where the people are Catholic, and their teachers zealous, because, while there is a God in Heaven, the majority of mankind will be attached to religion.

It has been remarked, that the events to which we have alluded, were mainly owing to lay influence in ecclesiastical affairs; and it may be

asked, if effects were so disastrous in Catholic times, what have we not to apprehend in case of a veto, when the state is Protestant? The history of the Church, it is contended, is full of admonition; every page warns us to preserve the integrity of the Church; to preserve inviolably an intimate connexion with the centre of unity; and above all, to discountenance every attempt, calculated to diminish the dependence of the priest on the people, and of the people on the priest: their interests are reciprocal, and on their mutual influence depends the harmony of the Christian world.

There is now, indeed, but one opinion among Catholics, respecting the integrity of religion. Those who are willing to make concessions to Protestant prejudices, however groundless, and those who reprobate all idea of "arrangements," or "securities," are equally determined to resist all proposals, which have for their object the influence of government in spiritual affairs: but here they differ respecting the explanation of the terms which they use in common. The integrity of religion, in the opinion of the one, is not violated by allowing the crown a limited veto; while the other view in it the seeds of its destruction. This renders a resort to details necessary; and we shall here make an extract from a letter to the Duke of Wellington,* explanatory of the present positions of the Catholic Churches of England and Ireland. The pamphlet is the production of no feeble hand: we wish we could commend the spirit in which it is written. He says:—

"Our ecclesiastical polity claims your Grace's attention; and as the question of securities seems to have especial reference to the priesthood, it must be kept in view, that the Irish Catholic clergy are differently modelled from those of Great Britain. In Ireland there is a regular hierarchy, with jurisdiction almost independent of the Pope. His Holiness has the selection of one from a list of three candidates for the mitre, submitted by the clergy of the diocese; and except in this instance, the power of the Holy See over the Irish hierarchy is literally nothing with reference to temporal or mixed matters. A bishop, when appointed, cannot be removed arbitrarily by his Holiness. The Irish hierarchy may refuse, and have frequently refused, to give effect to the bulls or rescripts of the Pope; and like all other incorporations, they are by no means disposed to enlarge the power of his Holiness by the diminution of their own.

"In Great Britain, however, the Catholic Church Establishment is quite different. We have no hierarchy; but are governed most arbitrarily by the delegates of the Pope. England has four of these bishops or vicars apostolic, with a coadjutor to each, *cum jure successionis*, and till lately Scotland had two. These prelates are not, as in Ireland, selected or recommended by the resident priesthood, but are appointed directly by the Pope, to whom they are alone accountable. They communicate with, and are controlled by no one except his Holiness, or the College of Propaganda at Rome. They are removable by his Holiness at pleasure; and whilst thus so absolutely governed, these dignitaries have similar despotic controul over the priesthood; and can ordain, suspend, or remove them at pleasure. In a word, the power of the Pope in Great Britain, is just now greater in degree, though not in extent, (in respect of the relative number of Catholics,) than at any former period of British history. And your Grace will immediately perceive, that his Holiness is not only sensible of this boundless and pernicious power, but is actually at this moment employing it in a very injurious and unconstitutional manner.

* A Letter to His Grace the Duke of Wellington, K. G. &c. &c. &c. respecting the "Securities" necessary towards Emancipation. By a Scotch Catholic. Edinburgh, Hunter. Duncan, London. 1828.

" As already mentioned, we had till lately two bishops in Scotland, which was divided into Highland and Lowland missions. The bishop who lately presided over the Lowland mission, had in 1815 procured from the Pope, as his coadjutor, an individual till then remarkable for his negative qualifications. The anxiety of this coadjutor to possess without division the pastoral staff, induced him in 1825 to apply to the Pope, explaining the advantages which the deposition of his patron would confer on the Holy See, and requiring for himself a confirmation of undivided authority, —a desire that was immediately complied with; and *his predecessor was deposed, chiefly on the ground, that he had not kept up such a regular correspondence with his Holiness as was expected.*

" About this period, a gentleman of extensive property, intended to introduce into Scotland a colony of Jesuits, and to bestow on them a portion of his estate worth 600*l.* a-year. The intrigues of our new bishop prevailed on the liberal donor to endow a seminary for the native priesthood, and the estate was accordingly conveyed in fee simple to the Lowland prelate. His Lordship's views seem to have expanded with his success, for on the acquisition of the property he hastened to Rome, and instead of applying to the College of Propaganda, which is the usual channel,—*he applied directly to the Pope,*—represented that the gift was worth 4000*l.* a-year, and that the generous donor was to bequeath his whole remaining estates to the church, on condition that his Holiness would remodel the Scotch establishment, by making three bishops instead of two, as heretofore, and appointing two priests who were parties to the intrigue, the one a third bishop, and the other as coadjutor to the existing Highland bishop, and dividing the kingdom into three vicariates. The Pope ordered the College of Propaganda to complete the arrangement,—and to mark his sense of the Scotch bishop's services, his Holiness made him an officer of the household whilst at Rome, and bestowed on him a pension of 100*l.* a-year, which he still retains. No one in Scotland knew of this innovation, except the only parties who were to be benefited by it,—the Highland and Lowland bishop, and the two priests who were to receive the mitre,—but on its announcement, the utmost indignation was expressed both by priest and layman. And the dissentient clergy, with the deposed bishop at their head, despatched a delegate to Rome to represent against the measure, but as may be supposed without success. The effect of this arrangement, is in the first instance to increase the influence of the Pope,—and it has also frittered down a very extensive district, to five congregations in the vicinity of Edinburgh, and left to the bishop who carried through the measure, jurisdiction over six priests. This, at first sight, is somewhat incredible. But his Lordship has only thus humbled himself, that he may be exalted; for although he has sacrificed the mission which he ought to have protected, he is to receive the personal and evanescent privilege of legatine authority over the whole of Scotland. But the most important consequence of this innovation is, that the chapels and other funds, to the value of nearly 100,000*l.*, erected and realized by the Catholics of the Lowland mission, are, by a rescript from the Pope, to be transferred to any one to whom his Holiness may choose to grant them,—a power which did not belong to the Holy See, when Scotland had a Catholic hierarchy, and the religion of Rome was that of Europe.

" From this general view of our religious establishments, your Grace will perceive a material distinction between those of Great Britain and that of Ireland. Here we are exclusively under the controul and at the mercy of the Pope, whose deputies must act as they are instructed; and as their elevation to the mitre is dependent on a well-tutored and implicit obedience to their constituent, it is clear, as well from the nature of their appointment, as from their conduct, exemplified in the intrigues above detailed, that an interest, or feeling, or duty, not permitted by the pre-

carious tenure of their office, is proscribed, and suspension or removal is the consequence of disobedience. But more than this, our British Catholic bishops are not identified with British feelings. Their education is generally foreign,—their constituent is a foreigner,—and very frequently they are pensioners of foreign powers The late Lowland bishop of Scotland was educated abroad,—he was the rector of the Scotch College at Valladolid,—and until his death was a pensioner of the King of Spain. His successor, we have seen, is a pensioner of the Pope. He also, by the assistance of the Jesuits, previous to the late change of the French ministry, obtained a pension from the King of France. And with respect to the nationality of the English Catholic bishops, your Grace can judge if it is more certain than that of their brethren on this side of the Tweed, from the fact, that the Rector of the English College at Rome, whom your Grace would observe to have been lately honoured with a visit from his Holiness, is shortly expected in England as coadjutor to the London bishop. If their nationality is doubtful, their fraternity is at least certain. The Scotch intrigues above detailed, were concocted and matured, and the opposition raised against them successfully defeated, principally by the co-operation of the English bishops. Two at least of these bishops, and the rector of the English College at Rome, took a most unjustifiable part in them, perhaps with a view to reciprocal aid, when they themselves shall meet with a suitable occasion.

" In Ireland, again, the Catholic hierarchy is most slightly influenced by the Pope. That power which his Holiness exercises over the interests of the British Catholics, is in Ireland vested in the resident clergy, and hitherto it has been exercised most beneficially. In all countries the ministers of religion possess a considerable share of influence over their flocks. In Ireland this has been extended unusually, not, however, from the grasping and ambitious spirit of the Catholic clergy, but from the necessity of the times. The penal laws, and the unjust administration of such as are unobjectionable, have drawn more closely the connection betwixt the priesthood and the laity. And the religious and unwise crusades which have been concocted and encouraged by the members of the Established Church, and fanatical supporters of ascendancy, have in an especial manner cemented the union of the clergy and laity. And yet, my Lord Duke, with all this influence, and notwithstanding all the bitterness of religious party, and all the injustice and obloquy that has been so unsparingly heaped on them both collectively and individually, the Irish Catholic hierarchy have, through good report and bad report, earnestly, sedulously, and successfully used the influence they deservedly possess, in establishing and securing tranquillity, and in preventing those mischiefs which the disorganization of Irish society would most naturally have produced. In fact, my Lord Duke, the Irish Catholic clergy, as ministers of the *national* religion, have just that power and influence which it is the object of Government to see possessed by the ministers of the *established* religion. And whilst unpaid, unthanked, and discountenanced by Government, they have successfully performed that duty, which, though the province of the well-paid Established Church, has not only been neglected, but a contrary and most distracting course adopted by its unprofitable incumbents. Instead of complaint, therefore, or distrust, the Catholic clergy of Ireland deserve unqualified praise at the hands of Government.

" Here the Pope individually possesses that influence which in Ireland is exclusively vested in the hierarchy; and when it is considered that Papal influence is silently, but undeviatingly extending itself in Great Britain, it is obvious that you must either attach his Holiness, or restrict his power. The first, I doubt, is an impossible measure; and therefore I call upon your Grace, as the director of his Majesty's councils, to arrest that systematic accumulation of foreign power, which at present is not

only injurious to Roman Catholics, but which may ultimately be equally so to Protestants.

"The population and wealth of the English Catholics, and the number of their clergy, render that body inferior only to the Established Church; and considering that its ecclesiastical government is precisely that of Scotland, it remains for your Grace to consider, whether or not it is the province of a prudent Government to provide against the dangers which must eventually arise from the influence which foreigners—not the mere spiritual head of the church alone, but the granters or withholders of pensions—may exercise in England, over four bishops, with their coadjutors, and 450 priests, directing the spiritual, and influencing the temporal concerns of nearly a million of inhabitants; and three bishops, with 100 priests, acting in the same capacity towards 120,000 Catholics in Scotland. It would be desirable, if possible, to have a right of election vested in the priesthood, subject to a power of choice in the Holy See. The British Catholic bishops would thus, in a great measure, be relieved from the deposing power, which may not be only tyrannically, but capriciously exercised by the Pope. As they do not, however, possess the privileges of a hierarchy, the dangers of Papal interference would be only half avoided, unless the undue exercise of Episcopal authority were at the same time provided against. This might be accomplished, by imposing on the bishop a council, or controlling committee of the resident priesthood; and although a Concordat in these, or similar salutary terms, might not, without the greatest difficulty, be arranged with the Pope, the advantages to the laity would utterly accomplish it. This suggestion, your Grace will remark, has no reference to the question of securities. It is for an immediate and positive benefit to the British Catholic body, and prospectively no less advantageous to Protestants."

We profess ourselves ignorant of the abuse alluded to here. We had heard, indeed, that the Scotch clergy had complained of some recent nomination, but we were not apprised of the merits of the case; nor are we now persuaded, but that much misrepresentation is contained in the extract we have made. We have reason to know, however, that his Holiness is most solicitous for the interests of religion in these countries, and that any proposal sanctioned by the clergy and vicars apostolic, will be unhesitatingly acceded to. We, for our own part, can see no reason why a Catholic Hierarchy should not be again established in England: at the same time it must be admitted, that the cause of Catholic piety, for more than a century, has been sustained here by bishops, whose lives and labours are not unworthy of the purest church of the purest times. The writer on whom we are commenting, has forgotten, in his indignation against papal encroachments, that the spirit of Catholicism was kept alive in England, by the benevolence of Popes, and the liberality of foreign monarchs. The time is not very distant, when none but ambassadors' chapels were permitted to receive the faithful; and it was not in recent periods only, that the revival of religion in this country was owing to the spiritual interference of the Pope. There was a time, when the nomination of foreigners to benefices was an absolute good; and we owe to strange ecclesiastics, first the introduction, and subsequently the revival of classical literature.

There is something ludicrous, in the solemnity with which our "Scotch Catholic" calls upon the Duke of Wellington to interfere with the Pope, for the good of Catholicism in England! This may be only a thing of course, but we dislike hypocrisy, even in disguise. His Grace has very little apprehension of the power, whether spiritual or temporal, of his Holiness; and he is so good a Protestant, that we are sure

he would relish sincerely any thing that might interrupt the rapid progress of Catholicism in the country. How the exercise of the Pope's present power can prove injurious to the Established Church, is to us perfectly a secret.

The "Scotch Catholic" having disposed of the question so far as Great Britain is concerned, bestows his attention on Ireland.

"It may no doubt (he says) be desirable, on the part of Government, to possess some controul over the Catholic clergy; indeed, it admits of demonstration, that the interests of both would be thereby materially strengthened.(!) The extent of that controul might be difficult to adjust; but as its operation must only relate to the loyalty and attachment of the clergy, a satisfactory arrangement on this head might be effected. If a higher degree of controul is required, it will be refused. Any interference with the Catholic religion will be universally opposed. No Catholic Government, much less a Protestant one, has ever been permitted to controul our religious ordinances. But, my Lord Duke, controul of any extent over the Catholic clergy, has never yet been bestowed on a Protestant Government, except where the clergy are endowed; and in the case of the Hanoverian Concordat, explained by your Grace, the government of that kingdom only acquired a controlling power in the nomination of the Catholic bishops, by contributing to their support. Applying this principle to Ireland, it may be doubted if the interference of Government will be recognized, without a moderate and irrevocable stipend to its clergy. Indeed, even with such an offer, much opposition may arise to such a measure; but I am satisfied that the good sense of the Catholic clergy, and the wishes of the Catholic body generally, to terminate the excitement which the discussion of their claims has created, would induce the majority of clergy and laity to treat for a Concordat, conceding to Government the right of striking off one candidate from a list of three submitted by the clergy for selection and nomination by the Pope,—thus leaving to his Holiness a choice of two candidates, on either of whom to bestow the vacant Irish mitre."

Against this there are many objections, and if the government legislate wisely, they will have nothing whatever to do with Concordats. In settling the question, they must have an eye to prospective tranquillity; and religious harmony can hardly be obtained under circumstances, which would call for the perpetual interference of any man, or body of men, legalized to pronounce a veto. The elements of discord are too rife in Ireland to subside in a moment, and are of a nature which will admit of a speedy agitation, provided exciting causes are allowed to exist. It has been observed, that we should never forget the relative position of Catholics and Protestants. Against the one, the government has constantly lent the whole of its influence: the very existence of Catholicism is regarded as a political evil, the removal of which, it is acknowledged, would be highly desirable: and though Protestants may consider Dissenters by no means as friends, they will naturally side with them, as they have hitherto done, when the contest lies between them and the Catholics. England is full of fanaticism: the ignorance of our separated brethren is extreme: and though constantly defeated in their discussions with our clergy, there is always in this country an impenetrable mass of bigotry, which the designing and the hypocritical will not fail to avail themselves of, for the ostensible purpose of proselyting Catholics. In the absence of restraint and the non-interference of government, we should regard this as no very formidable evil; but in the event of arrangements giving even an imaginary power to the

ministry, it would be a perpetual source of ill-will, suspicion, and heart-burning. The Irish Catholics are a sensitive body; they prize their religion above every earthly consideration; and knowing that they are regarded with feelings of distrust, they would not be slow to believe that, even in the harmless exercise of a vetoistical power, lurked some sinister design against the integrity of their religion.

Besides, Concordats have not been productive of harmony in those countries which embraced this mode of acquiring securities. In Prussia and Belgia* they have aggravated discontent; and we now see France torn asunder, by a state invasion of the rights of the Hierarchy.

Aware of these objections, the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle has written a letter to the Duke of Wellington, recommendatory of domestic nomination, and a nationalization of the Irish Church, making it still more independent of papal interference, than was even the Gallican Church previous to the Revolution. No one questions the purity of his lordship's motives, or the goodness of his intentions; but many, it appears, have questioned the utility of his plan. A gentleman, well known for his patriotism and many acquirements, has written an elaborate and able letter, under the signature of Hibernus, in reply to Dr. Doyle. We had marked several passages for extracts, but the length to which this article has extended, precludes our giving them here; but we may perhaps avail ourselves of them in our next, when we purpose saying a few words respecting the Gallican liberties.

Dr. Doyle seems to us to have laboured, in one particular at least, under a very serious misconception. His lordship states, that the Catholic Clergy in Ireland have too much influence; that it is increasing, and liable to great and serious abuse. We deny this in toto, and, though an opinion very prevalent, we have never heard how a Clergy, possessed of moral influence, could use it to the detriment of their flocks. His lordship's own letter very satisfactorily proves, that the Irish priests are amenable to public opinion: for the question of pensions and payments must not be entertained; and why?—because the people would lose all confidence in pastors paid by the state! The author of a Letter to the Duke of Wellington has some very sensible observations on this subject, which we beg leave to transcribe.—

* Before the *Concordat*, the Dutch could only name *liberal* priests to parishes. The Dutch King now finds himself authorised by virtue of the *Concordat* to name his *liberal* priests to bishoprics, and this he has actually done. But, fortunately for the Church, there is at its head a Pontiff, who has no political *Gonsalvi* to prompt him, and who, devoted to his great duties, has rejected the whole corps of *liberal* priests; named for bishopricks by his Dutch Majesty, with one exception; for, as if to qualify the rest, there was among them one pious, good priest, and him the Pope has named to the bishopric of *Namur*. But all the other sees remain vacant, and will so remain, until others than wolves in sheep's clothing are recommended to occupy them. Again. Whereas, before the Concordat, though the Catholics experienced great molestation in their schools and colleges, still they were not prohibited giving their children early Catholic instruction. Now, what has taken place since the *Concordat*? Why, the Dutch monarch has considered himself authorised to deprive the Catholic poor of a Catholic education. Without enumerating the many other instances, the other day the Dutch government broke up the admirable charity-school of *Byloke*, near *Ghent*, where six hundred poor Catholic children were educated gratis, by those pious and universally respected men, the Brethren of the Christian Doctrine. That the Dutch should thus expel pious men, who teach the doctrines of a crucified Saviour, may not be surprising, as we know that the Dutchman daily tramples under foot the Cross and the image of that crucified Saviour, where ducats are to be gained by the performance, for *Mynheer* is essentially an *Utilitarian*.—*Letter of Hibernus.*

"Great as is the controul of the clergy over the lower orders, their influence over that portion of the Catholic body, which would be individually benefited by the acquisition of civil and political power, is really nothing. The situation of Irish politics may have impressed superficial observers with a contrary opinion; but it will be remembered, that the Irish priesthood did not organize the extraordinary confederacy now existing there. They did not ultroneously move,—they have been acted upon;—on the one hand, by the personal indignities and polemical follies heaped on their order by the members of the Established Church;—and on the other, by the reiterated demand for sympathy and co-operation made by the influential part of the laity. The Irish Catholic Clergy do not lead,—they are not principals, but auxiliaries merely, in procuring for the Catholic body civil and political liberty."

Making the Irish Church national, and providing for a resident representative of the Pope, many think would be laying the foundation of a subsequent separation from the centre of unity. Under ordinary circumstances, this need not be apprehended: the people would not countenance measures of such a dangerous tendency. The Gallican Church furnishes us with facts corroborative of the tendency, and of the checks which popular opinion imposes. The ecclesiastical council to which Buonaparte submitted certain queries, the object of which was to abrogate entirely the spiritual power of the Pope, after hinting very intelligibly the possibility of such a measure, says: "It is our duty, however, not to conceal from his Majesty that in an affair of this nature, the success of which depends solely on persuasive methods, it is of less importance to know what a rigorous appeal to first principles may permit, than to consult and conciliate public opinion. However just may be the entire abrogation of the Concordat in consequence of the Pope's conduct, and however legitimate the re-establishment of the Pragmatic Sanction, or any other method of canonical institution, it is not our opinion that they ought to be recurred to, without due preparation of the public mind, without having fully convinced the members of the Church that no other resource remained for the purpose of instituting bishops to the Church of France; and that it was not till every means of conciliation had been tried and exhausted, that so important a change in the constitution of the Church was resorted to.

"Another consideration will not escape the sagacity of his Majesty. The troubles excited throughout the whole extent of France, on the occasion of the civil constitution of the clergy, are not forgotten. The Emperor, who alone was enabled to appease them, would scarcely permit new dissensions and a new schism to revive them. It is, therefore, indispensable that the Christian flock should not entertain a shadow of suspicion of the authenticity of the ordination imparted to the bishops by the new forms. It is indispensable that malevolence may not be enabled to borrow pretexts from religious misinterpretation, in order to form a party in the state. Under so well-consolidated a government as that of his Majesty, we fear nothing for the public weal. Seditions and civil war will have no opportunity of reviving; but it is notorious, that religious differences are the source of an infinitude of private afflictions, and that should they have no other effect than that of relaxing the springs of religion, and of enfeebling its beneficial influence on public morals, nothing ought to be left undone to avert such consequences.

"We are aware that it would be unjust and unreasonable to confound the re-establishment of the Pragmatic Sanction, or of any other measure

adopted in conformity with the advice and authority of the French church, with a clerical constitution decreed by a purely secular authority, in opposition to the just remonstrances of the sovereign Pontiff, and of all the bishops of France. But we are also aware that the people will not be enabled to distinguish this difference, which refers to reasonings above their comprehension; and that they will probably see in the new measures substituted for the Concordat, the single circumstance of the defect of the Pope's sanction, which they have been accustomed to regard as indispensable.

"It would be in vain to flatter ourselves with the hope of enlightening them by our instructions. Far from convincing them, we should expose ourselves to the risk of losing their confidence. They would consider us to be in opposition to the chief of the Church, and out of the pale of his communion. They would take different sides; some for the Pope, and some for us: and the greater part of the Christian community, not comprehending the precise limits of the pontifical authority, one party would deny the Pope the power which of right divine belongs to him in the government of the universal church, while the other would abandon the bishops, whom they would regard as separated from the chief seat of Catholic unity. Schism would revive with all its train of disorders; and what remedy could be provided against it, as long as a division should exist between the Pope and his bishops?

"Nor let it be supposed that we yield to vain terrors. We know the sentiments and dispositions of the people committed to our guidance. We remember the difficulties under which we laboured at the commencement of our episcopacy; and the address which it was necessary to employ, in reconciling them to changes produced by circumstances, but against which their ancient habits revolted. We know that we only obtained their confidence, and that of their more immediate pastors, by introducing ourselves in the name of the Holy See. We also know, and it is our duty to make it known to his Majesty, that at the first rumour of the misunderstanding which has broken out between the two powers, a general inquietude has diffused itself; tender consciences have manifested alarm; and that the people, notwithstanding all our efforts to re-assure them, even now tremble at the thought of being replunged into the state of religious anarchy, from which his Majesty's wisdom has been enabled to withdraw them.

"In many dioceses, a sect of pretendedly *pure Catholics* has been formed, who exercise a clandestine worship, presided over by priests who, eluding the supervision of the bishops, give the government no guarantee of their principles, and of the moral code which they teach. We are apprised that the sect, which began to disperse, has acquired a new accession of strength from circumstances; and doubtless it will be augmented by a multitude of well-intentioned but ignorant individuals, whom it will not be difficult to persuade, that so important a change in the constitution of the Church, is the harbinger of a project to destroy the religion of their fathers.

"Another class of men, still more dangerous, and especially in the provinces, are the remains of a faction too notorious for its excesses.

"At all times ready to seize opportunities of sowing discord, and disturbing public order, they put on a show of ardent zeal for religion before the people. At the slightest change introduced into the forms of worship, they exclaim that all is lost; they delight in alarming the piety of the worthy villagers, in order to prejudice and render them hostile to

government. It is on the part of men like these without religion, and in consequence of their treacherous insinuations, that we have experienced the strongest opposition to the suppression of particular fêtes. And who can foresee the effect of the new manœuvres which these eternal enemies of order and public tranquillity will set in motion, if they find the public mind prepared to receive the impressions of their malevolence?"

Mr. Wilmot Horton has devised another species of security: the exclusion of Catholic members from voting on questions appertaining to religious matters. The close connexion, however, which exists in this country between Church and State, would render such a measure impracticable, and if practicable, would prove injurious to the constituents who should send Catholic members to Parliament.

We have now laid before our readers all the information which we have been able to collect on this very important question, and if we have been necessarily brief, we have studied not to be obscure. There should be no disguise on a subject of this nature, because any thing approaching to mystery is certain to awaken hurtful suspicions in minds which have not given the matter proper consideration. We should never forget, that our strength consists in an unanimity of feeling and identity of purpose: and if securities be demanded,—for, as yet, no definite demand has been made, let the subject be discussed freely and openly. Disunion will then be avoided; and, whatever terms are decided on cannot fail to give general satisfaction.

MY NOTE-BOOK.

I AM one of those industrious idlers who keep a "note-book,"—busy myself exceedingly in other people's affairs, and have no relish for my coffee, even on a frosty morning, if it smokes unaccompanied by a newspaper. I like both fresh—the one steaming from the press, and the other from the fire; and my housekeeper, for I am a bachelor, has frequently observed, in her testy manner—the privilege of her age and long service—that I devour both with an equal avidity. What the poor woman complains of is to me the utmost satisfaction: it proves that my appetites, mental and physical, are healthy: and lest the reader should not be of the same opinion, I shall enable him to judge, in one instance at least, for himself, by laying before him, from time to time, extracts from my "note-book."

The English are really an enlightened people: proof of this was afforded last month in the "Miscellany," by a Dublin contributor; and lest that morceau should stand alone, I have made an extract from a London newspaper to accompany it.

At a Coroner's Inquest, held on Thursday night, July 10, in St. Clement's Danes Workhouse, on the body of a man who hanged himself,

Three strapping lads were examined, but prior to taking an oath, and giving evidence, they were severally questioned by some of the Overseers, as to the nature of an oath, when the following dialogue took place:—

Overseer. Do you believe there is a God?

First Lad. Yes.

Overseer. And you believe it wicked to take a false oath?

First Lad. To be sure I do.

Overseer. Then you can be sworn.

Second Lad. Same examination; sworn.

Third Lad. Thomas Heron, about 18.

Overseer. Do you believe there is a place called Heaven, where God Almighty reigns and looks down upon your misdeeds on earth?

Lad. I believe there is a Heaven and God also.

Overseer. That's well; and you believe there is a hell where the wicked are consigned to everlasting misery and perdition?

Lad. No, I don't.

Overseer (standing aghast). What! not believe there is a hell?

Lad. No.

Overseer. You're in a precious state of ignorance and wickedness. He cannot be sworn.

Several Overseers together (looking fiercely at the boy). You, you, you, I say, must believe there is punishment hereafter. Mind what you say.

Lad (almost terrified). Ye—ye—yes, I do.

Overseer. That's good; now you understand the nature of an oath, and can be sworn.

The boy was then sworn, when a Juryman wished to enquire what religion he was brought up to.

The Boy. A Catholic.

Overseer. He must be sworn again upon the Cross, a Protestant's oath is not binding.

Beadle. We have no book with a Cross, but there is a desk in the Committee-room with one.

Jurors and Overseers. Oh, fetch it Beadle by all means.

The Beadle in a short time returned with a desk about three yards square, which was as much as the old man could stand under; on the side of the desk was exhibited a small white Cross, which the boy was made to kiss, and to cross himself with all due form, after which his evidence was taken, and the Inquest proceeded.—*Examiner, July* 13, 1828.

This, as angry disputants say, needs no comment. The sage personages who acted in this farce were not inhabitants of an obscure village, they were not the supporters of a conventicle, but Protestant churchwardens of one of the most populous and wealthy parishes of the metropolis. We dare say these men are quite eloquent over their pints and pipes, on the superstitious papists—the ignorant Irish; and, understanding Catholicism so well, they are certainly entitled to speak freely on its merits. Strange, that people, in a few hundred years, should forget the religion and attainments of their ancestors!

The Rev. Mr. Field has just completed his biography of Dr. Parr. The Doctor was quite a Johnson in his way, and showed no mercy to infidel disputants. The following anecdote is quite characteristic.

"Some years ago, Dr. Parr was passing a few days with an old pupil, an eminent barrister, at his house in Staffordshire, when it happened that another visiting inmate was the celebrated H. C. Esq. a brother barrister. One day, a large company were invited to dinner, consisting, amongst others, of several neighbouring clergymen; of whom one was fresh from college, just initiated into holy orders, and strangely ignorant, or strangely forgetful of the little proprieties which regulate social intercourse, at least in the higher circles. This young ecclesiastic, whether conceitedly, for the purpose of display, or unseasonably, if with a view of gaining information, proposed to Dr. Parr question after question, on subjects of theology, much to the offence of the great divine, who exceedingly disliked the introduction of such topics in mixed companies, at festival entertainments. Not, however, deterred by the evident displeasure, with which his questions were received, or rather repulsed, he still persisted; and, among other inquiries, pressed, with peculiar earnestness, for an answer to the following:—'Whether Mahomet had ever seen the Christian Scriptures?' 'Sir,' answered Dr. Parr, coldly and tauntingly, 'I have not the pleasur of Mahomet's acquaintance.'—'But,' resumed the querist, 'Dr. Parr, do

you think that Mahomet had seen only a false gospel, and the epistle falsely ascribed to Barnabas?'—'Sir, I have not the honour of knowing Mr. Barnabas either,' replied Dr. Parr, with increased sternness of accent and manner. But, nothing daunted even by this rebuff, the young inquisitive returned once more to the charge:—'Excuse me, Dr. Parr; but let me ask you, do you think that Mahomet had ever seen a true gospel or not?'—'Sir,' answered Dr. Parr, greatly irritated, 'if you *will* draw my teeth, why, then, to save my dinner, I must say that I think Mahomet had never seen a *true* gospel?'—'And pray,'—said Mr. C. who had been looking on, watching, perhaps, with a little spiteful pleasure the old lion, vexed and chafed by the teazing buzz of the insect, calling out from the corner of the table where he sat—'And pray, Dr. Parr, did *you* ever see a *true* gospel?'

"Unprepared for this new and sudden attack, Dr. Parr seemed for a moment confounded; and the attention of the whole company was anxiously directed towards him. But soon recovering himself, and rising from his seat, with an imposing air of dignity, and with a commanding voice of authority, he spoke thus:—'H. C. if *you* had ever seen a *true* gospel, you could not have understood the learned language in which it is written; and if you had seen that true gospel, and could have understood that learned language, *you* could not have comprehended the sublime character it delineates, or the pure morals it inculcates; and if you could have read that true gospel, and comprehended that sublime character, and those pure morals; yet, to shelter your own bad propensities and habits, *you* would have struggled hard to prove the character a fiction, and the morals a falsehood!' It scarcely need be added, that all present were struck with mingled awe and admiration; the bold assailant was abashed, and sunk into silence, from which, during the evening, he could not recover; and after indulging in his usual deep potations, he was carried off senseless to his bed."

The next is still better.—

"The following anecdote is told by one of Dr. Parr's pupils:—Of flippancy of remark on religious subjects he was highly impatient. He once, in my hearing, rebuked Mr. F——, a barrister, in good set terms. This gentleman had somewhat inconsiderately observed, that it was human authority which had put the seal of authenticity on the books of Scriptures; and that the councils of Trent and Nice had decided which were apocryphal, and which were not so. Dr. Parr with some difficulty heard him to the end of his sentence; when, after a most ominous puff from his pipe, he addressed him nearly in these words:—'Mr. Frith, or Mr. Forth, or Mr. Froth—excuse me if I forget your name—I have not the honour of your acquaintance; and the specimen you have just given of your theological knowledge does not make me highly ambitious of it. Sir, give me leave to tell you, that you are as far from correct chronology in your remark, as you are from right reasoning. These two councils, which sat at widely remote periods of time, had nothing to do with the distinction of books, as at present received into our church. It arose from the consent of the early Christians, and is built upon the authority of the ancient fathers. You have given an opinion upon a subject which you ought not to have approached; and have betrayed ignorance without modesty, and pedantry without learning. Leave these matters to maturer knowledge and sounder understandings. This advice I honestly give you."

The Doctor, notwithstanding his contempt for ignorant and impudent sceptics, does not appear to have been a very orthodox Protestant. He held peculiar opinions, did not believe either in the Athanasian Creed, or Dr. Magee's infallibility, and considered the Apocalypse apocryphal! When about to talk seriously on theological matters, he cautiously locked the door, and explored the apartment, lest any listener should be

near. At such times he was a complete Rationalist; and, being no friend to purgatory, he did not like to go farther, lest he should fare worse. Accordingly he believed that hell itself was only a place of temporary punishment. Holding these opinions, he also very *orthodoxly* held his living! His Protestantism in other respects was equally questionable: he was no iconoclast. Speaking of his sermon on the death of the Princess Charlotte, his biographer says:

"In the sorrows of a whole afflicted people, tributary to departed greatness and goodness, few participated more largely than the learned curate of Hatton: who, following the general example, addressed to his parishioners a pathetic and instructive discourse, on the affecting occasion.—Though delivered in the morning of the Sunday, subsequent to the funeral, yet, to heighten the effect, the windows of his church, by his order, were closed; and the whole service was performed by the light of candles. Dr. Parr carried to a great length his opinion of the salutary effect, produced by exterior rites and forms; and thought that the sentiment of devotion need not disdain to borrow aid from the influence of solemn pomp and ceremony, acting through the medium of the senses, and the imagination, on the mind."

And again:

"Dr. Parr was a strenuous advocate, not only for decency and solemnity, but for pomp and splendour, in the construction of religious edifices, and in all that relates to the celebration of religious worship. Such pomp and splendour, he thought, speak powerfully, through the senses and the imagination, to the heart. 'What!' he would often ask, 'is it possible not to feel the heightened effect of devotional services, performed, with all due state, amidst the awful grandeur of a large and magnificent cathedral?' Those vast and stately piles, reared by the piety of our ancestors, were to him the objects of the most enthusiastic admiration and delight; and he often gazed with ecstasies of pleasure on the beautiful engravings of these and other ecclesiastical buildings, which he possessed. He greatly applauded the care of modern times to provide for the accommodation of an increasing population, by the erection of so many spacious and handsome churches; some of them not *unworthy to be compared with the noble and venerable structures of former ages.*"

The Doctor had no very high opinion of the lawyers,

"Of the legal profession, in its effect on the mind and the character, the reader is aware that Dr. Parr thought unfavourably. As its honours and preferments depend so little upon merit, and so much upon court-favour, he could not help trembling, he used to say, for the moral and especially for the political integrity of those, who entered into it. He often deeply deplored the subserviency to men in power, amounting almost to sycophancy, not only of the law-officers, but even of too many of the judges; and often indignantly adverted to the remarkable fact that, during the last and present reign, their decisions on all questions between the crown and the people have been, with few exceptions, against popular rights, and in support of regal prerogative. In mentioning this last term, so much a favourite with the advocates of absolute authority, he would sometimes pause; and, with a smile, remark, that of all their arguments, none amused him more than those founded on prerogative; 'because,' said he, 'the very derivation of the word, from præ-rogare, supplies of itself a clear and sufficient answer to them.' In describing the state of the law, he condemned, with severity, the excessive attachment of lawyers to the barbarous institutions of ancient times, their pertinacious adherence to the most obvious errors and absurdities, and their obstinate resistance to all reformation of 'that hideous mass,' as he called it, 'of ini-

quity, inconsistency and sanguinary cruelty, the criminal code.'—'We are bad enough,' he said, 'in the church:—but the church is purity itself compared with the law:—the accumulated abuses of which,' he often insisted, 'ought to be reprobated by every honest and reflecting man, as at once the shame and the curse of the country.'

The *Courier*, a few days since, inserted what the *Morning Chronicle* calls a "curious report" from the *Dublin Evening Mail*. It described, in the Irish way—fun and folly between parentheses—a scene in a Court of Justice. The plaintiff was a priest, and he sued the defendant for ten shillings, for work done in freeing his wife from purgatory! This malicious hoax was regarded as genuine by the editor of the *Courier*, who, not satisfied with giving it circulation, actually commented upon it in a leading article! Yet, this journal pretends to understand Catholic principles!

On reading this report and the commentary, I sent the following note to the editor, which, of course, he did not insert.—

To the Editor of the Courier.

SIR,—Permit a Roman Catholic to thank you for a leading article in your journal of Saturday last. You are one of those injudicious opponents, who, in advocating the system of exclusion, fight our battle: for the "purgatorial" case, which you quote with so much complacency, and your grave remarks upon it, cannot fail to be ultimately useful to us. It is another proof, that the supporters of a bad cause must necessarily resort to falsehood; and, should you be acquitted of all intention to misrepresent, I cannot see how your judgment can fail to be impeached. One so deeply read in law, as to be able to pronounce infallibly upon Mr. O'Connell's incapacity to take his seat in St. Stephen's, ought to have known, that the case about praying a soul out of purgatory, could not have been entertained in a Court of Justice. Your ignorance of our religious principle, must plead your apology for the crude twaddle about purgatory. No doubt you have discovered before this, that the seeming report was a weak invention of the enemy; and in future you will, I should think, be more cautious in extracting *reports* from the Orange press of Ireland. Begging, in fairness, the insertion of this note in your journal, I remain, Sir, yours, &c.

"A CATHOLIC."

Mr. Dawson has made the Orangemen very angry, and like other insignificant creatures, their wrath is amusingly ludicrous. They are eager for the field: but this, as they say in Ireland, is all *Tallagh-hill talk*. Their boasting reminds me of the inebriated tailor, who struck at every bush he passed, valorously exclaiming, "Oh! that this was a man!" Presently up flew a crane, *Hibernicè*, a *Shidder-row*, when, lo! the ninth part of humanity dropt upon his knees, dolorously obtesting the ambushed foe to have mercy on him. The Orangemen ought not to forget '98; I do not; and perfectly recollect their conduct on that occasion. In the county of Wexford they were boisterous and cruel: they talked much, and tortured many; but the moment the people started to arms, these ruffians showed the white feather. The most notorious of them took refuge in Duncannon-fort; the remainder assailed the priests for baptism, crowded the chapels, and devoutly struck their breasts—*mea culpa!!* The reader may consult Hay's History of the Insurrection, and the Rev. Mr. Gordon's (a Protestant Clergyman) account of the same sad event.

The Duke of Wellington, however, knows how to appreciate their vauntings; he knows a hundred *shilmaleers* would silence a thousand of

them, and knowing this, he will listen to other counsel than that of the Beresfords or the Ellises. By the by, the Master in Chancery is an astonishing statistician: his 400,000 Orangemen in arms would give Ireland a Protestant population of some millions.

I have just read Colonel Evans's book on the "Designs of Russia." Our Indian possessions he considers endangered; and, worse than this, Ireland is in a ticklish situation, in the event of certain things coming to pass. The Colonel says:—

'Should the American general now a candidate for the highest office in the United States, still survive, and be then, for instance, in his second or third Presidentship, (which is by no means impossible, being a remarkably hale and strong man) he is one that would co-operate against the British ascendancy in Ireland with a peculiar zeal and determination. His parents are said to have been exiled from that country, and he himself is understood to cherish for it a most fervent remembrance.

'The desire of conquest indulged in by our trans-Atlantic descendants is, considering the nature of their institutions, sufficiently absurd; nevertheless, such is the fact: and there is no public man in all the Federacy, more likely to push that policy to its uttermost, especially against us, than the individual just alluded to.

'The Canadas and some islands of the Western Main are primary and unquestionable objects of their ambition. Now if Ireland should be then in a disaffected or insurrectionary state—should some imitative phantom of a presidentiary government have been created within it, and be in a condition to fulminate, from any beleaguered fastness*, seditionary decrees resembling those now sent forth from the nascent republic of Egina—in what better mode could the American general promote the aggressive views on his own borders, than by preparing a number of small fast-sailing vessels or steamers, for the successive conveyance, as they are wanted, of arms, ammunition, and stores to the insurgents? How are we to prevent these supplies being landed in some of the multitude of fine ports which everywhere indent (especially to the westward) the Irish coasts? American cruizers or privateers would, also, under those circumstances, swarm in the Irish Channel and seas. A more obvious, an easier, cheaper, or more decisive diversion against the British power could not, it is manifest, be effected. Is it by vainly attempting to conceal these matters that they are to be guarded against?

'Whether, however, at the time now referred to, the Sister Island may be in the ascending vigour of a youthful prosperity, the citadel of our strength, and a new source of financial aid, or, on the other hand, the breach through which every enemy will seek to pass to the heart of the national power—is, it may be presumed, totally dependent on intermediate circumstances, which are wholly foreign in their nature to the subject of these pages—and such as the writer is not conversant with. But the actual condition of Ireland, without any reference whatever to its causes or possible remedy, is not by any means an exclusively domestic concern; on the contrary, it is obviously and intimately connected with our external defence and foreign relations: perhaps far too much so.'

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* That there really exists any positive likelihood of this sort, is more than I can pretend to say, having no other data to go by than the accounts which go to this point in most of the public prints. But if these are not great exaggerations, it might be well to remark that though Ireland, being of limited extent, is the easier held by a regular army—that though, in some parts, it is not very mountainous, it still contains not only an overwhelming population, desperate from want, believing itself aggrieved, and characteristically susceptible of enthusiasm—but also presents a very observable peculiarity of surface, offering, with very little spade labour and no expense, numerous, extensive, and almost inexpugnable positions for entrenched retts as places of depôt, drilling, organization, &c.

ANTIQUITIES, FINE ARTS, &c.

Money.—When or by whom, *money* was invented is uncertain. The Jews and some others attribute the invention to Tubal Cain, because he is said to have been an instructer of every artificer in brass and iron. But this will require a strong imagination to conceive; nor does it appear that there was any money in use before the flood; but afterwards it is expressly mentioned in the Scriptures. In Italy, Janus the first king of Latium, who reigned seven hundred years before the foundation of Rome, (about the time of Ruth) or Saturn his successor, stamped the first money there of copper, having the head of Janus or of Janus and Saturn joined together by the hinder parts, and on the reverse the prow of a ship. This money continued in use till five hundred years after the building of Rome, when the Romans, having made themselves masters of all Italy, coined silver money and some time afterwards gold; having at first only leather money in King Numa's time, and plain copper without any mark at all, till King Servius Tullus first stamped them with the figure of an ox, a sheep, or a hog; at which time it began to be called *pecunia, à pecude.* It was also called *moneta, à monendo,* because it admonishes us of its name and value; and from this Latin word *moneta,* the Saxon word *munet,* or money, the German *munts,* the French *monnoies,* the Italian *moneta,* and the Spanish *moneda* are derived.

Severus's Wall.—A little to the south of the turnpike road, in the deep hollow below Benwell hill, near Denton Burn, at about three miles west of Newcastle, there still remains a curious fragment of Severus's Wall. In 1823, a drawing was made of this relic of antiquity; it then measured about nine feet in breadth, and an apple tree was growing out of the middle of it, which gave it rather a picturesque appearance. In the line of this wall many fragments of Roman pottery, bones, the teeth of animals, coins, rings, &c. have been occasionally discovered, particularly near the village of *Walls-end,* where this stupendous defence terminated.

The attainments of the Monks, &c.—For whatever has been preserved to us of the writers of Greece or of Rome; for all we know of the language of those invaluable writers; for all the monuments of our holy religion; for the sacred writings, which contain the word of God, and for the traditions of the wise and good respecting it, we are almost wholly indebted, under providence, to the zeal and exertions of the priests and monks during the middle ages, when biblical knowledge was by no means neglected. Dr. Hody places this circumstance beyond the reach of controversy. He proves that there never was a time, even in what are called the darkest ages, when the study of the original language of the holy writings, was wholly laid aside. In England alone, the works of Venerable Bede, Holy Robert of Lincoln and Roger Bacon, show how greatly it was prised and preserved here. Copies of works, were not then, multiplied at the party's will, by the instantaneous operation of the press. They were transcribed by the labour of individuals, a task of infinite pains and perseverance, and to which, for gain was out of the question, nothing but the conscientious and unwearied industry of a religious copyist was equal. "I am sensible" writes Gerhardus Tychson "that it is the general opinion, that the study of the fine arts was buried during the middle ages. It is not however less certain, that, while during many ages, literature was crushed every where else, she found a refuge in monasteries. From unexceptionable evidence, it may be shown, that, while some of the monks applied themselves to the study of divinity, medicine, or dialectic, others made themselves thoroughly acquainted with the Hebrew language, in order to confound the Jews in their disputes with them, by producing the original text, others (of whom some were proselytes from the Jewish religion,) attained the highest skill in calligraphy, and copied Hebrew manuscripts."

Library of the Escurial.—In the library of the Escurial, the books are mostly bound in parchment; upon their edges which are all gilt, the titles are written, and for this reason, as well as for that of enabling the librarian to take them out, and put them in again with greater facility, the books are placed with the edges outwards. Among the curiosities of this library is preserved with much care a large folio volume, in which the four gospels, and certain productions of the holy fathers, are written in letters of gold. It was commenced by direction of the Emperor Conrad, and finished in the time of his son Henry II., and is, therefore, at least seven hundred and eighty years old; yet the letters appear as fresh as if they were recently executed. The pages are beautifully illuminated. Another curious volume is also shown, which contains the Apocalypse exquisitely written. At the beginning of each chapter, is an illuminated representation of its contents. Over

this library there is another apartment equally extensive, which is chiefly appropriated to manuscripts in Hebrew, Greek, Arabic, Latin, and other languages. Amongst these are several very ancient bibles, in different languages, particularly a Greek copy, a little injured, which belonged to the Emperor Cantacune. The total number of manuscripts is at present estimated at four thousand; and of printed books, in both libraries, at twenty four thousand. Their number was at one time considerably greater, but several of the former were consumed by a destructive fire, which occurred in the Escurial in 1671; and when the intrusive king was in Madrid, he ordered the printed books to be removed to the convent of the Trinity in that capital. Upon the restoration, they were conveyed back to the Escurial, but upwards of ten thousand were found to be missing.

Grave Amusements.—In articles to be enquired of in the ordinary visitation of the right worshipful Mr. Dr. Pearson, Archdeacon of Suffolk, A. D. 1638, Quarto. under the head of churchyards, we read: "Have any Plays, Feasts, Banquets, Suppers, Church Ales, Drinkings, Temporal Courts or Leets, Lay Juries, Musters, Exercise of Dancing, Stoole-ball, Foot-ball, or the like, or any other prophane usage been suffered to be kept in your church, chappel, or churchyard?" And Matkin, in his "Scenery, Antiquities, and Biography of South Wales," Quarto, London, 1804, says "The custom of dancing in their churchyard at their feasts and revels is universal in Radnorshire, and very common in other parts of the principality. Indeed this solemn abode is rendered a kind of circus for every sport and exercise. The young men play at fives and tennis, against the wall of the church. It is not however to be understood that they literally dance over the graves of their progenitors. This amusement takes place on the north side of the church-yard where it is the custom not to bury."

Republican Weddings.—During the time of the Commonwealth, justices of peace were empowered to marry people. A jeu d'esprit on this subject may be found in Richard Flecknoe's Diarium, "On the justice of peace's making marriages, and the crying them in the market." Rings appear to have been given away formerly at Weddings. In Wood's Athenæ Oxonienses, vol. i. p. 280, we read in the account of the famous philosopher of Queen Elizabeth's days, Edward Kelly, "Kelly, who was openly profuse beyond the modest limits of a sober philosopher, did give away in gold wire rings (or rings twisted with three gold wires) at the marriage of one of his maid servants, to the value of 4000*l.*" This was in 1589, at Trebona.

Chinese Dyeing.—The Chinese whose progress in many of the arts is superior to that of any other Asiatic nation, avail themselves of the labours of certain insects in procuring a rich dye, and an elegant varnish, which is provided by a certain species of winged ant. The celebrated purple dye of the ancients was a small species of shell-fish; and we are told by Pliny, that the discovery of its virtue was occasioned by a dog, who in eating the fish, had dyed his ears with that beautiful colour. It seems probable that the ancients were capable from the shells of insects of communicating to their stuffs many beautiful shades of scarlet with which we are unacquainted; and it is not unlikely that we have some rich tints of that colour, which they wanted. It is certain that our finest reds are furnished by insects, of which they were ignorant. Cochineal, the extensive and profitable uses of which have been long estimated, is now universally known to be an insect which is propagated with ease, and in vast numbers in part of South America. The Kermes or grain of scarlet, which was formerly imagined to be one of the galls or excrescenses that are seen on shrubs, is now understood to be an insect which attaches itself in that form to a species of the oak.

RURAL AND DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Potatoes.—The following "Calculations of the Produce and Value of a Potato Crop" have been published by Sir John Sinclair, as a supplement to his former paper on the same subject.

"I have always maintained, that Great Britain and Ireland were perfectly competent to feed their inhabitants, if agriculture were properly encouraged. But upon the supposition that we may require, for our subsistence, a million of quarters of foreign wheat, I propose here to explain how a very moderate quantity of land, under the potato culture, would supply that deficiency.

"An English acre of potatoes, when properly cultivated, produces, on an average, 216 bushels, which, at 75 lbs. per bushel, amounts, in all, to 16,200 lbs. per acre.

"Of this weight, only one fourth consists of solid matter, either, 1. Farina, or flour; or, 2. Fibre.

"1. *The Farina.*—The quantity of farina varies according to the sort, the soil, and the season; but, on the whole, it may be stated that about one-sixth part of the contents of the raw potato consists of farina, and the half of that weight of fibre.

"The produce of an English acre of potatoes, therefore, contains of

Farina . . .	2,750 lbs.
Fibre . . .	1,350
Solid matter	4,100
Liquid matter	12,100
Total . .	16, 200

"The farina of an acre of potatoes, at 3*d.* per lb., would produce 34*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*; at 2*d.*, 22*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.*; and at 1*d.*, 11*l.* 9*s.* 2*d.*

"*Value of an acre of Potatoes compared with Wheat.*—The value of an English acre of potatoes, therefore, the farina at 3*d.* per lb., and the fibre at 1*d.*, is 40*l.*; at 2*d.* per lb. for the farina, and 1*d.* per lb. for the fibre, amounts to 28*l.* 10*s* 10*d.*; and at the low rate of 1*d.* per lb. for the farina, and ½*d.* for the fibre, would be 14*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*

"The Scotch acre is one-fifth more than the English, consequently it would produce, at 3*d.* per lb. for farina, and 1*d.* per lb. for fibre, 48*l.*; at 2*d.* per lb. for farina, and 1*d.* for fibre, 34*l.* 5*s*; and even at 1*d.* per lb. for farina, and only ½*d.* per lb. for fibre, 17*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

"Wheat, that great object of the farmer at present, can bear no comparison with a crop of potatoes in point of value. Stating the produce at twenty-four bushels per English acre, and the price at 7*s.* per bushel, it would only amount to 8*l.* 8*s.* per English, and 10*l.* 18*s.* 2½*d.* per Scotch acre, to which from 2*l.* to 2*l.* 10*s.* per acre may be added as the value of the straw. But still the value of a crop of wheat is inferior, and in many cases cannot be obtained without a previous year's fallow; while, during its growth, it is unfortunately liable to numerous risks, from insects, diseases, precarious harvests, &c."

Jelly.—I may state, that the true skin of animals is composed chiefly of this substance. Accordingly, if you take a portion of the skin of an animal and boil it, you will find that it furnishes, upon evaporation, a quantity of matter, which, as it cools, assumes a tremulous form, which is known under the name of jelly. You may obtain it from a number of other substances, as from *isinglass*, which is the air-bladder, and membranes of a species of sturgeon imported into this country, almost exclusively from Russia; you find it in a variety of animal structures, but chiefly in the true skin. I have stated, that it concretes into a tremulous mass, but it differs from albumen, in being readily dissolved in water, and you may congulate it and liquefy it any number of times, differing in that respect also from albumen. It is easily soluble in acids and alkalies, but does not form soaps with an alkali, as is the case with albumen. It is prone to decomposition in its liquid state, but when dried, as in isinglass and glue, it is, comparatively speaking, a very permanent substance; it is supposed to be very nutritive, but of that I have some doubt, at least I do not think that it comes any thing near to albumen in nutritive power; but it is found to agree with the system when other kinds of animal food will not.—*Professor Brande's Lectures.*

Animal Food.—I have drawn up a table intended to show the value of different kinds of animal food in albumen, jelly, and water, in their natural state. For example: one hundred parts of the beef contain seventy-four parts of water, and the remainder is composed of twenty parts albumen, and six of jelly; the term *fibrin* has been used to indicate the compound of albumen and jelly, as it exists in animals. Now, in this table, you see that one hundred parts of beef yield twenty-six of albumen and jelly,

Veal	25
Mutton . . .	29
Pork . . .	24
Chicken . . .	27
Cod . . .	21
Haddock . .	18
Sole . . .	21

So that when you talk of eating a pound of beef, you must recollect how large a part of it is water. A countryman, for example, would easily eat a pound of bacon, and you will find that he has consumed in that pound a large quantity of animal matter, because it has been previously dried. And when you take hung beef and ham, and other things used as *bonnes bouches*, you, accordingly, are consuming a large quantity of nutriment.—*Ib.*

MONTHLY INTELLIGENCE.

Clongowes Wood College.—On Friday the first instant, the annual academical exhibition took place at Clongowes Wood College, and we are happy to observe that the resident nobility and gentry of Kildare, at the head of whom we noticed his Grace the Duke of Leinster, honoured this literary and festive meeting by their

presence, and all appeared much pleased with this very interesting scene. Amongst the young gentlemen who distinguished themselves, Master John O'Connell, third son of Daniel O'Connell, Esq. M. P., was first among the foremost, carrying away all the premiums in the first class. After the examination and distribution of prizes were concluded, the company sat down to a sumptuous enterment.—Dr. Kenny, the principal of the college presided, on whose right sat his Grace the Duke of Leinster, Colonel Henry, Hon. and Rev. M. French, Mr. Digby, Mr. Latten, Mr. Mansfield, Mr. Babot, Mr. P. Farrell, &c. &c., and upwards of one hundred of the gentlemen of that and the adjoining counties.

Ushaw College.—On Saturday the 20th of September, an ordination will take place at Ushaw College.

Newcastle upon-Tyne.—Monday the 8th of September being the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Catholic Friendly Society, will hold their 5th anniversary meeting, on which day the society will dine together after hearing Mass, &c. pursuant to their rules.

Clerical Meeting.—The annual meeting of the Secular Catholic Clergy in the counties of Northumberland and Durham, was held on Tuesday the 26th of August at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, which was numerously attended; they afterwards dined together at Mr. John Fletcher's, the Turk's Head Inn, in that town.

The late Rev. Thomas Stout.—On the 26th of July, this gentleman departed this life, in the sixty-second year of his age, at his house in Thropton, in the county of Northumberland, he has since been interred, in front of the altar-rails in his own chapel.

Mr. Stout's first Mission was at Saint George's Fields Chapel, London Road, where he laboured in the vineyard of the Lord for some time with the Rev. J. Griffiths, (who died November 3d. 1815,) he was afterwards appointed to the Mission at Callaley Castle, in the county of Northumberland, and on the removal of Mr. Hemsworth from Thropton, in the same county, in 1797, Mr. Stout succeeded him, at which place he remained until his death. He also established the first Mission at Carlisle; he was zealously devoted to a faithful discharge of his important duties, eminently beneficial to others, and conducive to that felicity it is humbly hoped will be his portion for ever.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Right Rev. Dr. M'Hale, Bishop of Maronia, and Coadjutor Bishop of Killala, has in the press "The Evidences and Doctrines of the Catholic Church," in two volumes.

In preparation, translated from the French, in one volume, "A Concise History of the Church: in which its combats and victories in time of persecution, its heresies and scandals, are detailed; and from the triumph it has gained over constant opposition, its preservation, no less than its establishment, is proved to be the work of an Almighty Hand." Originally written by M. L'homond, and continued till 1817 by M. L'Abbe Ludovic G. La Graviere.

The 2d volume of the works of Arminius, translated from the Latin, with illustrative notes, by James Nichols, has just been published.

MARRIAGE.

On Monday, July 28th, at the Catholic Chapel, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and afterwards at the Protestant Church, Mr. Robert Carr to Miss Margaret Jasin.

OBITUARY.

On the 26th of July, at Percy Place, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, aged 61, much and deservedly respected, Mrs. Elizabeth Mackall.

On the 23rd of July, at Whitby, Yorkshire, at an advanced age, Madame Guilkumin, teacher of the French language.

On the 1st of July, aged 57, Andrew Walsh, Esq. late of Bread Street, Cheapside.

On the 19th of August, Bartholomew Barnwall, Esq. aged 30.

On the 24th of July, at Netherton, near Liverpool, the Rev. Richard Pope.

On Friday, July 18, at her house in the Mint, Exeter, Mrs. Brooke, at the advanced age of 95.

On the 29th of July, at Belinagar, the seat of his brother, the O'Conor Don, Dr. O'Conor. He was chaplain to the late Marchioness of Buckingham, and librarian to the Marquis, as well as to present Duke. He was a gentleman of considerable eminence in the literary world, author of the "Letters of Columbanus" and editor and translater of the "Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores."

On the 3rd of August, at Llanarth Court, of a decline, in the 21st year of his age, Thomas, the youngest son of the late John Jones, Esq., student in the English College at Rome, where he had been promoted to minor orders. He had very recently returned to England for the recovery of his health.

On the 1st of August, at Richmond, Yorkshire, in the 36th year of her age, Anne, eldest daughter of Wm. Pratt, Esq.

THE

CATHOLIC MISCELLANY.

OCTOBER, 1828.

THE BRUNSWICK CLUBS.

TO THE "MEN OF KENT."

AN opinion, I fear not altogether groundless, has gone abroad, that the agricultural are less enlightened than the manufacturing districts. It would appear that men's minds, like diamonds, are polished by rubbing, as it were, against each other; for, however favourable husbandry may have been to morality, that state of society which admits of dense population is best calculated for promoting the progress of knowledge. This, at all events, has been hitherto the case; and a fact so obvious could not escape those gentlemen, who, unable to keep pace with the march of the age, console themselves, like peacocks, by admiring the brilliancy behind them. Like the Irish regiment, they advance backward; and, dreading the intelligence of populous towns, they have raised the standard of bigotry in the "wilds of Kent,"—they have undertaken to establish "Brunswick Clubs," and thereby confirm the opinion so generally entertained, respecting the amount of knowledge to be found in rural districts. In the hope of rescuing the agricultural population from the threatened disgrace, I address myself to you, "Men of Kent." Whatever may be the quantum of your prejudices, I consider them accessible to truth; and, as I have a very high opinion of your apprehension, I shall deal exclusively in facts—I shall state nothing which can be honestly controverted.

The proposed "Brunswick Club" has for its avowed object the perpetuation of Catholic disabilities—that is, one-third of the population of the British empire, or nine-tenths of the Irish people, ought to be denied the privileges of subjects. This, on the face of it, is a gross injustice—it must strike you at once as impolitic; and, aware of the natural inference which your unsophisticated minds would draw, the ultra-tories have undertaken to shew you, that the popery laws were expedient—that the remnant of them is expedient: and these are the kinds of reasons which they advance to reconcile you to their monstrous assertions. First, the Catholic religion, they say, is a *persecuting* religion; secondly, that being a persecuting religion, its free exercise is incompatible with Protestant security, or the safety of the British constitution.

The second reason being of an ambiguous nature, you will, I am aware, readily take it for granted; and the industry of your nurse and the parson have rendered much logic unnecessary to convince you that the first is a self-evident fact.

But pause a moment: there is not one amongst you who has not experienced the novel effect of increased knowledge; you must have discovered before this, that you have believed in the truth of things that were not true; and that whatever the parson may teach, your nurses and grandmothers have not always been infallible. They may have told you that which your after experience convinced you was not the fact; and I

only now require of you to *doubt*, for a moment, the truth of all you have heard respecting the persecuting spirit of popery. I do not ask you to dismiss your prejudices—I only beg the favour of a *doubt* until I lay before you the evidence upon which I think your judgment—a premature one—ought to be reversed. "Our opinions," says a Protestant bishop, "on many important subjects, are formed as much on prejudice as on reason; and when an opinion is once taken up, it is seldom changed, especially in matters not admitting any criterion of certainty." The matter on which I am about to speak, does admit of certainty; and, therefore, I expect to be able to shew you, that THE CATHOLIC IS NECESSARILY THE MOST TOLERANT OF ALL RELIGIONS.

Intolerance is a hateful thing; but still it has frequently proceeded from the finest humanity, from the sincerest love of our fellow-creatures. Good men, and pious men, who do not reflect, are always intolerant, because they abhor error for its consequences, and detest schism for what they apprehend to be its evils. Individuals, in such cases, may be, and frequently are, influenced by personal motives, by bad feelings; but the multitude, I am persuaded, act from pure, though mistaken notions. The Catholics persecuted the Albigenses for precisely the same reason that Protestants have persecuted the Carliles and the Taylors. They apprehended the worst consequences from the propagation of their doctrines—they feared that error would supplant truth, and that the *new* opinions, if permitted to spread, would be the destruction of society and the eternal loss of innumerable souls. Recollect, I am not an advocate of persecution. God forbid! But these are powerful reasons for penal laws. They are the reasons upon which you are now called upon to persecute Catholics, by denying them their rights; and are such as could hardly be resisted in former times, when the world had neither our experience nor our knowledge. Those who misled the people were to blame—not the people themselves; for they *believed* that the doctrines and opinions of the obnoxious heretics were such as described. What the Catholics sometimes did to schismatics, in the dark ages, you have done in all the light of the nineteenth century to infidels. Names are nothing: you have one of these modern schismatics in prison: and the most violent of his opponents are to be found amongst the strictly religious and the strictly moral! We often condemn our forefathers for those very acts which we do every day with applause. Your parsons denounce Catholics for having persecuted the early reformers, yet Protestants now persecute Catholics, notwithstanding the total absence of those circumstances which *seemed* to justify acts of intolerance! We comfort ourselves, that we do not live in a persecuting age; but he, I think, who, with some attention, has observed the real character even of the present times, will be ready to acknowledge, that if they are less intolerant, it is not because either their principles or their passions are different, but because they dare not, or are ashamed, to profess them. The philosophy of a few, the Christian moderation of others, the religious indifference of many, and the modish vices of more, have gained so much on the bigotry, the superstition, the false zeal, the fanaticism of the multitude, that he who dares to be intolerant is laughed at, and he who would persecute is ridiculed.*

* Berington.

That Catholics have been persecutors is an undoubted fact; and it is because they once persecuted, that they will persecute no more. This may appear paradoxical, but it is nevertheless obvious enough.

Like other men, Catholics profit by experience; we all grow wiser as we grow older; and worldly wisdom is the result of age. Warriors enslaved their prisoners, until they discovered that it was much better to exchange them for the prisoners of the enemy; and if Catholics persecuted those who dissented from their creed, for the good of their Church, experience has shewn them that it is much better to tolerate them. The sword has not thinned the ranks of their opponents—it only served to augment the amount of dissent, and increase the obstacles to reconciliation. I am sure you will give us credit for zeal and for great candour, when we assure you, that we wish to see Catholicism not only the most predominant, but the *sole* religion of Christendom. Do not be alarmed at this very sincere declaration. I have only declared that which every honest Protestant will subscribe to; for his humanity is worth little, and his piety less, if he do not *pray* for the dominion of what he considers to be truth. We do no more.

The apostles of new creeds have too often been indebted to the persuasion of the sword. The Catholic is the only religion which has ever been extensively propagated (under the blessing of heaven) by the pure efforts of unassisted piety. If this be no proof of its divinity, it furnishes at least a presumption, that the means which led to its establishment will best secure its stability: its history is one of the most instructive; and in nothing is it more loud than in its condemnation of persecution. Coercion never secured us a convert; and it is now implicitly admitted by Catholics, that the laws against heresy, and the fires of Smithfield, led to the establishment of Protestantism in England.

In making this statement so nakedly, I fear I am giving you credit for more information on the subject than you really possess. You have heard, no doubt—for our enemies have been industrious propagators of misrepresentation—that we are obliged to defend every act committed by Catholics in former ages. Undeceive yourselves: nothing was ever more contrary to the fact; and, be assured, I do not compromise my orthodoxy, if I attribute *all* the evils—and they have not been a few—which Catholics have endured, in these countries, to the mistaken zeal of our ancestors. In saying this, I do not acquit Protestants of cruelty and impolicy; but I, at least, am fully convinced, that we should have had very few Protestants were it not for the want of unlimited toleration among the Catholic sovereigns of Europe, and more particularly of England.

This, you will say, is mere assertion: here, however, are my reasons. In the first place, no Christian religion recommends itself so powerfully to the minds and feelings of mankind as the Catholic. It is older than them all; its tenets are more consonant to human nature; it teaches all the fundamentals of the Christian creed; and no sect has *dared* to deny salvation to its professors. With doctrinal matters I do not here concern myself. These are facts which history and yourselves will attest.

Our Church existed fifteen hundred years before the Protestant Reformation. Some Protestants deny this; but the most perverse ingenuity cannot deny, that for a thousand years it was the religion of Europe. This popery, of which you have heard so many falsehoods, was the religion of those who converted England from Paganism; it

was the religion of Alfred, of your Edwards, and your Henrys. The battles of Poictiers and Agincourt were fought and won by English Catholics; your Black Prince was a Catholic; and those men who gave England the ascendancy in Europe—who made her happy at home and respected abroad—were Catholics! Magna Charta was wrung from the monarch by Catholics; and the foundation, at least, of your constitution, which the "Brunswick Club" is so solicitous about, was laid in Catholic times. Nothing but the blindest prejudice could make you averse to this religion—nothing but want of toleration could have made men desert it. Do not suppose that the early Reformers taught Protestantism: they were a kind of Catholic radicals only: they pretended only to *reform*, to purify, not to destroy, Had they avowed their real sentiments, the people would have detested them; but they succeeded first by not shocking popular prejudice, and secondly, by the impolicy of the Catholic governments. Penal laws forced the *Reformers* into an attitude of defence; the countenance which some of the clergy gave to these enactments served to identify spiritual with temporal abuses, and the secession from any doctrine is rapid when we cease to reverence its teachers. Men are never more willing to abandon a creed, than when they are taught that its ministers are the venal slaves of the court, and the enemies of the people. Hostilities and confusion widened the separation, and persecution served to strengthen the cause which occasioned them to diverge from the centre of unity. In England, Mary's fires disgusted the moderate, and rendered the *Reformers* inaccessible to reason; they naturally refused to hear arguments in favour of reconciliation.

Such, when divested of extraneous matter, is the real and simple history of the Protestant Reformation. It is, however, to be observed, that if ever men rendered themselves obnoxious to persecution, it was the fathers of the Reformation. They were not content, like some individual Catholics, to defend the exercise of intolerance from motives of expediency; they boldly, I might say blasphemously, pronounced persecution a religious duty; and, hear it ye advocates of private interpretation! appealed to the word of God, where they pretended to find an injunction to extirpate—what? the *heresy* of the Church of Rome! "Our question is," says Maitland of Lethington to John Knox, "whether that we may and ought to suppress the Queen's mass? or whether that her idolatry shall be laid to our charge? What ye may, said John Knox, by force, I dispute not; but what ye may and ought to do by God's express commandment, that can I tell. Idolatry ought not only to be suppressed, but the idolater ought to die the death, unless we will accuse God. I know, said Lethington, the idolater is commanded to die the death; but by whom? By the people of God, said the other. For the commandment was made to Israel, as ye may read—That if it be heard that idolatry is committed in any one city, that inquisition shall be taken; and if it be found true, that then the whole body of the people shall arise and destroy that city, sparing in it neither man, woman, nor child. But there is no commandment given to the people to punish their King, said the Secretary, if he be an idolater. I find no privilege granted unto kings, said the other, by God, more than unto the people to offend God's majesty." Again, Knox says—"After that Moses had declared what was true religion, to wit, to honour God as he commanded, adding nothing to his word, neither yet diminishing any thing from it;

and after also that vehemently he had exhorted the same law to be observed, he denounceth the punishment against the transgressors in these words:—If thy brother, son, daughter, wife, or neighbour, whom thou lovest as thine own life, solicitate thee secretly, saying, let us go serve other Gods, whom neither thou nor thy fathers have known, consent not to him, hear him not, let not thine eye spare him, show him no indulgence or favour, hide him not, but utterly kill him; let thy hand be first upon him, that he may be slain, and after, the hand of the whole people. Of these words of Moses, are two things appertaining to our purpose to be noticed. First, that such as solicitate only to idolatry, ought to be punished to death, without favour or respect of persons. . . . . The second is, that the punishment of such crimes as are idolatry, blasphemy, and others that touch the majesty of God, doth not appertain to kings and chief rulers only, but also to the whole body of that people, and to every member of the same, according to the vocation of every man, and according to that possibility and occasion which God doth minister to revenge the injury done against his glory, what time that impiety is manifestly known."—"I fear not to affirm, (he adds, in a subsequent part of the Appellation,) that the Gentiles (I mean every city, realm, province or nation among the Gentiles, embracing Christ Jesus and his true religion) be bound to the same league and covenant that God made with his people Israel, what time he promised to root out the nations before them, in these words, Beware that thou make any covenant with the inhabitants of the land, &c. but thou shalt destroy their altars, &c. To this same law, I say, and covenant, are the Gentiles no less bound than sometime were the Jews, whensoever God doth illuminate the eyes of any multitude, province, people, or city, and putteth the sword in their own hand, to remove such enormity from among them, as before God they know to be abominable. Then, I say, are they no less bound to purge their dominions and country from idolatry than were the Israelites, what time they received the possession of the land of Canaan. And moreover, I say, if any go about to erect and set up idolatry, or to teach defection from God, after that the verity hath been received and approved, that then not only the magistrates to whom the sword is committed, but also the people, are bound by that oath which they have made to God, to revenge to the uttermost of their power the injury done to his Majesty."

These were not abstract opinions; the great Scots reformer put his principles into practice. "What adulterer!" he exclaims with holy exultation, "what fornicator, what known *mass-monger* or pestilent *papist* durst have been seen in public, within any reformed town within this realm before that Queen (Mary of Scotland) arrived?" All this was the more inexcusable as the Catholics of Scotland were remarkable for their tolerant spirit. Knox himself has not been able to enumerate more than eighteen *martyrs* in the sixty years which intervened between the years 1500 and 1560. This falls very far short of the number which Calvinistic intolerance sacrificed to the Moloch of bigotry in the few years which succeeded the commencement of their power in the North.

The English reformers did not evince a better spirit: those who are curious in books of martyrology may enumerate the number of their victims; but history has given the subject only an indignant glance; it records that they persecuted not only Catholics but each other; and the "popery laws" are a living testimony against the assumption of Pro-

testantism being a tolerant religion. The conduct of the Winchelseas and the Brydges and the Wells prove that it is not; they proclaim to the world that, in their opinion, when it comes in contact with Catholicism, the religion of civilized Europe, it must persecute. Do you believe them? Do they not libel you? I will not, however, flatter you into liberality; I do not deceive myself by supposing that the spirit of intolerance is confined to fanatic noblemen, it is found active where it could, in this age of the schoolmaster, be hardly expected, and betrays itself now and then in the journals of the day. One of these (The "Leeds Intelligencer") within the last month has perpetrated the following paragraph.

"We cannot, at the same time, do such violence to our own sense of the exalting prerogatives of the British Constitution, as not to believe that under its influence the Sister Island will at length be inspired with a manly love of freedom, and spurn the yoke of the Romish church. In this hope, and in this hope only, could any free Protestant be excused for hesitating to drive the whole herd of Papists, now possessed with thraldom, into the Atlantic, rather than suffer the polluting presence of one of them within the temple of our civil and religious liberties."

These sentiments, I believe, are applauded only by a limited few; and I thank heaven that these few are not Catholics. We feel conscious that our tenets recommend themselves to all mankind; and we believe that all mankind would embrace them, were they calmly considered. From the opposition of sectaries we have nothing to fear. The Reformation, as I have shown, was a surreptitious work—the people were cheated into dissent; and that that arose not from superiority in its doctrine must be evident, when Protestants cannot boast of any converts from Catholicism since the ebullition which followed that great event subsided. On the contrary, Protestantism is every where losing ground; it has decreased in Germany, it is diminishing in England, and is rapidly giving way in Ireland. Catholicism, on the contrary, is gaining converts daily. In Scotland there are a hundred Catholics now for one twenty years ago; and in England old chapels are amplified, and new ones building. This, observe you, has taken place, not in the darkness of European intellect, not in consequence of persecution, but in times of tranquillity, and under circumstances peculiarly unfavourable to the progress of Catholicism. The reason, however, must be quite obvious to those who dispassionately consider the circumstances of the case. The body of mankind are always necessarily anxious about the future world; and having no temporal ends to serve by conforming to religions of which they disapprove, they adopt that which they consider the best. Now the claims which the Catholic church puts forth are, in my opinion, perfectly irresistible. She is—you may consider it an assumption—the parent church—she is, at all events, older than the Protestant church. This one fact—when men are unwarped by prejudice—must stagger the most orthodox anti-papist alive; it is a mighty truth, pregnant with meaning—it compels him to doubt; it tells him that he is a seceder and that he *may* be in error. If he enquire, he encounters nothing to restore him his Protestant serenity of mind—the first reformers acted very unlike the apostles—the establishment of Protestantism was not the work of unassisted piety; and its results have not shewn that it is peculiarly adapted to the promotion of the happiness of society. All this must increase his doubt, and that doubt will be confirmed the moment he sincerely investigates the religion of his forefathers. He finds that

it contains all that Protestants consider necessary to salvation, and something more. In that something more there is nothing revolting even to a pious Protestant; and a prudent Christian will naturally prefer believing too much rather than too little. Protestant divines admit the superior adaptation of Catholicism to the wants and feelings of mankind. "I am apprehensive," says the late Bishop of Landaff, "that Catholic schools (he dreaded an increase of Catholic intelligence) will become numerous; the glare of ceremonies will fascinate the minds of the commoner people; and the doctrines of absolution and of praying souls out of purgatory (he ought to have said praying for souls in purgatory) will be palatable to many." This was no hasty opinion; it occurs in a letter to a prime minister; and to it the bishop subjoins, "I disliked some of their (Catholic) religious principles, I entertained no doubt of the sincerity of their political protestation. Whether many converts will be made to popery in this country, is a question not capable of immediate decision; but that the apprehension of its influence over vulgar minds is not only chimerical, may appear from what Forster has said in his travels:—'I have heard Mr. Schwartz, the Christian missionary on the coast of Coromandel, as pious a priest as ever preached the gospel, and as good a man as ever adorned society, complain, that many of his Indian proselytes, disgusted at his church's want of glitter and bustle, take an early opportunity of going over to the popish communion, where they are congenially gratified by the painted scenery, by relics, charms, and the blaze of fire-works.'"

Old Baxter said as much before Dr. Watson was born: his acute intellect enabled him to perceive the inability of the reformers to contend on equal grounds with Catholics, and, therefore, he wished the Catholics persecuted and persecuting, because times of commotion are unfavourable to the calm investigation of religious questions!!! Dr. Johnson—that man of mighty intellect—has also pronounced an opinion favourable to Catholicism, in one of those moral maxims of his which assume all the conclusiveness of a mathematical demonstration. "A man," says he, "who is converted from Protestantism to Popery may be sincere: *he parts with nothing;* he is only SUPERADDING to what he already had. But to CONVERT from Popery to Protestantism a man gives up so much of what he has held as *sacred*, as any thing that he retains—there is so much laceration of mind in such a conversion—that it can hardly be sincere or lasting." In confirmation of this I shall state but one fact, and it is a curious and an important one; namely, that there is not an instance on record of a man who professed Catholicism, having, in that awful moment of sincerity, when the venal can afford to be honest—the hour of death—embraced Protestantism! Reverse the case, and what clouds of examples do not even the last dozen years furnish.

I have not entered into this argument for the purpose of converting you; my purpose was to shew that Catholics *must* desire not persecution, but that permanent peace which would allow men to investigate, to enquire, and to chuse. They know—and every day shews that they are not too sanguine—that they run no risk from Protestant zeal, and that they have every thing to expect from good feeling, and from liberality of sentiment. Theirs is a religion of love; the brightest and greatest names in our church have deprecated persecution, because they saw that truth could make no impression on—could not find access to—minds inflamed with resentment, they sought converts through the medium of

conviction—they appealed to reason and the Bible; and their harvest was a rich one. We have acquired wisdom by contemplating the past; we cannot—for the foregoing reasons—without an utter disregard for the interest of our church, become persecutors. We believe that our separated brethren will one day return into the bosom of the church; and we know that this desirable event is to be attained by kindness, forbearance, and charity; and that it would be only protracted by resorting, if we had the means, to acts of coercion.

The Catholic Church is accused, too, with being inimical to knowledge. Why should she be so? We have seen that she covets investigation; the history of Christianity is the history of Catholicism—the holy fathers prove the antiquity of all her doctrines; and, therefore, whatever demonstrates the truth of Christianity establishes the supremacy of the Church of Rome. Her advocates eagerly encounter the infidel and the Protestant: the latter she confounds by a simple appeal to history; the former by an appeal to science and logic. Dr. Parr had no higher compliment to pay the most learned divine of the established religion than by asserting that he would be considered a great man even in the Catholic Church; and within the last few years some of the greatest literary names in Europe have abandoned Protestantism for what is contemptuously called popery. It would, therefore, appear that Catholicism had no greater enemy than ignorance too stupid to be reasoned with; for the more enlightened the people, the greater the facilities for comparing the Catholic with the reformed creeds. Education, too, enables men to emancipate themselves from their prejudices, and to understand the authorities upon which the Church of Rome rests her claims to infallibility.

Having proved that the Catholic is necessarily a tolerant religion, and that Catholics have every inducement to encourage the progress of knowledge, permit me to call your attention to the statements put forth by the Tories respecting our designs upon the temporalities of the Established Church, and the insecurity of the constitution. In the first place, we are too desirous to see our clergy efficient to encumber them with wealth. If there be those amongst us who would willingly make church property more conducive to the interests of the people, no sincere Catholic would wish to see it in the possession of his own church. "The thing," says the author of a letter to the Duke of Wellington, "is impossible. But were it otherwise, your Grace does not require to be told, that the Catholic laity as a body, at all times and in every country, have strongly objected to the possession of temporalities by their Church. These do not aid—they subvert religion. For it is certain, that no change of creed would have occurred in this country, had apostolical poverty continued the portion of St. Peter's successors. Your Grace must have remarked, too, that the history of Europe does not furnish an instance of large temporalities being bestowed on a hierarchy except by the crown, from the fancied accession of strength thereby imparted to Government."

Respecting the constitution I have a few words to say next month. I shall then give a curious exposé of Orangeism in Ireland. In the mean time I would impress upon you, in the words of a Protestant bishop, that "Parties in parliament, Tories in government, bigots in religion; these are the men who thrive in all corrupted states, and by thriving accelerate the ruin of constitutions."

J. B.

THE REV. MR. POPE'S INACCURACIES.

MR. EDITOR,—Agreeably with what I estimated at the close of my lastcommunication, and to terminate an inquiry, which has been pursued both by writer and reader usque ad nauseam, I seize the first vacant moment to transmit to you one or two concluding observations relative to an individual, who, but twelve months ago, engrossed the attention of millions, but who has now sunk into an oblivion that rivals the stillness of the tomb. With respect to Mr. Pope's besetting sin, falsification, which, with a dreadful uniformity, has marked the crooked "tenor of his way," I shall only advert to one further instance.

If we may credit the Roman lyrist, ridicule is not unfrequently found to be admirably calculated to remove or surmount a difficulty; but then it is only on the supposition, that the subject on which it is to operate be aptly selected, and the weapon very dexterously handled. When, to borrow the language of Mr. Pope himself, the subjects of discussion were "the most important that could possibly engage the human mind," and "topics of the most vital interest to us as immortal and accountable beings," it would seem, that sneering and ridicule were not the most appropriate auxiliaries, to be put in requisition to support a cause, that professes to have been peculiarly favoured from on high, and to have been thoroughly purged from what Bishop Newton calls "the seeds of Popery," or one of his more distinguished contemporaries terms "monkish ignorance and superstition." Such a mode of action, and towards the close of the contest, bespeaks a consciousness of inferiority and defeat. But, to come to the instance in question:—

Mr. Pope, in his second speech on the last day's discussion, jocularly treats his audience to an amusing dialogue from Bellarmine. "We have heard," says he, "of the faith of the *collier* commended by Cardinal Bellarmine." To give it verbatim in Mr. Pope's words:—"The collier, when asked what it was he believed, answered, 'I believe what the Church believes.' The other rejoined—'What, then, does the Church believe?' He replied readily—'The Church believes what I believe.'" Such is the version of Mr. P., and, though all had heard it before, still the intrepid polemic must give them a new edition of it, but not without various embellishments and material emendations. Having examined the Cardinal's little treatise "De arte bene-moriendi," I find nothing about a "*collier*" and "another." According to Bellarmine, the interlocutors are "viri eruditissimi, in disputando facile principes." If they were colliers, "the march of intellect" must have made as gigantic progress then, as in our days: they must have been lettered and princely colliers, and as far removed from ignorance as their professional brethren of the present day. Here I will leave this pretty piece of forgery, only just stating the object and tendency of Bellarmine's dialogue, which may not, perhaps, be discovered to be so ridiculous and useless, as our opponents would seem to imagine. The cardinal is prescribing what weapons a person is to use in his last moments, when assailed by that arch-enemy of souls, the devil, who, as the writer observes, fails not to redouble his efforts at that final and perilous stage. We must not dispute and wrangle with the infernal foe, but, according to the advice of the Apostle, arm ourselves with the shield of faith, whereby we shall be enabled to repel his fiery darts. This advice he illustrates by the introduction of two characters (no doubt imaginary) perfectly skilled in disputation, and

which two characters Mr. P. has been pleased to metamorphose into colliers. "One of these learned disputants," continues Bellarmine, "by yielding to the temptation of the devil, who urged him to explain some difficulties on matters of faith, was drawn by the enemy of man into a disbelief of the divinity of Christ, and other essential dogmas, and thus died in infidelity. The surviving one, on asking for advice in similar circumstances, is instructed to adhere closely to the faith of the Church. He, too, was assailed by the devil in the same way, but adopted the instructions tendered to him, baffled the machinations of the tempter, died happily, and was translated to bliss." This salutary remedy, if duly considered and maturely pondered, would not be found, even by Mr. Pope, and certainly not by the Religionists, or rather irreligionists, of the modern school, a bad preservative against that gnawing disbelief of the present age, which is tossing its votaries up and down on a frightful sea of doubt and uncertainty, and which is rapidly hurrying them into the gulph of infidelity and irreligion.

Here I shall take leave of Mr. Pope and his collier.* I have waded through the champion's speeches with no inconsiderable attention and research, and must solemnly declare, now that I have arrived at the end of the discussion, that his flagrant delinquencies, in my estimation, are without a parallel. My attention was drawn to them, by casting my eye on one or two that were utterly monstrous, indeed, too monstrous to be of any service to the cause which they were designed to forward. All the passages that could be found, I have examined, and found them almost invariably bearing about them such tangible evidence of guilt, as to force me to question the motives and veracity of the individual who gave them birth, or who, at all events, gave them his marked approval. The more flagrant I have endeavoured to expose: some were not discoverable, and some, of minor criminality, I have passed over unnoticed. In animadverting on the literary offences of Mr. Pope, I trust I have manifested neither acerbity of temper, nor malignity of disposition. But the distinguished polemic should know, that although he might have imagined himself entitled to treat us with a high hand, yet had he no right or title to act unjustly or cruelly towards us. We have hearts and human feeling. A princess, during the persecutions of Queen Elizabeth, observed, "un ver de terre se resent, quand on lui marche;" and though we are, politically speaking, a degraded caste in the scale of society, yet have we sufficient acuteness to feel when we are injured and insulted, and sufficient spirit to evince our indignation, when subjected to barbarous treatment. The present is an age of letters, but an age replete with falsehood and calumny in almost every thing that appertains to us and our religion. But it must be borne in mind, if the spirit of the age in which we live, is, as Plato observes, ωσπερ δικους λεγειν, unless truth and justice be the heralds of their words, our adversaries, however formidable and virulent, will never succeed in the holy warfare which they have long been waging against us. They may fancy that they are earning the laurels of victory, but time will force them to acknowledge, with the

* QUERY. To account for the dialogists being introduced as colliers, might not Mr. Pope, or his authority, have met with a French translation of Bellarmine, and dropping on the word "ecolier," in the ardour of fancied discovery, have englished it by the humorous word "collier," which was admirably adapted to throw an interest round the story?

seer Tiresias in the Œdipus of Sophocles, that their words and their wisdom have been secretly working their destruction.

Φεῦ, φεῦ· φρονεῖν ὡς δεινὸν, ἔνθα μὴ τέλη
Ανει φρονοῦντι. Line 316.

I remain, Mr. Editor, with every feeling of gratitude for your indulgence,

Yours, &c.

CANDIDUS.

THE ANCIENT IRISH.*

THE author of this little volume, Mr. Christopher Anderson, is a well-meaning man. In the excess of his benevolence he has shed a pitying tear over the benighted Irish; and, in the hope of irradiating the darkness of Irish intellect, he has written the work before us. He labours to demonstrate the propriety of educating the people through the medium of their native language, and in doing this he has not been guilty of the bad taste of others; he does not intentionally calumniate; he has nothing disrespectful to say of the religion of the people; and he generously, if not ably, enters the field in support of their claims to an early civilization. His reading has been somewhat extensive; and, if his views are neither very correct nor very profound, he cannot be accused of literary dishonesty.

The long humiliation of Ireland was injurious not only to her literary advancement but to the intellectual claims of the people. Degraded in their own estimation, as well as in the eyes of others, their energy was damped; and those who despised them were not likely to give them credit for that reflected honour which they derived from their ancestors. When Dr. Johnson said in a letter to Mr. O'Connor, "Dr. Leland begins his history too late; the ages which deserve an exact inquiry are those times, for *such times there were*, when Ireland was the school of the west, the quiet habitation of sanctity and literature." Dr. Campbell, the bearer of the letter, in inserting it subsequently in his strictures, introduces the proposition, "*if* such times there were!" This is only one out of a thousand instances in which our national spirit developed itself; and we fear that even those who had every motive to sympathise with the Irish people were sometimes indisposed to admit the honest evidence of history when it went to gratify a national vanity, which, if not laudable in itself, was at least harmless. From this charge we fear the great names of Dr. Milner and Dr. Lingard are not free; at least they have been accused by an able antiquary and profound scholar, the late professor of Hebrew and ecclesiastical history in the university of Pavia, of having misrepresented the ancient Irish. Into this question we do not, however, at present enter; a new History of Ireland is about to make its appearance, and some of our literary friends who have seen the early sheets are willing to allow the author the praise of diligence and originality.

Mr. Anderson's chapter on the literary history of Ireland is jejune in the extreme; and, for the reasons already stated, we shall not now enter

* "Historical Sketches of the ancient Native Irish and their Descendants; illustrative of their Past and Present State with regard to Literature, Education, and Oral Instruction." By Christopher Anderson. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. Whittaker: London.

upon it. Foreign domination proved unfavourable to Irish literature; and, for the four centuries which immediately succeeded the establishment of the Anglo-Norman power, Ireland presents but few names upon which national pride would wish to dwell. A few, however, existed; and, if they are not very brilliant, they serve to prove that were it not for the circumstances of the times they might have sustained the literary character of their country. The introduction of the art of printing was not followed by any extraordinary improvement in the literature of Ireland: the distractions of the country did not permit the cultivation of letters, and accordingly we find that most of the religious works in the Irish character and language were the production of distant presses. To the sympathy of foreign Catholics Ireland owes much; her connexion with an universal church preserved her from ignorance and irreligion; and the generous liberality of Catholic states enabled her to preserve inviolably the purity of her ancient faith, and to baffle the tyrannical and unchristian designs of the Protestant reformers. The policy of England compelled the Irish Catholics to seek education abroad soon after the introduction of the new Liturgy; and Mr. Anderson, with some industry, has collected the following information respecting continental seminaries established for the instruction of Irish students.

"1. *Salamanca*, 1582.—The first country on the European continent, to which the Native Irish were accustomed to resort for education, was Spain, the land in which, according to one impression among themselves, their ancestors once lived; and the earliest foundation of which any authentic account can be given was at Salamanca, in Leon, once so famous for its university. At the instance and solicitation of an Irishman, Thomas White from Clonmell, Tipperary, a college was instituted in 1582, of which White was the first rector. Small at first and poor in its origin, it was, however, maintained for many years, till, in the years 1610 and 1614, buildings were erected, and a spacious library was formed. It was in this college, about fifty years after this, that Dr. Andrew Sall, already mentioned, was a professor, and here that different individuals, named in these pages, in whole or in part, received their education. The number of students, however, has never been great. Thus, at the period of the French revolution, there were thirty-two, and up to the invasion of Spain by France, in 1807, the number was never above thirty. At present there are supposed to be only about twelve. Count Beerhaven, of an Irish family, was a benefactor to this seminary.*

"*Alcala*, 1590.—About the year 1590, Baron George Sylveria, born in Portugal, but of Irish extraction, his mother being a Macdonnell from the north of Ireland, founded a college at Alcala de Henares, for thirty Irish students, four chaplains or professors, and eight servants; for whose maintenance he allotted the sum of 2000*l.* sterling annually, and one thousand pounds for the erection of the chapel.

"3, 4. *Lisbon and Evora*, 1595.—In this year there were two colleges founded in Portugal for Irish students; one at Lisbon, by one Ximenes, (not the Cardinal of course, he died in 1517, but not improbably the Spanish lawyer), to which Mr. Leigh, an Irishman, was a benefactor. It seems to have been but a poor foundation, yet from its funds, after receiving his education, any student returning to Ireland received five pounds to pay his passage home, besides provisions for his voyage. From 1792 to 1807 there were from twenty to thirty students; but since then

* "Peter French, from Galway, educated here, went as a missionary to the Mexican Indians. There he remained for *thirty* years. He composed a catechism in the Mexican language, and finally returned to Ireland, where he died in 1693."

and at present only about twelve. The college at Evora, founded the same year, was soon alienated from its original design.

"5. *Douai*, 1596.—Before the close of the sixteenth century, the native Irish had begun to resort to French Flanders and the Netherlands, induced, it is not improbable, by the influence which Spain then enjoyed in these parts. To Douai, in particular, they had repaired; but in 1596 the foundation was laid of a seminary for their exclusive instruction, by one of their own countrymen, Christopher Cusack, an Irishman from Meath, probably the son of Christopher Cusack of Gerrardstown, near Rateeth.* This man spent his own patrimony in the cause; and, procuring the assistance of other friends, was instrumental in first founding the Douai College. From hence, too, by his exertions, also sprang the seminaries or colleges at Lille, Antwerp, and Tournay. Cusack was the first president of Douai, styled the Mother College, and he acted as the superior of the Irish youth throughout Flanders, until his death, in 1619. Mr. Laurence Sedgrave, a cousin, succeeded him, and continued till 1633, when a Mr. James Talbot succeeded as his universal heir. In 1706, Edmund Bourke, and in 1713, Christopher French, both from Galway, were regents of Douai College, and both of them authors. Bourke returned to Dublin, where he is said to have written his essay in opposition to the Jesuits, and died at Rome about 1738. In the year 1740, the president of Douai was Mr. Patrick M'Naghten from Ireland, who furnished Sir James Ware with an account of these Netherland seminaries; and it was here also, that Patrick alias Christopher Fleming, related to the Lords of Slane, received his education. He was successively a lecturer at the Irish colleges of St. Isidore at Rome, at Louvaine, and Prague, leaving his Life of Columbanus which was published at Louvaine in 1667. Before the French revolution there were forty students here, under two superiors. At present I do not know of any.

"6. *Antwerp*, 1600.—About the commencement of the seventeenth century the college at Antwerp was founded, of which Sedgrave, already mentioned, was the first president. In 1629, however, he paid 13,320 florins for a house and garden, which, with the consent of the Bishop of Antwerp, he erected into a college for twelve or sixteen students from any of the four Irish provinces, but the establishment would afterwards admit of double this number. Archdekin from Kilkenny, already mentioned as an Irish author, was rector in 1676. About the year 1792 there were two superiors here, and under them thirty students.

"7. *Tournay*, 1707.—This year a seminary for young Irish students was opened at Tournay. Villani, the bishop, left 9000 florins for the support of the president. This, however, was but a poor foundation, and, having to look to Antwerp for aid, was ultimately given up.

"8. *Lille*, 1610.—The seminary at Lille, which was founded at this time, was also of small extent, and afterwards confined to students from the province of Leinster. It continued open, however, for many years, and before the revolution there were eight students under one master.

"9. & 10. *Louvain*, 1616.—At Louvain, this year, the first stone of a college for the native Irish was laid by the Princes Albert and Isabella of Spain, which is generally styled the College of St. Anthony of Padua. Florence Conry from Connaught, the author of an Irish catechism already noticed, used his influence with Philip III. to found this seminary; but in 1624 another college was opened here, of which Roch MacGeoghan was the first provincial. It was afterwards enlarged by two Irishmen, named Joyce, about 1656. Ferral, 'no bad poet,' says Ware, and Archdekin,

* "Ch. Cusack, whom I presume to be the father, 'made a book of collections,' says Harris, 'relating to Irish affairs, in 1511, which is extant in manuscript in Trinity College library,' and which Primate Ussher so valued as to prefix some genealogical tables."

both taught in one of these colleges. About the time of the French revolution there were forty students in attendance under two masters.

"11. *Rome*, 1625.—The number of Irish students in this city has never been great; but there are various particulars in relation to the colleges there which are interesting, and deserve notice.

"In the year 1625, several buildings at Rome, with ground attached, which had been employed by Spain for despatching the business of that kingdom and the Indies, having fallen under debt, which they could not defray, the parties concerned advised with Luke Wadding, an Irishman, as to the best mode of redeeming the concern from its encumbrances. Wadding, the eighth son of his father, a respectable citizen of Waterford, had left Ireland in the fifteenth year of his age for Lisbon, and commenced his studies there in 1603. Having, in addition to Greek and Hebrew, acquired a correct knowledge of the Portuguese and Castilian languages, he removed to Salamanca about the year 1616. Here he continued to preside over the Irish College for two years, when he was sent, as chaplain of the Spanish embassy, to Rome; and there he remained, labouring with an assiduity which is scarcely credible, did not his voluminous writings alone sufficiently prove it.

"To say nothing of smaller works, and unpublished manuscripts left at his death; although his other occupations were so numerous, says Ware, 'that it is difficult to conceive how he could find time either to write or read,'—we may form some idea of the prodigious activity of this man when it is stated, that during his lifetime he wrote and published ten volumes in folio, two in quarto, and four in octavo; besides preparing, with great labour, sixteen volumes in folio for the press, and superintending four others of the same size. Of these, fourteen he got printed at Rome, twenty-one at Lyons, and one at Antwerp, or thirty-six in all! Twelve of these folios form the best edition of the works of Duns Scotus, with critical notes by Wadding. Another work, his Annals or Lives of the Franciscan Friars, in eight, was extended and republished at Rome, in 1731, in sixteen volumes folio; a copy of which is in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, with his life prefixed, written by Francis Harold, his nephew. From this life it appears, that a splendid Concordance to the Hebrew Scriptures, in four volumes folio, was the first work which this Irishman superintended and published, in 1621,—the 'Concordantiæ Sacrorum Bibliorum Hebraicorum et Latinorum,' of Marius de Collasio. The author having died in 1620, Wadding could not bear the idea of such a work being either lost or concealed; but unable himself, of course, to bear the expense, he applied for assistance and succeeded. This Concordance of Collasio, on which that of Buxtorf is grounded, was republished in London, 1747-1749, to which every king in Europe was a subscriber. The treatise prefixed,—'De Hebraicæ linguæ origine, præstantia et utilitate,' was written by Wadding.

"Having been applied to with reference to the buildings already noticed, Wadding, after consulting with several men of authority and influence, offered to purchase the whole concern, and thus secured a college, with an especial view to the education of his countrymen from Ireland. Barbarini, who had founded the college De Propaganda Fide, befriended the undertaking. On the 14th of June, 1625, Wadding entered on possession, and having appointed Anthony Hickey, a learned Grecian and divine, born in Clare, to be principal lecturer in divinity, and Martin Walsh, from Donegal, the second lecturer; Patrick Fleming, son of Captain Garret Fleming of the county of Louth, to be lecturer on philosophy, and John Ponce, from Cork, the second lecturer; he invited any of the natives of Ireland, then on the Continent, to avail themselves of the education here presented to them. The students in a short time amounted to thirty. After enlarging and improving all the buildings, Wadding added a noble and well-selected library of books, rather for use than ostentation, con-

sisting of five thousand volumes, mostly folio, and about hundred manuscripts. The founder being elective every five years, Wadding was chosen five times in succession before his death, in 1657. Though but a poor friar from Ireland, yet from the time of his arrival at Rome, in the 30th year of his age, he had so risen in the estimation of the inhabitants, that, from their voluntary bounty rather than his importunity, in the first five years, viz. from 1625 to 1630, he had expended 22,000 crowns. This, however, was only an inferior proportion of the expense connected with an undertaking, for the whole of which Wadding provided, and which has been very well known since his day as 'the College of St. Isidore at Rome.'

"12. *Rome*, 1618.—Opposite to these buildings stood a house, afterwards named the Ludovisian College. In 1628, three years after Wadding had entered St. Isidore, at his instance the Cardinal Ludovisius paid one hundred and fifty crowns for furniture, and assigned six hundred Roman crowns annually for the use of this building, and the education of six natives from Ireland. But as Ludovisius at his death bequeathed a vineyard or farm and 1000 crowns annually to the Institution, the house was purchased, named after him, and became a permanent institution for twelve Irish students, who also attended all the lectures at St. Isidore.

"13, *Rome*, 1656.—The year before his death, 1656, Wadding founded another seminary for twelve Irish students, preparatory to St. Isidore, at Campranica, about twenty-eight miles from Rome. Francis O'Molloy from King's County, the author of two pieces printed at Rome in 1666 and 1667, already noticed, succeeded Luke Wadding. At some one of these seminaries there were about sixteen students in 1792 or 3; but even before the French invaded Italy, the Irish college had no existence, and whatever Irish students have been there since, sometimes twenty or twenty-five, but of late only eight or ten, have been accommodated in different ways, and they attend with the other students.

"14. *Prague*, 1631.—The Irish College at Prague in Bohemia was founded in 1631 at the solicitation of Malachy Fallon, and being afterwards enriched by the legacy of an Irishman in the imperial army, General Walter Butler, a chapel was built, and the college so enlarged as to admit of seventy inmates. This legacy of 15,000 florins was in 1652. In 1700, Count Sternberg built for them a spacious library, and furnished it with a library of many thousand volumes, which had been collected and left to him by his brother. Another legacy of 9000 florins from a native of Ireland, Count Hamilton, in 1738, was employed in perfecting and enlarging the buildings. The first superior was Patrick Fleming, already mentioned under Louvain; but, in the same year in which the college was begun, Prague being about to be besieged by the elector of Saxony, Fleming, having left the city, was murdered by the country boors, then up in arms. Francis Magenis, who was with him, escaped, and afterwards became superior. Harold, the nephew and biographer of Wadding, was a professor here; and, at a later period, Francis Walsh, the author of an Irish dictionary, which he either took with him to Dublin, or composed there, where he died. The manuscript never was printed, but it is now in Marsh's library.

"15. *Toulouse*, 1660.—After the marriage of Louis XIV. to the Infanta of Spain, the French court having come to visit Toulouse, the Irish, who for many years had kept a seminary there depending on casual bounty, petitioned the queen-mother, Ann of Austria, for support. They succeeded. She declared herself foundress of the Irish College in 1660, and Louis ratified the patent of foundation. The number of students about the year 1792 was ten, under one master.

"16. *Bourdeaux*, 1669.—This year, the seminary at Bourdeaux also became a college, through the same means. This seminary, however, had been in operation from 1603, in consequence of Cardinal de Sourdis, the Archbishop of Bourdeaux, having cherished and supported it. A

rary Protestant,* the conduct of the Protestant ministers excited his disgust. "The clergy in Ireland," says Spenser, "excepting the great fathers (of whom he dared not speak truth) are generally bad, licentious, and most disordered. . . . Whatever disorders," he continues, "are in the Church of England, may be seen in that of Ireland, and much more; namely, gross simony, greedy covetousness, fleshly incontinency, careless sloth, and generally all disordered life in the common clergymen. And besides these, they have particular enormities; they neither read the Scriptures, nor preach to the people, only they take the tithes and offerings, and gather what fruit they can off their livings, which they convert as badly. . . . Yea," he proceeds, "and some of them (the bishops) whose dioceses are in remote parts, somewhat out of the world's eye, do not at all bestow the benefices which are in their own donation, upon any (clergymen), but keep them in their own hands, and set their servants or horse-boys to take up the tithes, and fruits of them, with the which some of them purchase great lands, and build fair castles upon the same." Leland is forced to give reluctant testimony. "The prejudices conceived," he says, "against the reformation, by the Irish natives more especially, were still further increased by the conduct of those who were commissioned to remove the objects and instruments of popular superstition. Under pretence of obeying the orders of state, they seized all the most valuable furniture of the churches, which they exposed to sale, without decency or reserve. The Irish annalists pathetically describe the garrison of Athlone issuing forth with a barbarous and heathen fury, and pillaging the famous church of Clonmacnoise, tearing away the most inoffensive ornaments, books, bells, plate, windows, furniture of every kind, so as to leave the shrine of their favourite saint, Kiaran, an hideous monument of sacrilege. Nor do such complaints appear to be entirely groundless, for we find that Sir James Crofts, the successor of St. Leger, who had been remanded into England, was particularly instructed to prevent the sale of bells, and other church furniture."

Protestant ministers who thus edified the converts to the new creed were not, of course, very solicitous to qualify themselves for an efficient discharge of their spiritual duties, Being imports from Great Britain, they were ignorant of Irish; and, contrary to all the wishes of government, the native language not only prevailed without the pale, but predominated within it. In the fifteenth century we find a bishop of Dublin lamenting that his *English* clergy (for the Irish clergy were regarded as aliens by the state previous to the reformation) were disqualified for the discharge of their duties, in consequence of their ignorance of the language of the inhabitants of the pale! In 1537 it was enacted, 28th Henry VIII. that "if any spiritual promotion within this land at any time become void, such as have title to nominate shall

* Spenser. "It's a great wonder," he says "to see the odds, which is between the zeal of popish priests and the ministers of the gospel. For they spare not to come out of Spain, from Rome, and from Rheims, by a long toil and dangerous travelling hither; where they know peril of death awaiteth them, and no reward, or riches to be found, only to draw the people to the church of Rome. Whereas, some of our idle ministers, having a way for credit and estimation thereby offered, and having livings of the country offered to them, without pains, and without peril, will neither for any love of God, or zeal of religion, be drawn forth from their warm nests, to look out into God's harvest."

nominate to the same such a person as can speak English and none other:"—"unless," as it was wisely added, "there can be no person as can speak English as will accept it!" Three months are allowed the patron "to look out for such a person; and, after the termination of this period, he was to cause four proclamations to be openly made, at four several market days, for an English divine!" Such was the anxiety of the "useful tyrant" for the promotion of the English language and gospel truth. Henry's parliament regarded preachers as the ancients did their oracles, their voice only was required; respecting the understanding of what they uttered they were perfectly indifferent; for in a country where proclamation was to be made for a divine who could speak English, he was to preach in that tongue, that is "if he can preach." This saving clause was by no means unnecessary.

Converts not having been made by this apostolical method, the reformers changed their tactics. "Preaching," says Cusack, "we have none, which is our lack, without which the ignorant can have no knowledge." It was, therefore, thought advisable to appeal to the press. Elizabeth had a fount of type in Irish character transmitted to Dublin; but the person in whose care it was placed thinking Irish Bibles, without note or comment, of questionable utility, sold the "letters" to the Jesuits, who carried them to France, where they were employed in the production of religious tracts for the "Native Irish."

King Jemmy, who was quite as learned in the useful science of demonology as in divinity, determined to breed up the natives of the kingdom in "civility, learning, and religion," ordained that a few O'Sullivans and O'Phealans, "with a knowledge of the Irish tongue," should be detained, for a few years, in Trinity, to acquire an elementary knowledge of Protestantism, as a qualification for instructing the natives. These schemes, however, proved abortive; the Irish remained steadfast in faith; and Protestants, untaught by the past, foolishly imagine that the conversion of the Catholic Irish is by no means a thing of difficulty. Mr. Anderson relies upon the printing of Bibles in the Irish language, and this ancient tongue has, as it deserves, his warmest admiration.

A writer in the "Foreign Quarterly Review," has some useful observations on the degraded condition of the Celtic inhabitants of Europe. Every where—in France, Spain, England, Scotland, and Ireland, they have all the marks of an inferior race, but he was mistaken, when he inferred from this that their condition was owing to a certain inaptitude for civilization. Under similar circumstances, they exhibit as many good qualities as their Gothic neighbours; and, in fact, their sad condition is owing not to the faculties with which nature has endowed them, but simply to their obstinacy in adhering to the language which "their forefathers spake." According to Dr. Murray, the Celtic was the original language of Europe, and is, in many points superior, to all others, but unfortunately those who spoke the Teutonic tongue were the most resolute. They triumphed over the feeble Celts; drove them to the mountains and marshes; denied them the rights of men; and thus excluded from useful intercourse, they remained inaccessible to the march of civilization. The press has tended but little to enlighten them, they spoke a language different from the literati of their respective countries; and, consequently, they reaped but few benefits from books. The school-master went but seldom among them; their language did not furnish terms for the discoveries of science; and while that of others

was improving, theirs stood still or retrograded; the best Irish scholars find difficulty in reading ancient Irish MSS.! Irish, however, as a vulgar dialect is still spoken extensively—perhaps occasionally by more than half the people of Ireland. Mr. Anderson has been very successful in his proofs of this fact; but the inference which he is pleased to draw from it is erroneous, for although many can speak, few—very few—can read Irish—printed Irish is a kind of Sanscrit, known only to one in ten thousand. In addition to this, it ought not to be forgotten that nineteen out of every twenty who converse in the native language can also converse in English. Indeed, hardly any one under twenty can now be found unacquainted with English. In a few years Irish will cease to be spoken; it has ceased to be fashionable—new roads and newspapers have rendered a knowledge of English absolutely necessary, and pride and patriotism are but feeble barriers against a sense of individual advantage. Education, too, is general in Ireland; and English schools, according to the commissioners of education enquiry, are now universal.

The proposition for instructing the Irish through the medium of their native language has, therefore, come too late; every effort of the kind would only tend to prolong the impediments to education. Those who speak only Irish, if taught to read in that language, would derive but limited advantage from the acquisition; for there are few books in Irish, and the number of mere Irish readers will always be necessarily too few to cause any increase. We are quite willing to bear testimony to the excellence of the ancient language of Ireland, but it should never be forgotten, whatever native scholars may say to the contrary, that modern Irish is not the language of the Celtic-Irish; it bears about as much resemblance to it as Hindostanee does to Sanscrit; and, though once copious, it is no longer so; it is deformed by an admixture of Gothic, Latin, and English; and is so deficient in scientific terms that the Highland society in their recent translations has been compelled to fabricate several thousand words, and resort to tedious paraphrases. This fact, however, detracts nothing from the inherent and primitive beauty of the Irish language; society and arts have progressed while it has been retrograding. It has been confined to the poor and the illiterate, and could not therefore have partaken of those improvements of which every language necessarily stands in need.

Mr. Anderson's object, however, is not the instruction of the Irish in profane knowledge, he only desires the circulation of Irish Bibles; but, as this hopeful scheme has been long since sufficiently exposed, we shall not detain the reader by reflections which must suggest themselves to every one who takes the trouble to think upon the subject. The Irish peasant is not so deficient in Scriptural knowledge as Mr. Anderson imagines; thousands of catechisms in Irish are annually printed, and O'Gallagher's sermons have now gone through a fourteenth edition. These were useful, but we question the utility of that which would tend to perpetuate the Irish as a spoken dialect; the English is a much more convenient language—it is more extensively used, and is a key which unlocks more intellectual sources of information. Perhaps it was a misfortune that Irish did not continue to be the language of the country; but *now* regrets are unavailing. English is the language of the majority, and must finally become the language of the whole; and the sooner it does so the better for Ireland.

THE TURKS AND RUSSIANS.

THE most engrossing topic in the political world, at the present moment, is the "designs of Russia;" and, perhaps, a few sober reflections on so prolific a subject may not prove uninteresting. Few questions are more entitled to dispassionate consideration.

The rise and fall of nations have been prolific subjects of discussion with that numerous class who write without taking the trouble to think. The declension of Greek and Roman grandeur awakens their best sympathies; and, warmed with inspiration, they do not hesitate to prognosticate a similar calamity to the civilized people of modern times. What has occurred to Babylon, to Tyre, and to Athens, may happen to Paris, Vienna, and London. They judge, however, happily for us, from analogy, and overlook altogether the very material difference between the foundation and support of ancient and modern civilization. Turkey may become a province or a republic; but whatever happens, the march of mind, of civilization, must henceforth be progressive. We are older than the ancients; we have made science more subservient to the purposes of life; and, if we cannot produce as faultless statues, we can fabricate an excellent forty-pounder. This little fact ought to console John Bull; gunpowder, if he be only tolerant, has given immortality to our "snug little island," and the most timid cockney alive may henceforth sleep in peace. Whether Whigs or Tories reign we shall have religion and laws, plenty of taxes, a national debt, gas-lights, plum-pudding, and, most important of all, a House of Commons!

We have great satisfaction in making the statement; it may reconcile those advocates for things as they are to further researches in science; and, if it be proved that we are indebted to chemistry for our security against Goths and Vandals, perhaps it may increase the number of subscribers to mechanic institutions and our Catholic Miscellany.

The civilized man is at the mercy of the barbarian, until he arms with all the elements; and the older those states are, which do not apply to the arts, the more feeble. This arises from the degree of fortitude and courage which the various conditions of society superinduce, and the illustration is to be found in the fate of all the ancient nations on the earth. Every state of society is not equally favourable to the development of military qualities. The savage is distinguished for great fortitude, but is known to possess little courage. The American Indians will endure, without a murmur, the most refined torture, but they never face an enemy openly; they assail the foe treacherously; shoot their darts from places of concealment, and rely more upon stratagem than upon any physical effort. The Hispaniolan chief paid greater respect to Ojeda than to Columbus; the reason he assigned was, that Ojeda captured him treacherously.

The case is different when men advance a degree or two towards civilization; when they have something to defend, and more to gain—when rivalry has produced emulation—when to be fearless is to be famous—some reliance is placed upon personal prowess, and society is in that state which is most productive of brave men and resolute warriors. This was the condition of those people who triumphed over the Roman empire, and who are described in history under the denomination of barbarians. Every thing about them tended to perpetuate barbarism and bravery; their habits and notions were purely warlike; and their mode

of life admirably qualified them for martial employments. Disdaining the constraint of cities, they lived in an open country; and, having abundance of slaves, they were relieved from the necessity of applying themselves to toil further than was necessary to the development of those physical qualities which are found to be most perfect under such circumstances. Such were originally the Goths, the Vandals, and the Turks; every where they triumphed alike over savage and civilised man, because ancient civilization superinduced unwarlike qualities. Regular government, which must co-exist with national improvement, necessarily protects individuals from depredation, and the consequence of habitual ease and tranquillity is a certain aversion to every enterprise that may expose us to danger or pain. The merchant will not willingly encounter the hardships of a campaign; for "in proportion," says a profound thinker, "as men live in greater security, and are seldom employed in fighting, they are likely to lower their estimation of military talents, and to exalt the value of such other accomplishments as, in the ordinary state of society, are found more useful."

This we all know is true at present, and no doubt the ancients were similarly circumstanced; we should dread their fate, were it not for our more intimate acquaintance with the secrets of nature. They fled before the barbarians—we despise them; the ancients met them with sword and shield—we encounter them, armed, as it were, with all the elements. This is an important difference.

The philosophy of Catholicism has never yet been done justice to; in its absence barbarism and civilisation must have alternately occupied the world; and history itself would have been unable to trace the rise and declension of states. But none of the institutions of the Church of Rome have done more for the interest of man, than that which has been most decried—her religious orders. Whilst lawless war waged around, making the earth a desert, the monk, secured within the narrow precincts of his cell, cultivated his mind, and ultimately effected those discoveries which nothing but undisturbed leisure and strong benevolence could have perfected. Whatever were the vices of particular houses and individual monks, the majority were good and pious; and amongst the intellectual, they were the most learned. In that part of the middle ages which has been denominated dark, and which extends from the fall of the Western Empire to the beginning of the 13th century, Arabic numerals were introduced into Europe, paper was fabricated, gunpowder and the compas were discovered, and oil painting and engraving were carried to a perfection which they have not since surpassed. Was not this a proof of mental activity? Yet we are constantly told, that Catholicism is opposed to the progress of knowledge and the development of mind; so says the editor of the "Morning Chronicle" and Mr. Spring Rice!

Friar Bacon was the greatest benefactor the world ever had. Until the discovery of gunpowder, and its application to the purposes of war, there was hardly a possibility for any nation continuing permanently civilized; the progress of improvement, of philosophy, and commerce, only served to render them more accessible to barbarian incursion: it required only a very superficial acquaintance with mechanics, to fabricate spears, and swords, and shields; and these were all the barbarian required, to put him upon an equality with the civilized man. In every other respect they were superior as warriors; and hence the downfal of ancient nations, the triumphs of the Goths, and the disappearance of

those arts which made the Roman people great and famous. Things, however, are now changed. None but the civilized man can effectually avail himself to the full extent of the uses of gunpowder, because without scientific knowledge, and materials, to be found only in different parts of the globe, it is inoperative. Knowledge—and more particularly the abstruse sciences—are the result of time and experience; and as their possession implies social refinement, it follows of course that the barbarian is ignorant of them: the very effort he makes to become acquainted with them insures his improvement, and in this way gunpowder has done more for the "march of intellect" than the press itself. The Russians are an instance of this: the necessity they have been under of qualifying themselves for contending with more polished people, has led to the introduction of scientific knowledge; mechanical skill was necessary to bring an effectual army into the field; and these have prepared them for all the refinement which characterises their neighbours. Until they acquire this, and the knowledge that generally accompanies it, Europe has nothing to apprehend from Cossac incursions; and, when they have acquired it, civilization will become still more permanent and extensive.

This process is every where going on round the borders of civilization, and will ultimately extend the blessings of social order to the remotest part of the globe. The remoteness of such an event does not take away from its probability; it may be, as the almanack-maker said, next year or the year after; but it is some consolation to know, that barbarian triumphs are at an end; no future Alaric can ever insult the gates of a civilized city. Christianity has done much to humanise and polish men, and scientific knowledge will perpetuate all the advantages of a pure creed and beneficent morality.

Recent events in the East furnish an apposite illustration; the Burmese may be called the Goths of the oriental world; they are brave and resolute, and numerous, and by no means deficient in discipline; with fire-arms they are acquainted; yet a few thousand troops, armed after the European fashion, and commanded by officers familiar with the necessary sciences, dictated terms to a populous nation at the gates of its capital. Never were the uses of steam and gunpowder more conspicuously identified with civilization and humanity. The result of Sir A. Campbell's visit will be Burmese civilization. To enable them to contend with British troops, they will find it necessary to apply themselves to mechanics, to commerce, and to chemistry. Such are the effects of the "villainous saltpetre."

The early history of the Turks resembles very closely that of the Normans. Their habits were the same; their civilization not further advanced: those they came to conquer they remained to defend; and ultimately became masters of nations which they entered as mercenaries. According to Sir William Jones's theory, they belong to the third division into which physiologists have divided the human race; but the Tartaric features, which once pointed out their origin, have now almost disappeared. Their early admixture with the Saracens, and their subsequent intermarriage with the females of all nations, have destroyed the "family likeness," and made them, according to Lord Byron, the finest looking people on the globe.

The progress of Mahometanism, in the seventh and eighth centuries, was one of those moral phenomena which set at nought the conclusions

of philosophy; but we should fall into a grievous error, were we to infer that its early doctrines corresponded with those tenets which modern Mussulmen profess. The caliphs were the patrons of learning; and those scholars which Christian intolerance drove from the Western Empire, found refuge in Saracenic states. When a dissent from established opinions was held to be criminal, and visited with temporal and ecclesiastical punishments, there can be little wonder that enlightened and independent men availed themselves of those asylums, which the wise policy of the caliphs afforded the fugitive Christians. Under the patronage of their new master they put forth all their intellectual strength; and while their labours served to increase the literary reputation of the country of their adoption, their absence necessarily had the effect of diminishing the mental capital of the land of their birth. This fact will account for the decline of letters and science in the Western Empire, and its sudden rise in the Mahometan states. Arab literature, however, we suspect, owes much of its reputation to the indistinct medium through which it has been seen. The Saracens were learned in the titles of their books, certainly; but such of their works as have come down to us, are not calculated to create much regret for those that have been lost. Such as it was, however, it had the effect of facilitating the progress of refinement; and, consequently, the martial character of the people gradually declined. To obviate this state of things, the caliph had recourse to the neighbouring barbarians; and, ultimately, his body guard and his chosen troops were composed of Tartars; subsequently, if not then, known by the name of Turks. Superior, as warriors, to the Saracens, they naturally acquired increased influence over the caliphs, and, in the degeneracy of the state, usurped, like the Roman soldiers, the authority of electing their ruler; of course they chose one of their own nation; and as the early impulse given by strength and enthusiasm to the Mahometan army still continued, the effeminate citizens of the Western Empire, distracted and divided, offered but a feeble barrier to the progress of infidel conquest. Auxiliaries from the hardy north protracted its downfall; but when an improved discipline was introduced into the Mahometan army, and when it had impressed Europe with an exaggerated idea of its skill and prowess, it was quite apparent that the triumph of the crescent could not be much longer delayed. At this moment men of energy swayed the infidel sceptre, and the fall of Constantinople extinguished for ever the last vestige of the majesty of Rome.

Athens was disgracefully surrendered, and Europe must have fallen a prey to Mahometan arms, had it not been for one of the religious orders which peculiarly belong to Catholic times. The Knights of St. John of Jerusalem made a gallant stand at Rhodes. This island was in possession of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem: on the approach of danger they assembled in council, and agreed to pay implicit obedience to their grand master, D'Aubusson, who joined to the wisdom of a prudent commander the ardent courage of a knight, and the enthusiastic faith of a martyr. At his call, the Knights of St. John assembled from all parts of Europe, bringing with them some of the bravest of the nobility of France and Italy. Among them was the Viscount D'Aubusson, brother of the grand master. The brothers were descended from Renaud D'Aubusson, brother of Turpin, who was bishop of Limoges in the year 898. Louis de Craon, Scaligero della Scala, and others whose names

were spurs to their valour, joined this illustrious company. The Turks, on the other hand, were directed by Misach Palæologus, of the imperial family of Constantinople, who had risen, by apostacy, to the rank of first pacha of the Turkish monarchy.

"The force destined to besiege Rhodes was composed of one hundred and sixty large vessels, and one hundred thousand troops. In May, 1481, the Turks commenced the siege, opening their first battery against Fort St. Nicholas, which was esteemed the key of the town of Rhodes. The grand master himself, accompanied by his brother, defended the breach: his helmet was knocked off by a stone; he took a soldier's hat, and continued to fight with desperation, till the Janizaries, after suffering immense loss, were obliged to retreat. The Turkish general then resorted to other measures, and directed his artillery against the quarter of the Jews, where the wall was known to be weak; but when his cannon had made considerable impression, he found to his dismay, that D'Aubusson had built a second wall behind the former, of stronger and better materials. Thus foiled a second time, he attempted by emissaries to poison the grand master; but the plot was discovered, and the emissaries torn to pieces by the people. He then returned to the plan of attacking the fort of St. Nicholas. This fort was separated from the Turkish camp by a narrow channel: the pacha built a bridge of boats, and one of his soldiers, diving a considerable depth, fastened an anchor to a rock under water, close to the fort, and passing a cable through the ring of the anchor, hoped to draw the bridge of boats to the wall. But an English sailor, of the name of Gervas Roger, who perceived the stratagem of the Turk, dived in his turn under water, and detached the cable. The Turks, thus baffled in their stratagem, towed their bridge, by means of a number of boats, close to the fort. They began the attack during the night, and attempted to scale the wall, but the fire of the Christians, directed by the sound, was excessively destructive. The few who reached the top of the wall were all slain. After several repulses, the Turks still renewed the assault; the whole of the night passed amidst the noise of artillery, the confused voices of the assailants, the cries of the wounded, and the explosions caused by the fire-ships of the grand master. When day at length appeared, the cannon from the fort broke the bridge, and all who were on it were drowned. The Turks, in despair, were obliged to retire with the loss of numbers of their best and and bravest soldiers. After some fresh attacks, the pacha tried the way of negociation, and proposed to the besieged an honourable capitulation. Many of the Knights, seeing the immense force of the enemy, were inclined to listen to terms, and even blamed the grand master for his obstinacy; but D'Aubusson, using the absolute power with which he had been invested, called the Knights together, and said, 'Gentlemen, if any one of you does not think himself in safety in the place, the fort is not so strictly blockaded, but what I can secure his departure.' A general silence ensued. 'If you wish to remain among us,' continued he, 'leave every thing to me; I declare, that I will cut off the head of the first man who shall speak of capitulation.' Filled with shame and admiration, the Knights defended the place with new vigour. The most formidable assault of the Turks was yet to come. Two thousand five hundred of their best soldiers mounted and gained the wall unperceived by the garrison. The grand master himself flew to the spot, and led his chosen companions to the attack of their own defences. He was

wounded in five places; but still pushing onwards, he inspired his followers with such heroic valour, that they drove the Turks back in confusion. Had he been killed, the place must have fallen; but this successful effort crowned his admirable exertions. The Pacha Palæologus, finding his army disabled and dispirited, at length raised the siege, and carried back to Constantinople the fleet and army."*

The successful resistance at Rhodes seemed to revive the courage of the Christians, and Europe was saved from further degradation. The dominions of the Turks, however, were now of vast extent; they comprehended Egypt, Syria, Palestine and Caramania, Greece, Albania, Bosnia, Servia and Macedonia: they were watered by the Tigris and the Euphrates, the Volga and the Danube.

Possessed of unlimited power, and invited to repose by the finest climate and the finest soil in the world, the Turks soon became too luxurious and refined for active warfare; and, while they continued to degenerate, their Christian neighbours were acquiring new strength from the operations of gunpowder and scientific discoveries. They soon learnt to view with contempt those whose ranks were formerly dreaded as invincible; and for some time back the Mahometan dominion in Europe has been preserved by the jealousy of the Christian powers. Its fall, however, cannot now be much longer protracted, and will form hereafter a curious subject of inquiry to what cause we are to attribute the deterioration of a people who once possessed the seeds of greatness. Our preceding remarks will throw some light upon the question; but the main cause will be found in the form of their government. Whenever the spiritual and the temporal sword is wielded by the same hand, there must be despotism and its consequences.

The overthrow of a government so inimical to the cause of civilization and civil liberty, would be regarded by Europe with exultation, were it not for some vague apprehensions of the unsettlement of the "balance of power."

All seem agreed that Nicholas has, or ought to have, abundance of ambition; and that the first object of his desire is the possession of Constantinople. The disclaimers of crowned heads, in such cases, must be considered as things of course; for one qualification of a good general, or diplomatist, is to be able to mask his real designs. There is no political virtue in candour; and whatever moralists may teach, the end, with despots, justifies the means.

It is only quite natural that Russia should desire the possession of Turkey. The inhabitants of sterile countries always look with envy on the population of more fertile regions; and endeavour, on the first convenient opportunity, to dispossess them. What the Goths did in Italy, the Russians will certainly, one day, perform in the dominions of the Sultan; and we know not why the advocates of civilization should desire the protraction of such an event. The Mahometan, as time has shewn, is an irreclaimable fanatic, and has long opposed a barrier to the spread of more enlightened opinions in the East. The Christian he oppressed whenever he dared, and European civilization must be limited whilst he is permitted to occupy the most fertile region of the world. We are not now canvassing the morality of a Russian invasion; but in the event of the present design of the Czar being successful, it is a question of

* "The Establishment of the Turks in Europe." London, 1828. Murray.

policy, whether we should act on former principles, and lend a potent hand to prop up, for a little longer, the tottering throne of the Ottoman.

Possessed of Constantinople, the Russians, according to Colonel Evans,* will command the commerce of the world. The maritime situation of that city, its contiguity to Europe and Asia, and its central position, give it advantages not to be found elsewhere. In a geographical sense, this is true; but commerce depends on other circumstances than harbours and situation. The sea is certainly necessary, in some measure, to its extension, but happily two-thirds of the globe are covered with water; and so far from trade flourishing most luxuriously where the geographical advantages were greatest, it has, in general, shunned such attractions, and sought to gather strength by triumphing over impediments. Neither Tyre nor Carthage possessed any extraordinary advantages; and it is surprising how the republics of Italy surmounted the difficulties which their situations presented. The states on the Baltic and Holland were better situated; but were geographical advantages sufficient, commerce would now spread her sails, and pass from England to Ireland. Her bays and harbours are the finest in the world, and open at once upon the vast expanse of the Atlantic. But the truth is, commerce can flourish only where there are population and civil liberty. It has always shunned the home of despotism, and is at once the concomitant and best protector of national freedom.

To suppose Constantinople the emporium of commerce, we must give the Russians credit for a rapid advancement in civilization; before they can make their conquests subservient to the interests of trade, they must acquire civil institutions of a popular nature; and certainly a progress so useful to the cause of humanity should not awaken in us any violent apprehensions of Russian superiority. Nations do not invent arts, if they can borrow them; and our attainments in all the sciences which concern manufactures, are too well known, and too well prized, to suppose that when these new empires go forth in quest of knowledge, that they will overlook Great Britain. In the prospective glance which Colonel Evans has given, he has been pleased to augur great things of the conquerors of Turkey; but in supposing them to advance—he has fancied that we should stand still or retrograde. This is altogether a mistake. They can neither become great or commercial without benefitting us; but, supposing that this would not be the case, several centuries would elapse before they could compete with us. Dense population is necessary to civilization—they are inseparable; and before Turkey can become civilized, several centuries must elapse. Those who are acquainted with Cocker only, may convince themselves of this. Population, under the most desirable circumstances, will not double within thirty years, and the present inhabitants would diminish, in the event of Russia being successful.

Our commerce could hardly be injured by the downfal of the Turkish empire. The merchant, above all men, has an interest in the advancement of refinement; and he knows *now*, that free trade is to commerce what the sun is to vegetation: in its absence it either dies or becomes abortive. In the event of the Czar supplanting the Sultan, the improvement of Turkey, however, would be a thing of course; and we have, it is to be hoped, shaken off the ungenerous prejudice which made us

* "The Designs of Russia. By Lieutenant-Colonel Evans." 8vo. London, 1828. Murray.

view with envy the progress of neighbouring nations in the useful sciences. The good of mankind must be beneficial to us; we have grown great and wealthy by ministering to the wants of civilization, at home and abroad. The apprehension of Russian domination arises, we suspect, from an imperfect acquaintance with the circumstances of the case; and those who give the subject proper consideration will, we are sure, agree with us, that the success of Nicholas against Turkey would be a benefit to England—most assuredly it would be gratifying to humanity.

The Russians are a rapidly improving people; men of science, as we learn from Dr. Granville, are invited to and caressed at St. Petersburgh; the aristocracy are an educated race; and institutions to aid the progress of knowledge are every day springing up, with a rapidity which proves at once their necessity and the sincerity of the government which encourages them. The possession of Constantinople must give the Czar still greater facilities for bringing into operation the resources of his mighty empire; and the politics of Europe must be thereby more or less affected. Colonel Evans sees in the designs of the Autocrat the subjugation of this country, and he hypothetically conveys an American agent into Ireland, whose loss, he hints, is certain, in the event of the elements of disunion being allowed to "fester to disease," in that unhappy kingdom. Ireland is England's weak point; the adage says:

"Whoever England would win,
Must with Ireland begin."

And the longing view which foreigners cast across the channel have, it is hoped, awakened those whom it concerns to a sense of the national danger. We have to choose between throwing obstruction in the way of civilization, or doing an act of political justice. Ireland once pacified, we have nothing to fear from continental ambition; but, restrained by the discontent of seven millions out of a population of twenty-one millions, we have every thing to fear from the designs, not only of Russia, but of every hostile power in Europe. When our possessions abroad are threatened, and our security at home menaced, the minister would deserve impeachment who should hesitate a moment about the propriety of removing the temptation which, in the event of a war, is sure to allure the enemy to our shores.

TO ——— ———

[Though not exactly in accordance with the tenor of our publication, we give these lines insertion at the request of the fair writer. *Ed.*]

Fare thee well, beloved one, 'tis meet that we should part,
Yet never let my mem'ry cause one pang unto thy heart:
Be thy heart as light, thy hopes as bright, thy spirit still as gay;
May thy footsteps roam in pleasure, whilst mine wander far away.

Fare thee well—my love for thee is lasting as 'tis pure,
But you know not what affection for its object can endure:
I resign each cherish'd prospect,—be thy hand and faith as free
As that hour you call'd me dearest, and first breathed love's vows to me.
Fare thee well,—the brightest flowers too often fade most fast,
And the azure of the young spring skies will change to clouds at last;
'Tis thus I fear the charm will end, that lures thy spirit on,
When the friend, who would have cheered the gloom of blighted hope is gone.

M——r B——.

DR. MACHALE'S EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY.*

It has been made matter of reproach, that the Church of Ireland, since the Reformation, presents few names known in the republic of letters; but the "dark chain of silence," which hung round the Catholics, ought not to be construed into an absence of talent. Irish ecclesiastics have done enough to shew that they were not deficient in abilities; and the circumstances of the times will account for the infrequency of the appeals to the press. The obstacles with which they had to contend were generally insurmountable. Burke's great work was printed secretly, in Kilkenny; but the author was obliged to affix to the title-page a foreign impress; and in later times, when Father O'Leary contemplated answering the Bishop of Cloyne, he spent three months in search of a bookseller sufficiently desperate to undertake the task. Learning, however, though overshadowed by Protestant intolerance, was not extinct; and when the penal laws were so far relaxed as to admit Catholics to exist legally, they began to put forth their mental strength. At first this was done with somewhat of cautious timidity; and it was not until within this few years that they stood forth in all that strength and manliness which became the advocates of truth and piety. No longer content to act on the defensive, they assailed in their turn, and quickly became occupants of that station which implies conscious superiority. English Catholic divines certainly pointed out the way: the works of Milner, Lingard, Fletcher, and Coombes, were so many inexhaustible depositories of knowledge: but though our Irish friends were content to borrow, in the first instance, they have now become generous rivals in the useful field of theological controversy. The native press has latterly teemed with works worthy of the former glory of the country; but the volumes on our table are decidedly the most important which have been published in Ireland. The style is classical, at once copious and nervous; the illustrations numerous and appropriate, and drawn from sources which evince the Right Rev. writer's familiarity with the modern discoveries in science, and the whole of the vast treasures of antiquity, sacred and profane. The subject is one which demands, above all others, the most attentive consideration of mankind—the philosophical evidences of Christianity.

Dr. Machale has been hitherto less known than his great talents deserved. He has written several very able pamphlets, under the title of "Hierophilus," on subjects appertaining to Ireland; but his name was not familiar to the Catholics of this country until the vile attack which was made upon him by the Quarterly Review; and in his reply to his unprincipled assailant, we first learned that he meditated the publication of the work before us. At the conclusion of the second volume he says:—

"Having devoted much of his life to the pursuits of literature and science, he perceived that while every department was cultivated with care, and crowded with competitors, that of theology was almost neglected. He speaks in reference to this country, and to the language through which its knowledge is conveyed. On the Continent there have been some illus-

* "The Evidences and Doctrines of the Catholic Church. By the Right Rev. John Machale, D.D. Bishop of Maronia, and Coadjutor Bishop of Killala." 2 vols. 8vo. Dublin, 1828. Milliken, Dublin; Longman and Co. and Keating and Brown, London.

trious names, who have ennobled the first and most important of sciences. But they were aliens in our land; nor has any individual hitherto attempted to give those learned strangers the privilege of naturalization. Theology he found like a waste, almost unreclaimed; and should it be observed, that Milner devoted his time to its improvement, let it not be imagined, that the present writer would deny to that illustrious individual the praise which he has earned: it required a Hercules to purge the earth, before it was fit for the slow labours of industry and cultivation. Lingard appeared on this ground; but remained only so long as was sufficient to excite in all a deep regret for his departure: disheartened, perhaps, by the task of breaking a stubborn soil, or seduced by the charms of the historic muse, he soon abandoned his first design, more anxious, perhaps, to rival the fame of Livy, or of Robertson, than to follow in the train of Bossuet.

"Were the present writer disposed to obey the first suggestions of his fancy, he too would have selected a subject of historical composition. But having found a region, almost unexplored by the English traveller, he preferred the toil of adventure to the gratification of taste."

Most readers, we have no doubt, will applaud his judgment. A work like the one before us has long been a desideratum. Expositions of Catholic doctrine were abundant: there was no want of refutations of the pretensions of the early reformers; and we were not deficient in exposures of their many foul charges. But there had been no work of a philosophical nature on the subject, in the English language. Dr. Machale has ably filled this chasm in our theological literature: he fearlessly encounters the infidel on his own ground: he adduces facts: overthrows his arguments by an appeal to scientific decisions, and even triumphs over him in the clouded labyrinth of metaphysics. The man of the world, and those characterised by religious indifference, he seeks to interest, by shewing the superiority of Christianity to all other modes of belief; and the Christian is forcibly arrested, by the contrast which Catholicism presents to the reformed creeds. The rites of the Church, so much decried, are here shewn to have been eminently conducive to the progress of civilization; and have been, from the very first, the best supporters of piety and humanity.

Several chapters of the first volume are occupied with a defence of Christianity. Many new points are developed, but on the whole the subject is perhaps treated too briefly: it ought to be done fully or not at all: for superficial minds, if tainted with scepticism, are too apt to infer from the absence of arguments, an inability to defend. The Right Rev. author has, on one or two occasions, not availed himself sufficiently of some modern discoveries in particular sciences; and we do not consider him quite correct in his exposition of the different kinds of governments. Some may consider him too partial to monarchy.

When he comes to speak of the excellence of the Christian religion, dissent vanishes; and he carries his reader forward by irresistible arguments. His reasoning is conclusive and obvious, and his illustrations have all the charms of novelty—they are new and appropriate. We cannot now, however, undertake to give any thing like an analysis of this part of the work, because we are eager to introduce to our readers Dr. Machale's opinions on a subject just now of some local importance—we mean the supremacy of the Pope. He says:—

"Though the spiritual supremacy of the Pope has been universally acknowledged, it would be difficult to define the precise limits of his jurisdiction. Nor indeed is it incumbent on him who vindicates the

existence of a legitimate authority, to fix the boundaries of its legitimate exercise. The necessity of a supreme authority in religion will appear palpable to all, who reflect on the weakness and wanderings of the human mind. That this authority chiefly resides in the successors of Saint Peter, will appear no less incontestible to those, who weigh the testimonies of scripture and the uniform submission, with which the pious and enlightened of every age, have bowed to their spiritual decrees. By the Fathers of the council of Florence it has been solemnly decreed, that all Christians are bound to obey the supreme authority of the Roman Pontiff. This is sufficient for the bulk of Christians to know. Whether he be, on that account, privileged with infallibility is a question that may be safely abandoned to the subtle dispustation of adverse theological schools. It is one of those controversies which may be traced to the superfluous leisure of the scholastics, who expended their time and talents on every subject on which difference of opinion was allowable. However, since submission in matters of faith involves the full acquiescence of the understanding, it might be difficult to reconcile the obligation of subjection to a spiritual power, with the possibility of leading us astray. It is true, that the obedience required by the council of Florence to the authority of the Pope, may not be such as to embrace the full homage of the understanding to his sole and exclusive decisions. But where there is such plenitude of spiritual power, and such assurance of a divine protection fortified by the commentary, which history has preserved, of the uniform and untainted purity of the faith of Rome; it would imply no ordinary presumption in any individual, to controvert the doctrine that issues from such a source.

"Nor is the controversy less prejudicial to the repose of the Christian world, which has been often agitated by the question of the relative authorities of the bishops and the Roman Pontiff. Indifferent must they be to the unity of Christ's body, who would fain thus introduce a schism between its members. A head without the members would be as monstrous and unsightly an object as the members without the head; and therefore, those who amuse themselves with such idle fancies, transgress as much against the rules of symmetry and good taste, as against the principles of theology. The doctrine, then, that places the collected majesty of the members above the head, is no less revolutionary than unnatural. Whether collected or dispersed, the relative functions of the head and members are still the same; and to say that the Pope rules over the Church in its dispersed, but not in its collective, capacity, would be, (and I transcribe the remark of Mosheim,) as if one were to say, that the head rules over each member of the human body without guiding the whole; or, that a king commands each city and village of a province without ruling the province itself. Bodies, from their collective or representative capacity, may be unquestionably invested with prerogatives, which belong not to the individuals. But to enlarge the collective rights of the episcopal body to a superiority over their head, is a preposition no less fraught with schismatical consequences than it is repugnant to the language of our Redeemer, and to the usages of the first and purest ages of the Church.

"If it should happen that the peace of the Church is disturbed by the competition of doubtful claimants, as was sometimes unfortunately the case, then it may become necessary for the bishops to interpose their mediation, in order to terminate the disastrous contest. Such a measure would be only the exercise of one of those conservative principles that are found in the Church, to heal its disorders and perpetuate its existence. But who ever thought of converting such extraordinary cases, recurring only once in the lapse of ages, into the ordinary and settled practice of government? As well might you say that the tempest, which purifies the atmosphere, while it brings ruin in its train, is the ordinary medium of respiration, and the preservative of life. Yet such is the process of reasoning adopted by those, who from the acts or decrees of the council of

Constance, would conclude that the assembled body of the bishops supersedes the authority of the Roman Pontiff. What? because the Christian world was once divided, between the pretensions of three rival candidates to the throne of Saint Peter, whose adverse claims it was impossible to adjust: because it was found necessary to withdraw allegiance from those whose authority was doubtful, on account of the equal authority of their competitors, and to humble the individuals who sacrificed the peace of the Church to their personal ambition: because, in short, it was found necessary to have recourse to a vigorous operation, to prevent the danger and scandal that would ensue from the monstrous exhibition of three heads—must it be seriously inferred, that the same operation can be resorted to in severing the natural head from the members?

"Of the dangerous and schismatical tendency of the opinion, which would subject the Roman Pontiff to the collective jurisdiction of the episcopal body, we have a sad illustration in the violent measures of the turbulent bishops of Basil, who attempted to depose Eugenius from his pontifical throne. But there was soundness enough in the Catholic body to disregard their pretensions; and though they erected a false idol in his stead, the people adhered, with unshaken reverence, to their legitimate pastor. If the decrees of the council of Constance required a commentary, the reader cannot find a more appropriate one than that which was furnished, after the lapse of less than thirty years, in the conduct of the prelates assembled at Basil. But is it meant to exalt the Pope's authority beyond the reach of any control; and, by consequence, to subject again to his arbitrary will the destiny of empires and the majesty of kings? No, the phantom of the Pope's temporal dominion has passed away with the opinions from which it rose; nor is there the least danger of its revival. Like every other fleeting opinion, which obeys the revolutions of time and fashion, it had its origin, and zenith, and decline. To restore it to the world, you should bring Europe back to the same state of barbarism and anarchy into which it was plunged in the middle ages, and again refit the human intellect to the same political notions which prevailed during that disastrous period of society. While princes and legislators study to promote the welfare of the people over whom they are placed, they have nothing to apprehend from the power of the Roman Pontiff. A milder system of legislation, and a greater regard for the interests of the subject, have dissipated the fears of any foreign temporal authority."

Respecting Papal pretensions to temporal power in the middle ages, and the conduct of Gregory VII., Dr. Machale entertains opinions somewhat different from those contained in Dr. Doyle's letter to the Earl of Liverpool.

"In reading over the events of the middle ages, in the accounts of some modern writers, one would be led to imagine, that during four or five centuries the Popes were employed in little else than in deposing the princes of Europe. Their quarrels with the emperors of Germany, are represented as shaking the security of all the thrones of the Christian world; and the occasional instances in which they interposed, to release subjects from their allegiance, seem to the reader to have been the ordinary and uninterrupted occurrences of that period. That some pontiffs claimed the extraordinary privilege of absolving subjects from their fealty to their sovereigns, cannot be contested. But the examples were comparatively rare; and hence the disingenuity of those writers, who labour to confound the power assumed by a few pontiffs, with the ordinary prerogatives of the papal authority.

"To form a fair and dispassionate judgment of the acts of the Roman Pontiffs, we should bring back our ideas to the period in which they lived; and analyze the nature of the prevailing jurisprudence. Whoever attentively weighs those circumstances, may be disposed to divide with the

princes, the odium of those quarrels. By ascending to their origin, he will perceive that the Popes did not put forward their extraordinary claims, until their own rights were invaded; and that those claims were less the result of wanton aggression, than of just defence or fair retaliation. The feudal system which then pervaded society, was incorporated with the ecclesiastical jurisprudence of the times. Benefices, a word familiar to the canon law of the middle ages, and now in universal use, was unknown in the early ages of the Church. It is a word of Barbaric origin, expressing ecclesiastical revenues, but, like every civil tenure, subject to certain conditions of fealty and actual service. Those feudal possessions were gradually annexed to the episcopacy; and their proprietors had, therefore, the twofold relations of bishops and temporal vassals. The right of investing them with their temporal hereditaments belonged, of course, to the secular authority. As the appointment of personages of such ample possessions and powerful influence, must have been considered by the emperors a desirable object, hence an easy transition from temporal investiture to ecclesiastical institution. This encroachment on the spiritual authority, on the part of the emperors of Germany, naturally awakened the zeal of the Roman Pontiffs. The scandalous barter of ecclesiastical benefices, and the flagrant simony which infected a great portion of the clergy, were crying abuses, which followed in the train of the secular power, and which loudly demanded the vigorous interposition of the Popes. Their spiritual interference was ineffectual, their remonstrances were disregarded; and it was only when every expedient of mildness and persuasion was exhausted in vain, that they had recourse to the terrible engine of opposing to the exorbitant claims of the emperors the equally exorbitant pretensions of hurling them from their thrones.

"The reader will find the justness of these remarks exemplified, by a reference to the celebrated quarrel between Gregory the Seventh and Henry the Fourth, emperor of Germany. Gregory was the first that resorted to the expedient of releasing subjects from their civil allegiance; and of all the Roman Pontiffs, there is none against whom Protestant writers have declaimed with more severity. Yet the crimes and obstinacy of Henry, together with the deplorable degradation of religion in Germany, may afford, in the judgment of the candid, a sufficient apology for the conduct of Gregory. Licentious, rapacious, and tyrannical, the vices of the emperor were no less fatal to the happiness of the state, than to the interests of religion. His profligacy violated every restraint of nature and decorum; and in the distribution of ecclesiastical honours, the ministers of his pleasures were the objects of his preferment. The freedom of the Church was oppressed by his tyranny; and the dignity of religion was degraded, while its holy functions were profanely entrusted to persons infamous for concubinage and simony.

"The lofty spirit of Saint Gregory was moved with a holy indignation, on seeing the house of God converted into a place of money-changers. He first had recourse to persuasion and remonstrance; but the evil, instead of being eradicated, only ripened into a deadlier inveteracy. In the hope of bending the obstinacy of Henry, he deputed to him some of the most eminent prelates of the Roman Church, whose influence was seconded by the interposition of Agnes, the mother of the emperor. The monarch dissembled for a time; but instead of consenting to the abolition of the abuses, of which the Pope complained, he assembled at Worms a schismatical council to oppose his authority. Finding that persuasion was ineffectual, Gregory resorted to the sentence of excommunication. The emperor was soon deserted by a number of his friends, and, in the fear of forfeiting the affections of his subjects, swore to fulfil the conditions required by the Pope, in order to obtain reconciliation. Reconciliation was accordingly obtained, the royal promises forgotten, and, to use the language of a cotemporary historian, all the obligations by which the em-

peror had bound himself were as easily dissolved as the labours of a spider. Fatigued by the repeated promises of Henry, which he had as repeatedly violated, and despairing of any lasting peace, the electors of Germany raised Rudolph, duke of Suabia, to the throne, and plunged the empire into civil war. As yet the Pope had delayed to hurl the sentence of deposition against the emperor. He hoped that time might work a salutary change in the royal mind; and that, without any injury to his crown, the interests of religion might be amicably adjusted. But his hopes were disappointed. Time, instead of appeasing the anger of Henry, afforded him an opportunity of inflicting further injuries on the Church. Fresh complaints were preferred against him: that he banished those prelates who were zealous for the purity of discipline; that he had detained some in prison, and put to death the archbishop of Magdeburg; that he filled Germany with blood and rapine, and violated the temples of religion. Unable to subdue the obstinacy of a prince who had slighted every overture of accommodation, and anxious to rescue religion from the yoke which oppressed it, Gregory, at length, hurled against the emperor the sentence of deposition, declaring, that by his crimes and prevarications he had forfeited his right to the crown and the allegiance of his subjects.

"As supreme head of the Church, it was the duty of the Roman Pontiff to watch over the integrity of its faith, and to enforce the observance of its discipline. The wholesome laws which had been passed to preserve the sanctity of marriage, were disregarded by many of the European princes; and the canons of the Church, requiring the celibacy of the clergy, were, in many instances, shamefully violated. To check those abuses required all the vigour and energy of the Popes. In vindicating the laws of marriage, they were not only actuated by a zeal for the holiness of that rite, but likewise influenced by a regard for the peace of Europe, which would have been perpetually exposed by the recurrence of doubtful claims, which the practice of divorce would have generated. In enforcing the laws of celibacy they were watching over the purity of religion, which loses its majesty when coming in contact with a married priesthood. Without the Pope's interference these two objects could never have been obtained. A clergy who were the creatures of his will, could never have opposed a sufficient barrier to the passions of their sovereign; nor could he feel much zeal in reforming a clergy, whose vices would be the fittest instruments in extending the indulgence of his own. . . .

"Let it suffice, that in the contests of the Popes with the princes of Europe, it will be discovered that the purity of religion, rather than political ambition, generally influenced the councils. Fortunately for the interests of Christianity, its ministers were supported by the authority of the Roman Pontiff. Without it, the majesty of the priesthood would have sunk under the overwhelming torrent of corruption. There is no example of a national hierarchy having preserved its apostolical dignity and independence, when once deprived of the aid of the successors of Saint Peter. This connexion with the holy see, and the consciousness of the protection which it afforded, infused into the priesthood of every country a lofty spirit, which preserved it from the infection with which its contact with courts and kings would have tainted it. The independence of the clergy afforded a counterpoise against the evils of despotism; and it is to their influence the people were indebted for whatever of liberty they enjoyed. These blessings, however, flowed from the source of the Pope's authority, which, by pervading all Christendom, mingled itself with all its institutions, renovating, by its informing spirit, the decaying vigour of religion. Protestant writers dwell, with an invidious complacency, on the abuses which found their way into the Church before the period of their supposed reformation. If their complaints be suggested by a zeal for piety, it is a matter of just surprise that they inveigh with such warmth against a Pope who zealously laboured to eradicate those evils. Gregory was one of the most

zealous reformers that the Church ever witnessed; and, had his labours been seconded, Luther would not have been supplied with such topics of reproach against the lives of ecclesiastics. To rescue the clergy from the contempt into which their vices had brought them; to restore the relaxed discipline of the Church; and to mitigate the rigours of a cruel and oppressive despotism, by confining princes to the limits of their secular jurisdiction, were the laudable projects in which he was engaged. Had he been less zealous for the public good, he might have more effectually consulted for his own ease and safety. But in the magnitude of the trust with which he was invested, personal considerations disappeared from his view; and it is not a little surprising, that a reformer, who was the inexorable enemy of vice in every shape, should have provoked the implacable enmity of the admirers of the reformation. . . .

"The vices of some of the Pontiffs, who then sat on the chair of Saint Peter, are made subjects of reproach by writers hostile to the Catholic Church. The examples would have been more frequent, had it not been for the vigour and the virtues of some Popes, who, blushing for the shame of their predecessors, laboured to shake off that foreign yoke, which was the cause of those scandals which the Church could not control. Liberty, so highly prized for its happy influence on civil life, is not less propitious to the growth of virtue in the Church. To arraign, then, those Pontiffs, who were chiefly instrumental in establishing the reign of both, may be said to betray a secret partiality for vice and despotism. While liberty and virtue, then, are held in estimation, those Popes must be entitled to the gratitude of mankind, who, finding the Church enslaved by vice and tyranny, rose in their might, and, like the strong infant mentioned in ancient story, strangled the opposite factions that threatened to annihilate all its energies. . . . . .

"To the exertions of the Roman Pontiffs, the most enlightened nations of Europe are indebted for their conversion to the Christian faith. The extensive influence which they possessed, enabled them to protect those religious communities which preserved, amidst ignorance and war, the ancient relics of literature and civilization. Those who interfered most in the political affairs of Europe, had generally for object the preservation of peace and morality against the incessant inroads of turbulence and licentiousness. When their political power was at its height, it was pointed against the enemies of Christendom; and became a centre, round which the distracted chieftains of Europe rallied to defend their liberties and their religion, against a barbarous and demoralizing despotism. Whatever may be the variety of opinions on the policy of the holy wars, it will scarcely be controverted, that they were instrumental in saving Europe from the Mahometan yoke. It required a mighty influence to rouse the nations to a sense of the dangers that menaced them, and to sustain that enthusiasm which soon evaporates after experiencing disasters. That influence was found in the authority of the Roman Pontiff, which was the soul that animated those armaments through so many expeditions. Benefits are seldom sufficiently valued but by their privation: and whoever dispassionately contrasts the glory and happiness of Europe with the degraded condition of the East, will not fail to acknowledge that we are chiefly indebted to the Roman Pontiffs, that the cross has not been supplanted by the crescent; that polygamy and despotism have not been substituted for the blessings of our liberties and our religion."

Still it will be asked, would not the exercise of his spiritual power, only, have enabled the head of the Church to effect these benefits, and more than these? The answer to this enquiry would lead to a curious and important discussion; and, perhaps, when we return to this work in our next, we may bestow a word or two upon it.

FENELON.

It is sometimes pleasant, and always profitable, to turn from the discussion of angry polemics and ephemeral politics to the contemplation of the lives and virtues of the venerable dead. The Catholic religion stimulates us to the imitation of those who have left behind them the odour of a good name; and, in the long series of biographies which it furnishes, we find records of perfect men, which we, in vain, look for elsewhere. The names which antiquity has consecrated are not associated with those generous virtues which characterise the professors of Christianity; and, though dissenting churches claim many eminent men, they are wanting in those examples of holiness with which the Catholic Church abounds. To exemplify this by drawing a lengthened contrast might appear invidious; a cotemporary has lauded Beza; we would recommend, if he delights in subjects of Christian biography, the Life of the great and good Archbishop of Cambray, the celebrated Francis de Solignac de la Mothe Fenelon. Profane history does not furnish an example of more splendid talents; his virtues have made the religion he professed appear amiable even in the eyes of infidels; and his memoir will show that nothing is more natural than the union of piety and literature.

He was born at the Castle of Fenelon, in Perigord, on the 6th of August, 1651. His family was ancient and noble; and his sprightly genius, at an early age, gave indication of those qualities which have given such enviable celebrity to his name. At twelve he entered the university of Cahors, and was subsequently sent to Paris to complete his studies, under the care of his uncle, a lieutenant-general in the army. As soon as his years permitted he entered the church; and at nineteen was distinguished as a preacher. The applause which he excited alarmed his piety; and the better to guard himself against the assaults of vanity, he imposed upon himself several years of seclusion. In the retirement of the seminary of St. Sulpicius, he applied himself to the cultivation of his talents and the improvement of his heart. The Sulpiciens, for whom Fenelon ever entertained sentiments of the greatest regard, were a community of secular priests of great celebrity in their day. Shunning all ostentatious display, they employed themselves in the service of the church, and had numerous establishments in France; but the hurricane of the revolution involved them in the fate of every thing good and holy in that devoted nation.

After the expiration of three years he once more appeared before the public in the pulpit; by the desire of the curate of the parish of St. Sulpice, he delivered on Sundays and festivals a course of familiar explanations of the Old and New Testament. Filled with sentiments of the finest humanity, he appears to have once thought of devoting his life to the conversion of the American Indians; and, when told that his constitution must sink under the rigours of a Canadian winter, he purposed dedicating himself to the service of religion in the east. "With this voyage in my thoughts," he says, "I have a greater voyage in contemplation. All Greece opens herself to me; the sultan retires in a fright; the Peloponnesus already begins to breathe in freedom. Again, will the church of Corinth flourish; again, will she hear the voice of her apostle. I feel myself transported into these delightful regions; and, while I am collecting the precious monuments of antiquity, I seem to

FENELON.

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inhale her true spirit. I search for the Areopagus, where St. Paul preached the unknown God to the wise of the world. But, after the sacred, the profane comes for her turn, and I do not disdain to enter the Pyréum where Socrates unfolded the plan of his republic. I ascend the double summit of Parnassus; I pluck the laurels of Delphos, I breathe the sweets of Tempe.

"When shall the blood of the Turks lie mingled with the blood of the Persians, on the plains of Marathon, and leave Greece to religion, to philosophy, and to the fine arts, which regard her as their natural soil?

"Arva beata!
"Petamus Arva, divites et insulæ!

"O island! consecrated by the heavenly visions of the beloved disciple; never shall I forget thee! On your soil, I will kiss the footsteps of the evangelist, and fancy I behold the heavens open. Then, shall I be seized with indignation against the false prophet, who attempted to unfold the oracles of the true prophet; and return thanks to God, who did not destroy his church, as he destroyed Babylon; but chained up the dragon and crowned his church with victory. The schism disappears;—the east and west are re-united;—and Asia, after a long night, sees the day return to her. The land consecrated by the cross of Christ, and watered by his blood, is delivered from those who profaned her, and is invested with new glories.—Finally, the children of Abraham, scattered over the earth, and more numerous than the stars of the heavens, are collected from the four winds, and come in crowds to adore the Christ, whose side they pierced on the cross.

"This is sufficient: you will rejoice to hear this as the last of my letters; and the last of my enthusiastic flights, with which which you will be importuned."

In his twenty-seventh year the archbishop of Paris placed him over a community of women recently converted from Protestantism; and the success which attended his labours recommended him to the notice of Louis XIV. who, in 1686, named him chief of a mission appointed for the conversion of the Protestants on the coast of Saintonge. The extinction of the Hugonot religion was an object of Lewis's ambition. His conduct was indefensible, and Fenelon had too much religion to approve of the crusade against the French Protestants. "The king had been advised," says the Chevalier Ramsay, "to make use of military power for the hindering a diversity of religions in his kingdom. But the Abbé de Fenelon, far from approving such maxims, would never consent to undertake the mission but upon condition that no troops should be employed in it. The mild and gentle treatment which the Protestants of those quarters experienced, whilst their neighbours were abandoned to the severest usage, disposed them to listen with advantage to the new missionary. And though this method in reality did not produce so many hasty conversions as did that of violence, yet those which it wrought were more solid and more sincere." "The work of God," said Fenelon, "is not effected in the heart by force." In a conversationwith a prince, (Charles, the grandson of James II.) according to one of his biographers, he deprecated the forcing of conscience. "No human power," he said, "can force the impenetrable intrenchments of the freedom of the mind. Compulsion never persuades, it only makes

hypocrites. When kings interfere in matters of religion, they don't protect, they enslave it. Give civil liberty to all, not by approving all religions, as indifferent, but by permitting in patience what God permits, and by endeavouring to bring persons to what is right by mildness and persuasion."

These are Catholic sentiments. "Tormenting and teazing heretic soldiers into conversion," he said in a letter to a French marshal "will answer no end; it will not succeed; it will only produce hypocrites; the converts made by them will desert in crowds. If any officer, or any other person can insinuate the truth into their hearts, or excite in them a desire of instruction, it is well; but there should be no constraint, no indirect officiousness. When they are ill, a Catholic officer may visit them, procure them assistance, and drop on them a few salutary words. If that produce no good, and the sickness continue, one may go a little further, but softly, and without constraint. One may hint, that the ancient is the best church, and derived to us immediately from the apostles. If the sick person be unable to enter into this, you should be satisfied with leading him to make some acts of sorrow for his sins, and some acts of faith and charity, adding words like these: O my God! I submit to whatever the true church teaches. In whatever place she resides, I acknowledge her for my mother."

While engaged in the discharge of the duties of a missionary he produced his first work, a treatise on the pastoral ministry; and, at the request of the Duke of Beauvilliers, he wrote, "Education de Filles," which the author of the Bibliotheque Universelle pronounces the most useful treatise on the subject in France. His great merit recommended him to the notice of the king, and in 1689, he was appointed tutor to the dukes of Burgundy, Anjou, and Berri. His mode of instruction merits the greatest praise. The duke of Burgundy was irritable, obstinate, and ridiculously vain of his birth and expectations. But he was also full of talent; and, when his fits of passion subsided, he exhibited many good qualities. To strengthen those, and counteract the tendency to the others, Fenelon resorted to the most judicious methods; he taught him by precept; entrusted him with secrets of some consequence, and wrote for his instruction Dialogues of the Dead, and ingenious fables. All his lessons were appropriate; his bad humour, when it assailed him, produced the apparent pity of his attendants, and the natural deformity of his temper was made more manifest to himself by exhibiting to his view the example of some person of antiquity.

During his residence at court, Fenelon showed a noble disinterestedness; he asked nothing for his friends; he received for several years nothing for himself. At length, ashamed of his neglect, the king bestowed upon him the Abbey of St. Vallery, and subsequently the archbishopric of Cambray. He accepted it on the condition of being allowed to spend nine months of every year at his diocese. Considering himself within the case where the canons prohibit a plurality of benefices, he resigned the Abbey of St. Valery without asking it for any of his friends; and the monarch, unaccustomed to such acts of disinterestedness, pressed him, but in vain, to retain it. This conduct elicited much deserved praise; but it did not fail to give great offence to those whom his example tacitly condemned.

He had scarcely entered upon the duties of his station as Archbishop of Cambray, when a storm arose which excluded him for ever from the

royal favour. Amongst his dearest friends he ranked the celebrated and learned champion of religion, Bossuet, bishop of Meaux; but from this period these great men became irreconcileable opponents. The distressing controversy which they carried on for some time originated in a diversity of opinion respecting an abstruse question of mystical devotion. "In every age of Christianity," says Mr. Butler, in his Life of Fenelon, "different denominations of Christians, both orthodox and heterodox, have aimed at a sublime spirituality above visible objects and natural feelings, and attempted, by assiduous prayer and abstraction from terrene subjects, to raise themselves to an intellectual contemplation of the Deity, and communion with him. Among them, the Quietists, to whose doctrines the subject of these pages now leads, were eminently distinguished in the ecclesiastical history of the middle ages, and of modern times. The patriarch of modern Quietists is Michael de Molinos, a Spanish priest, who resided at Rome, towards the end of the 16th century. His pious reveries procured him a considerable number of disciples of both sexes: they were condemned by the pope, and his disciples were persecuted; but they preserved an obscure existence, and, with a slight modification, or rather, under the cover of more guarded language, were revived in the age of Lewis the 14th, and, during several years, distracted the Gallican church. In a religious, and even a philosophical point of view, the controversy to which they gave rise is a curious subject of inquiry, and it certainly forms the most interesting part of the biography of Fenelon.

"Quietism is an abuse of the science of sacred contemplation, or as it is termed in the schools, of MYSTICAL THEOLOGY, and an unwarranted extension of its language. Every age of the Christian church furnishes contemplative writers of eminence. To a perfect understanding of the doctrines of the Quietists, some acquaintance with the works of those writers is necessary: but, even with that aid, it is not very easy to give an account of them, which will be found at once accurate and intelligible. This difficulty is admitted by Bossuet: he accounts for it by observing that the errors of the Quietists arose rather from an exaggeration of what in itself was good, than from their adoption of principles intrinsically erroneous: this will clearly appear from a slight view of their principal errors. . . . The revival of Quietism," continues the same author, "in the reign of Lewis XIV. was owing to Madame de Guyon, and her finding too warm and powerful a friend in Fenelon.

"She was descended from respectable parents, and inherited from them an ample fortune. Beauty, wit, elegance, whatever is most captivating in the female form or the female mind, she is allowed to have possessed in an eminent degree; and, after a very severe inquiry, her adversaries were forced to confess, that, in every part of her life, her morals were irreproachable. She married at an early age: was left, while she was still young, a widow with children, and then, resolving to give herself wholly to devotion, she delivered up her children to their father's family. This exposed her to censure; but it was admitted that, in the settlement of the pecuniary concerns of her children, she conducted herself with generosity. Soon after she became a widow, she placed herself under the spiritual direction of Father La Combe, a Barnabite friar, who had been a disciple of Molinos. Under the impression of his instructions, she framed a system of spirituality, of which the doctrines of Molinos formed the ground-work, and pretended a divine

mission to propagate it among the faithful. With that view, she composed two works: her *Short Method of Prayer*, she put into the hands of beginners; her *Torrents*, she presented to the perfect. She travelled over many parts of France, every where made friends and proselytes, and finally arrived in Paris. She was soon admitted to the private parties at the Hotel de Beauvilliers: there, in Fenelon, she found a willing hearer; and, when she descanted before him, on the love, the pure, disinterested love of God, she touched a nerve of exquisite sensibility, which vibrated to his heart.

"From the Hotel de Beauvilliers, where it was first introduced, Quietism rapidly extended over Paris and the provinces: and attracted the notice of the French clergy. They pronounced it a dangerous innovation, chimerical in theory, subversive in practice, of the true spirit of religion, and leading indirectly to a frightful laxity of morals. At first it was relished by Madame de Maintenon, but her good sense quickly led her to suspect it; she advised upon it with many persons of distinguished eminence in the church; they universally declared against it, and, from that time, she professed herself the enemy both of Quietism, and Madame de Guyon. Fenelon would not admit the Quietism of Madame de Guyon, in the odious sense which was given to that word, and generally espoused her cause."

Madame de Guyon submitted to Bossuet not only her printed works but her MSS, among which was an account of her life. This has been translated into English by the father of methodism. In the preface he says, "Such another life as that of Madame de Guyon, I doubt whether the world ever saw.—It contains an abundance of excellent things, uncommonly excellent: several things, which are utterly false and unscriptural; nay, such as are dangerously false. As to Madame de Guyon herself, I believe, she was not only a good woman, but good in an eminent degree; deeply devoted to God, and often favoured with uncommon communications of his spirit."

Madame de Guyon never communicated her MSS to Fenelon; and, so well pleased was Bossuet with the purity of her intentions, and the uniform propriety of her conduct, that he administered to her, with his own hands, the blessed sacrament. Reports, however, injurious to Madame de Guyon were in circulation; and, to free herself from them, she requested that commissioners might be appointed to inquire into her doctrines. After a full and patient examination of her writings, thirty articles were drawn up by the commissioners. To them Fenelon added four more; they contained no mention of Madame de Guyon, but professed to express the doctrines of the church on the subject of Quietism. The principal commissioner was the Bishop of Meaux; previous to this period he was little conversant with mystical theology; he had read little, if any, of the works of the spiritualists; and Fenelon, with a view perhaps of disposing him to think favourably of the doctrine, made extracts from the writing of St. Francis of Sales, St. John of the Cross, and others; which he sent him. This took place previous to Fenelon's appointment to the archbishopric of Cambray.

Quietism continuing to gain ground, Bossuet composed "Instruction sur les etats de l'oraison." Fenelon refused to give his formal approbation of this work; it contained, he thought, an unqualified denial of the possibility of a pure and disinterested love of God, and that its ensures of Madam de Guyon were too severe. He was, however, re-

quired to publish some work in which he should express his disapprobation of the doctrine of quietism. His "*Explication des Maximes des Saints sur la vie intérieure*" soon appeared. It was examined, before being committed to the press, with scrupulous attention by the Cardinal de Noailles and two theologians of great eminence, and pronounced a golden work. Yet it no sooner came before the public than it was distinctly and loudly condemned. Bossuet, somewhat theatrically, fell at the feet of Lewis, and asked pardon for not having sooner informed him of the fanaticism of his mitred brother. Lewis had many reasons for disliking Fenelon; in one so rigidly virtuous, the aberrations of royalty found a severe censor; and the monarch, being averse to all kinds of novelty in religion, readily joined in the efforts of those who wished to crush the archbishop. The cause was ultimately carried to Rome. Lewis wrote to the pope a violent and unjustifiable letter on the occasion, and soon after ordered Fenelon to quit Paris. His anger extended to the relatives of the archbishop; but his friends remained firmly attached to him; and none more constantly than his pupil, the Duke of Burgundy. After the Cardinal de Noailles, the bishop of Chartres, and Bossuet had published their condemnation of the *Maximes des Saints*, the two former almost quitted the war, and left the field to Bossuet and Fenelon. "Then," to use the words of the chancellor D'Aguésseau, "were seen to enter the lists, two combatants, rather equal than alike. One of them of consummate skill, covered with the laurels which he had gained in his combats for the church, an indefatigable warrior; his age and repeated victories might have dispensed him from further service, but his mind, still vigorous, and superior to the weight of his years, preserved, in his old age, a great portion of the fire of his early years. The other, in the full strength of youth, not yet much known by his writings, but enjoying the highest reputation for his eloquence, and the loftiness of his genius: long exercised in the subject of discussion, a perfect master of its language: nothing in it was above his comprehension, nothing in it which he could not explain, and nothing, when he explained it, which did not appear plausible. Before they became rivals, they had long been friends; both were estimable for the purity of their morals; both, amiable for the softness of their manners; both, an ornament of the church, of the court, and of human nature: one was respected as the sun setting in full majesty; the other, as the sun, who promised to fill the universe with his glory, if he could but disengage himself from a kind of eclipse in which he was unhappily involved.

Bossuet did all in his power to accelerate the decision of the court of Rome; and the king lent a willing ear to his representations. The pope, however, who acted throughout the whole affair as became the father of the faithful, was not to be hurried; he took time to deliberate.

During these proceedings, Bossuet and Fenelon alternately issued from the press; and the bishop of Meaux soon saw with surprise that he had grappled with an antagonist equally formidable: the public soon agreed that Fenelon was more sinned against than sinning. In order to overwhelm his opponent, Bossuet published his celebrated "*Relation du Quietisme.*" It was now read with amazing eagerness, and raised a terrible consternation amongst the friends of Fenelon. Contrary to his first intention he was prevailed upon to answer it. His reply appeared six weeks after the charge; and "a nobler effusion," says Mr. Butler, "of the indignation of insulted virtue and genius, eloquence

has never produced. In the first lines of it Fenelon placed himself above his antagonist, and to the last preserves his elevation. 'Notwithstanding my innocence,' says Fenelon, 'I was always apprehensive of a dispute of facts; I knew that such a dispute between bishops must occasion considerable scandal. If, as the bishop of Meaux has a hundred times asserted, my book be full of the most extravagant contradictions, and the most monstrous errors, why does he have recourse to discussions, which must be attended with the most terrible of all scandals? why does he reveal to libertines what he terms a woeful mystery, a prodigy of seduction? why, when the propriety of censuring my book is the sole question, does he travel out of its text? but the bishop of Meaux begins to find it difficult to establish his accusations of my doctrine; the history of Madame de Guyon then comes to his aid, and he lays hold of it as an amusing tale, likely to make all his mistakes of my doctrine disappear and be forgotten. Thus, when he can no longer argue the point of doctrine, he attacks me personally; he publishes on the house-top what before he only ventured to whisper: he has recourse to all that is most odious in human society. The secret of private letters written in intimate and religious confidence, (the most sacred after that of confession), has nothing inviolable in him. He produces my letters to Rome; he prints letters which I writ to him in the strictest confidence. But all will be useless to him; he will find that nothing that is dishonourable ever proves serviceable."

At length the pope issued his brief; twenty-three propositions extracted from the obnoxious work were condemned, but in a manner which soothed the sorrow of the friends of Fenelon. He submitted without hesitation. '"My submission," said he to the Chevalier Ramsay, "was not a stroke of policy, nor a silence in respect to men, but an interior act of obedience paid to God alone. According to Catholic principles I looked upon the judgment of my superiors as an echo of the Supreme Will. I did not stop to consider the passion, the prejudice, the disputes which preceded my condemnation. I heard God speaking, as unto Job, out of the midst of that whirlwind, and say to me, Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? And I answered him from the bottom of my heart. Since I have spoken unadvisedly, what can I answer? I will lay my hand upon my mouth. Since that time, I have sought no shelter in the vain subterfuges of the questions of fact and of right. I submitted to my condemnation in its full extent. 'Tis true, that the propositions and expressions I had made use of, with others much stronger, and less qualified with correctives, are to be met with in the canonized writers, but they were not proper for a dogmatical work. Different persons should speak, and different subjects be treated of in a different style. There is a style of the heart, and another of the understanding; a language proper to express the motions of the former, and another to explain the reasonings of the latter. That which is a beauty in the one is oftentimes an imperfection in the other. The church with a wonderful wisdom allows the one to her simple and artless children, but she strictly requires the other from her doctors. She may, therefore, according to different circumstances, without condemning the doctrine of the saints, reject their incorrect expressions, when they come to be abused." This was Monsieur de Cambray's constant discourse to me in relation to his book. How great an example of docility!'

Amongst his flock Fenelon appears to the utmost advantage. "His establishment and style of living," says Mr. Butler, "were suitable to his public situation; but far beneath the scale of expense and show, which even good men would have thought justifiable. This left him an ample income, but it sunk under his acts of beneficence. His principal attention was directed towards the labouring peasantry; he appears to have felt strongly the hardship of their lot. A curate complained to him, that, after the evening service of Sunday, his parishioners, in spite of his remonstrances, would dance; 'My dear friend,' replied Fenelon, 'neither you nor I should dance; but let us leave these poor people to dance as they please; their hours of happiness are not too numerous.'

"During the contest for the Spanish succession, the diocese of Cambray was often the theatre of war, and of course experienced the cruel ravages of advancing and retreating armies. Under these circumstances, Fenelon frequently made visitations of every part of his diocese: and all the writers of his life mention a singular mark of homage, which was shown, on those occasions, to his eminent virtue. 'From their high respect for his character,' says M. de Bossuet, 'from their general admiration of Telemachus, and possibly from a secret wish of revenging the archbishop of Cambray, against the injustice of Lewis XIV. the hostile armies permitted Fenelon to visit every part of his diocese. The English, Germans, and Dutch, rivalled the inhabitants of Cambray in veneration for the archbishop. All distinctions of religion and sect, all feelings of hatred or jealousy, which divide nations, disappeared in his presence. He was often obliged to have recourse to artifice to avoid the honours, which the armies of the enemy intended him. He refused the military escorts which were offered him, for his personal security, in the exercise of his functions; and, without any other attendant than a few ecclesiastics, he traversed the countries desolated by war. His way was marked by his alms and benefactions, and by the suspense of the calamities which armies bring. In these short intervals, the people breathed in peace, so that his pastoral visits might be termed the truce of God.

"In one of those visits he met a peasant, still young, but plunged in the deepest affliction. He had recently lost a cow, the only support of his indigent family. Fenelon attempted to comfort him, and by giving him money to buy another, alleviated his sorrow; still, he had lost his own cow, and the tears continued to fall. Pursuing his journey, Fenelon found the very cow, which was the object of so much affliction; and, like the good shepherd, he himself drove it back before him, in a dark night, to the young man's cottage. 'This,' says the Cardinal de Maury, 'is perhaps the finest trait in Fenelon's life. Woe to those who read it without being affected!'

"The virtues of Fenelon," continues the cardinal, "give his history something of the air of romance; but his name will never die. To this moment, the Flemminders bless his memory, and call him the good archbishop."

In this way he employed himself until the year 1715, when he fell ill of an inflammation of the lungs, which proved fatal. After his death he was found without money and without debts. How very unlike some recent examples of episcopal poverty!

Fenelon's most popular work is Telemachus. It was printed, contrary to his wishes, during his controversy with Bossuet; and served to

heighten the king's anger against him. His other works are also too well known to need any particular mention. His writings are studied by all who wish to attain a pure style; and those who wish to see how religious controversy ought to be carried on, will not fail to consult his works on Jansenism.

THE OAK.*

TRANSLATED FROM DIE EICHEN OF KOERNER, WRITTEN IN 1811.

'Tis evening:—and all hushed the noise of day,
The sun's last crimson glow yet paints the sky,
And here beneath thy boughs I love to stay,
For O my heart is full and beating high!
Old, faithful witness of years sunk away,
Still in life's young, fresh green thy leaflets lie,
And many a noble form of vanished years
In thy proud towering majesty appears.

Full many a valiant chief has Time laid low,
Full oft has beauty filled an early grave;
Through thy rich leafy crown, departing slow,
E'en now its last faint blush the evening gave;
And thou hast stood unmoved Time's heaviest blow,
Still thou canst smile secure, and tempests brave,
But from thy branches comes a whispering breath,
"All that is great must struggle yet with Death."

O thou hast proudly stood,—surpassing all,
Thou risest fresh and free in bold display,
No wandering pilgrim but shall gladly call
To rest beneath thee, and resume his way;
And when in autumn thy red leaves shall fall,
Precious to thee shall be their sad decay;
For when thine offspring wither at thy side,
They die to prove again thy spring-time pride.

Bright image of my country, once so true,
Faithful memorial of her ancient state,
When from her death-devoted sons up grew,
Her strength increased, her valour doubly great.
Alas! what now avails it to renew
The anguish which all feel, but ah! too late.
My country! great and glorious above all,
Thy oaks still stand; it was thy doom to fall.

F. C. H. 1828.

* This translation was accompanied by the following note from its talented author.

DEAR SIR,—Finding among my papers a translation of my own of Körner's beautiful lines on the oak, of which a translation appeared in your last, I send them for insertion. Either myself or your correspondent must have greatly mistaken the poet's meaning in more places than one, for the translations are widely different. I have at least adhered closely to the metre of my favourite German poet; the rest your German readers must decide. F. C. H.

ST. PETERSBURGH.*

In a preceding article we have made some observations on the prominent place which the subjects of the Czar now occupy in the politics of Europe, and we have in the work on our table abundance of data whereby to judge whether Russia is adequate to undertake those vast designs which the speculations of individuals have pointed out as the cause most likely to gratify her unsatisfied ambition. There can be no doubt that these people are making those rapid advances in civilization, which their proximity to more refined nations demands, and which their constant warfare with hardy barbarians renders necessary. They can hope to repel both only by subsidizing all the sciences; and, accordingly, we find the Autocrat anxiously solicitous for the progress of useful knowledge amongst his people. Scientific men, no matter what be their country, are certain of patronage in St. Petersburgh; they are caressed by royalty, and honoured by the aristocracy; and, like the Romans, these aspiring northerns are not ashamed to grow great, by imitating those who exert themselves in any of the arts which embellish life or add to the glory of a state.

As yet they have not even the shadow of civil liberty; and we are not sure that we could desire it, were it otherwise. Despotism, we are inclined to think, is most conducive to the happiness of such a people. Under the first Roman emperor the slave first experienced protection; and were it not for the unlimited and active power of the Czar, we should, in all likelihood, witness now in Russia those atrocities which characterized Europe when every baron was either a cruel despot or an unprincipled robber. It is the monarch's interest—and he knows it—to discountenance the excesses of the nobility; to attach the poor man to his person by acts of munificence and justice; and to encourage trade and commerce, as the most effectual barriers to the designs of his aristocracy. These objects Nicholas is pursuing with unwearied diligence; through him the sciences are more effectually advanced; unrestrained by positive laws, he can perpetually exercise his royal prerogative in acts of striking justice;† and, agreeably to European practice, being placed at the head of a standing army, he can always protect the people against local tyranny, without apprehending the displeasure of his nobility. Civil liberty, we know from history, must be always a stranger in those places where the majority are serfs; and the few mere slave proprietors, to throw power into their hands, would be to lay the foundation of domestic wars, national imbecility, and oppression. The amelioration which has taken place in the condition of the people, is solely owing to the exercise of the despotic power; and without any sacrifice of the principle of

* "St. Petersburgh. A Journal of Travels to and from that Capital; through Flanders, the Rhenish Provinces, Prussia, Russia, Poland, Silesia, Saxony, the Federated States of Germany, and France. By A. B. Granville, M.D." 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1828. Colburn.

† Dr. Granville says: "On a recent occasion, the Emperor having been informed that some young officers, in one of the provinces, had been guilty of excesses towards their peasants; and that the remonstrances of the Governor, made in consequence of the complaints of the peasants, had proved useless, ordered the Tribunal of Tutelage to take the management of the estates into its own hands, allowing the proprietors the full benefit of their produce, but without suffering them to interfere with their administration, until they evinced a more humane disposition, and a greater control over their passions."

civil liberty, we can rejoice that Russia has no *Magna Charta*. We are amongst those—a limited number, we confess—who think that the great charter was not productive, in this country, of all the benefits which are popularly ascribed to it. It is satisfactory to think, however, that the motives which urge the Czar to promote the interests of his people, will ultimately compel him to give them popular institutions: the perpetuation of his own power is incompatible with protracted despotism. Already has the Autocrat set an example, which England has yet to imitate before she can lay claim to wise legislation. Religious disqualifications are unknown in Russia. Dr. Granville introduces this information somewhat amusingly.

"What can they mean by '*Liberté des Cultes?*' observed the expatriated Mr. C——, in one of his letters from France, written at the time of the promulgation of the first constitution, in the early days of the Revolution. 'Why, to my knowledge, the fellows have had no *culte* at all, for the last quarter of a century,' was the next observation. This *Liberté des Cultes* is not the kind of toleration which prevails in Russia in matters of religion. There a dominant religion exists, which is called, *par excellence*, the Orthodox Greco-Russian religion; but it *domineers* not to the exclusion of every other mode of worship, by constituting those who profess different communions incapable of holding places of trust, or of enjoying the same rights and privileges, in every respect, that belong to a Greco-Russian. How could it be otherwise in an empire, the population of which, amounting, according to the census taken ten years ago, to fifty-three millions of inhabitants, is divided, in point of religious creeds, in the following manner:—

1	Orthodox Greco-Russians	37,000,000
2	Roman Catholics	
3	Uniati, or United Greeks	9,500,000
4	Armenians	
5	Protestants (Evangelicals, Lutherans, Calvinists)	3,000,000
6	Mahometans	2,000,000
7	Pagans or Idolaters (Brahmins, Kermets, Chamans, Lamists, Worshippers of the Sun)	1,500,000

besides nearly a million and a half of wandering tribes whose religion is unknown.

"Every stranger who has seen any thing of the Russian people, even though his stay among them may have been a short one, and that only in the capital, must acknowledge, that with all the outward show of an earnest attachment to the spirit as well as ceremonies of their creed, those who profess the dominant religion are, without exception, perfectly free from every persecuting feeling against other religious persuasions. This spirit of real toleration extends to all classes, and has been the uniform guide of the Government ever since the foundation of the empire. A proof of this is found in the unparalleled example presented to our attention by the Capital, or Imperial residence, the finest and principal street of which contains not fewer than seven temples, dedicated to as many different forms of religious worship. In the Nevskoi Prospekt, we observed the Russian cathedral nearly opposite to the great Catholic Church; the latter not far from the Armenian; the Lutheran distant but a few paces from either; with two other churches for dissenters from them all; and lastly, a mosque for the Mahometans! So that, while on great festivals

and public thanksgivings, the Imperial Court is seen to proceed in state to the magnificent temple of our Lady of Kazan, with myriads of Greco-Russians; others of their subjects are observed directing their steps to their different places of worship, at the same time and upon the same brief spot of ground, equally bent on addressing the Deity according to their peculiar rites and religious ceremonies, and in their respective languages, without restriction or the fear of persecution."

Although this picture is somewhat overcharged, the main facts are true.

A favourite topic with Protestant writers since the Reformation, is the imputed resemblance between their religion and the Greek church. Their travellers have borne testimony to this supposed fact; and, notwithstanding that the reverse has been shown by Catholic writers, it has been adduced, in the present day, as a proof of the innovating spirit of the Church of Rome. Dr. Granville, however, gives different testimony.

"In the general distribution of the hierarchy of its Church, the Greco-Russian religion differs but little from the Roman Catholic, with the exception of their supreme head. The one, like the other, has a monastic and a secular clergy; but the attributes and privileges of these divisions differ in many respects in the one from those existing in the other. On the principles or tenets of the dominant religion, it is not for me to make a single remark. That task has already been accomplished so fully and so ably, as well as correctly, according to the observations of competent judges, by the late Dr. King, who had been many years chaplain to the British factory at St. Petersburgh, that it would be presumptuous in any one to attempt to do better. What I have to offer on this subject, has reference only to the manner in which the Church establishment is formed under the sanction of the Government, of which it may be said to form a part. For, ever since Peter suppressed the patriarchal authority, and declared himself and his successors heads of the Church; and still more so, since Catherine united the Church property to that of the crown, substituting other means of support for the clergy; the latter may be said to have become a department of the Imperial Government.

"Among the monastic clergy in Russia we find the following gradations or dignities, beginning from the lowest, namely, that of Monk or Friar, Hiero-monachs, (deacons and priors,) Hegoumenos, (Abbot,) Archimandrite, Bishop, Archbishop, Metropolitan. Of the various high dignities forming the Church establishment there are three classes, exclusive of the Patriarch. In the first, the Metropolitans, to the number of four, are included; in the second, the Archbishops, of which there are thirteen; and in the third, the Bishops, amounting to twenty in number. The empire being divided into thirty-seven dioceses, each of the members of the three classes has one of the three dioceses necessarily under his care.

"The secular clergy consists of such persons as, having been ordained by the bishops as deacons, after having been clerical students for a certain time, afterwards become priests, and, as such, have a distinct parish assigned to them, in the church of which they are to officiate, either as simple priests, with several others, if the church be large, or as protopresbyters, the highest dignity in the establishment to which a secular priest can aspire. In order to officiate, the secular priests must be married, and they cannot be ordained by the bishop if they are single. On the other hand, they are forbidden to marry a second wife, when once ordained, if they become widowers; and should their wives die immediately before they are ordained, that ceremony cannot take place; and an individual so circumstanced, must resign all intention of forming a part of the secular clergy. He may either enter the monastic order, or will be obliged to follow another career. But although a secular priest cannot be ordained unless married, he may, when once ordained, still officiate as

priest, although he should happen to lose his wife. The monastic clergy cannot marry; neither can they absolve themselves from their vows under any circumstance or pretence whatever. Plurality of livings never occurs in the Greek church; neither is the system of paying the clergy by tithes known among them. The practice, too, of having curates is very limited. Bishops only can have curates; and among the secular clergy, one priest may act for another in case of absence or illness, or any other valid excuse, but not otherwise. The monastic clergy, in general, officiate in churches belonging to monasteries; although on many occasions, and particularly on grand festivals, they also take part in the service at other churches; but the latter are more commonly attended by the secular clergy, or priests.

"In regard to the monastic clergy, it appears, that from the moment of entering the order, and consequently a monastery, to the time of arriving at a certain dignity in that order, the Greco-Russian and the Catholic religion do not differ in discipline: the same trials, probationary exercises, noviciate, and servitude, are observed; and the same line of preferment is open to all in both communions, from the lay-friar to the archimandrite in the Russian, or to the general of the order in the Roman Catholic monasteries."

The Greek religion furnishes us with facts whereby to decide on the respective merits of a married and unmarried clergy. The unmarried are decidedly the more popular, and the more learned.

"In point of education, there can be no doubt that the monastic is far above the secular clergy. To those who prepare for the Church, instruction is given in parish and district schools, seminaries, and academies, which are placed under the immediate superintendence of the superior dignitaries of the Church, formed into a special commission, which resides at St. Petersburgh. Among the monastic clergy there have been at all times, and there are at this moment, persons of very great learning and exemplary piety. I have had the pleasure of being introduced to one or two dignitaries of the Greco-Russian church at St. Petersburg, whose education and deep erudition, free from vulgar prejudice or gross superstition, would entitle them to rank among the clergy of the most civilized nations in Europe."

In reviewing Dr. Walsh's work on "Coins and Medals," we noticed his assertion, that the Greeks neither prayed for the dead nor admitted sculpture in their churches. Dr. Granville shows that the reverse is the case.

"The far-famed leader of the Cossacks, to whose valour Russia owes, in a great measure, its delivery from an invading enemy, having, at the head of his troops, intercepted a great part of the booty which the French army were carrying away from Moscow, sent the silver plate to the Metropolitan of St. Petersburgh, as an offering to the Holy Lady of Kazan, which church had been completed in the space of ten years, and opened two years before the invasion, on the Emperor Alexander's birth-day. The document with which the gift was accompanied deserves to be recorded in the present account of that cathedral, as characteristic of the sentiments which animated that intrepid general.

"'Bestow your benediction on this present, offered by our warriors to the Giver of Victory. The brave Don Cossacks restore to God the treasures plundered from the temples. They have entrusted me with the duty of presenting your Eminence this silver, which was once the ornament of the images of the saints, afterwards the prey of barbarous robbers, and at length wrested from their gripe by the brave Don Cossacks. The leader of this corps of Cossacks, Count Matwei Ivanowitsh Platoff, and all his brave warriors, wish that this plate, which in weight amounts to four pouds,

may be made into images of the four Evangelists, and adorn the Church of the Mother of God of Kazan, in St. Petersburgh. All the necessary expences of casting these holy images we take on our account. Your Eminence will have the goodness to order that able artificers may be employed to fulfil the pious desire of our warriors, by casting these images of the Holy Evangelists, which they offer in their zeal for the temple of God. As soon as you shall inform me what the expense will be, I will remit to you the money. It appears to me, that they would be appropriately placed close to the door of the Sanctuary, and before the great communion-table, that they may *strike the eye of the devout when they enter the temple.* On the pedestal of each image must be engraven the following inscription: 'The zealous offering of the Corps of the Don Cossacks.'

" 'Hasten to erect in the temple of God this monument of battle and victory; and while you erect it, say, with thankfulness to Providence, the enemies of Russia are no more; the vengeance of God has overtaken them on the soil of Russia; and the road they have gone has been strewed with their bones, to the utter confusion of their frantic and proud ambition. (Signed) PLATOFF.'

" During my stay in the capital, such opportunities occurred at the chapel of the Imperial Winter Palace, and in the cathedral of our Lady of Kazan, when a *Te Deum* was sung for the taking of Erivan, a funeral service was performed for the *repose of the soul* of the late emperor, and a solemn thanksgiving took place to celebrate the anniversary of the accession to the throne of his present Majesty. Such as have witnessed the gorgeous ceremonies that distinguish the Roman Catholic church from every other, will easily form an idea of those which were observed on the several occasions just enumerated, when the presence of the Court, with an endless suite of great and illustrious characters, glittering in all the splendour of earthly honour, prostrated themselves in deep humility before the sanctuary, at which the Metropolitan, assisted by a multitude of dignitaries of the church, priests and deacons, officiated, and whose voices were drowned in the loud and frequent aspirations of devotion from the assembled people."

The Greeks, in the pomp and splendour of their ceremonies, retain the useful and impressive practice of the Catholic Church.

" I had, in the course of my travels through Greece, in 1803-4, enjoyed frequent opportunities of witnessing the service of the Greek Church; and, by way of comparing it with that performed according to the Russian rites, while in St. Petersburgh, I attended more than one of the principal churches. The first thing that struck me, was the undistinguishing equality with which all ranks of persons, from the prince to the boor, assembled promiscuously in the body of the church and near to the sanctuary, standing or kneeling, but never sitting, there being no sort of accommodation for that purpose. The service is long and complicated, and, like that of the Roman Catholic creed, varies in many points every day: but that part which is permanent and of daily occurrence, is striking and impressive. The monk, priest, or dignitary of the church, reads prayers, collects, and psalms, from a variety of volumes, all of which are written in Slavonic language; and, like the Latin used in the services of the Roman Catholic churches, is not readily, if at all, understood by every class of people. The greater part of the Russo-Greek church service consists in psalms and hymns, which are either sung or read in a sort of recitative. No musical instruments are admitted in the Greek church, and on this point the Russians are very strict observers; but they are permitted to have experienced and well-taught choral singers, to assist them in increasing the solemnity of the worship of their church, already considerable from the magnificence of its decorations and the splendor of the

ecclesiastical vestments. Three distinct services are performed each day in the week, at all churches; the vespers, and on festive days, the midnight service (mesonyction), the matins, or morning prayers, and the liturgy. The Greek church observes its festivals from sunset to sunset. The benediction of the people by the priest, and the frequent exclamation of 'Let us pray!' which he or his deacon pronounces, with the responses, by the clerks or singers, of 'Lord, have mercy!' form an essential part of them all."

The buildings of the Russian capital are in a style of architecture grand and imposing, and the many views* which Dr. Granville gives, impress us with a very flattering idea of the taste and magnificence of the people. The principal church of the Russian Catholics is thus described:—

"Amongst the ecclesiastical monuments of the capital the Catholic Church holds a conspicuous rank. Its order is Corinthian, beautifully harmonizing in all parts; the octostyle portico in particular, and the fine dome surrounded by twenty-four pillars of the same order, are very striking. Its interior, 115 feet in length, capacious, gorgeously ornamented with gold and silver, rich soffits, lofty columns, and a profusion of paintings, would lead, for a moment, to the belief that this is the principal church of the capital, and that the ceremonies therein performed, at all hours of the day, and in the presence of a vast concourse of people of all ranks, must be those of the religion of the state. Those who have watched with anxiety those momentous events which have marked the political strife of the last twenty years, will look with interest on the tomb of Moreau, who died in consequence of the wounds he received at the battle of Dresden. A plain white tablet, edged with dark marble, placed in this church, tells the stranger that the conqueror of Hohenlinden was born at Morlaix on the 11th of August, 1768, and died at Laon the 2d of September, 1813.

"The Lutheran churches of St. Catherine and St. Anne, particularly the latter, are justly considered as excellent specimens of architecture; but the disposition of their interior, required by the reformed religion, does not admit of those embellishments which, both in the Greek and Catholic churches, heighten the impression produced on the spectator."

We ought to have premised, that Dr. Granville is a medical gentleman, who, from too great solicitude for the health of his patients, impaired his own. In the hope of recruiting it, he made a journey to St. Petersburgh, in the suite of the Count and Countess Woronzow. Their route lay through the Netherlands and Prussia: and several chapters of these volumes are occupied with descriptions of the places through which they passed. The Doctor appears, however, to have seen nothing new or strange; and his work derives its principal interest from the minute account it gives of Russian manners. Dr. Granville is not one of those travellers who pronounces every thing barren. Of the Russian ladies he speaks with a gallantry which borders on enthusiasm: they are not only more learned than the other European ladies, for they speak fluently half a dozen modern languages, but are remarkable for a delicate propriety and a personal beauty peculiar to themselves. The men are polite, affable, and hospitable; and their hospitality is free from all affectation or vanity. The poorer classes possess many amiable traits, are less vicious, and more honest, than the same class in England; and, though in a climate so cold, drunkenness loses much of its heinousness,

* The drawings are intended to shew the elevation and style of architecture, rather than to form pretty pictures.

the Russians are not remarkable for extreme intemperance; when intoxicated, the poorest among them is never guilty of that brutal conduct which is sometimes witnessed in places more refined: they are always respectful towards females. Dr. Granville was surprised at their intelligence; and though the majority of them are serfs, the laws have recently opened many avenues towards emancipation. When the peasant becomes a soldier he is free; and, latterly, they enlist willingly. Their grievances, however, are still neither few nor trivial.

The progress of refinement in Russia is rapid; and the character of the present Emperor encourages a hope, that it will not be interrupted. Our author details many instances of his justice and beneficence; and his subjects have the utmost confidence in his military skill and national policy. His consort and his mother have many good qualities; they have done more for the cause of suffering humanity than any other royal ladies in Europe. The metropolis is crowded with charitable institutions.

The moral aspect of Russia is not discouraging; the people are religious, and the close approximation which their church makes to ours is favourable to a reunion, when circumstances shall bring them in closer contact with Catholics. Already conversions are numerous, and the rapid progress which Catholicism has made led to the expulsion of the Jesuits. Their enemies did them the honour to attribute the increase of the Russian Catholics to their zeal; and the Calvinistic party, which the Bible Society fostered, left no means untried to injure them. The late Czar, however, seems to have fathomed their motives, for he also expelled the agents of the Bible Society!

THE REV. MR. RICHMOND'S TRANSLATION OF THE AMICABLE DISCUSSION.*

WERE we not somewhat experienced in the deplorable indifference of the Catholics in this country, and their very slender encouragement of works of religious controversy, it would be matter of surprise to us that a work so valuable as the *Discussion Amicale* of Dr. Trevern should so long have remained a sealed book to the greater portion of English readers. So long ago as 1817 this work appeared in French from the London press; and, wherever it met with attention, it received unbounded approval. Many who were well acquainted with its merits earnestly wished it to appear in an English translation. We know also that its venerable author was himself extremely desirous of the same; and that he sought to induce more than one literary gentleman to undertake the task. When the worthy author returned to his native country, he published a second edition of the French work, in Paris, in 1824, much improved and augmented. The appearance of this edition in England revived the anxious wish of the admirers of the original to see it speedily translated; and this wish was increased by a pompous and virulent attack upon it from Rev. G. S. Faber, in a work with the singular title of "The Difficulties of Romanism." It was justly considered that the best answer to its assailant would be the appearance of the work itself in an English dress.

* "An Amicable Discussion on the Church of England, and on the Reformation in general, &c. By the Right Rev. J. F. M. Trevern, D.D. Bishop of Strasbourg. Translated by the Rev. William Richmond. 2 vols. 8vo. London. Booker. 1825.

We rejoiced to see the present translation from the able and zealous missioner of Swinnerton Park, Staffordshire, the Rev. William Richmond. He has looked forward to the vast benefit to religion which the translation of such a work was calculated to produce; and with the purest motives he has performed his task, and trusted that a work of such importance would be well received and encouraged, however slow the Catholic public have hitherto been to support similar undertakings.

The plan of the *Amicable Discussion* is particularly well imagined. It was written while the author resided in England with so many of his brethren, voluntary exiles from the unhappy revolution of their country in state and religion. He had been led, from living among its members, and from intimate acquaintance with many of its clergy, to reflect deeply upon that form of Protestantism established in this country. Such reflections necessarily led him to consider the general principles of the Reformation. He was doubtless of opinion that the best method of withdrawing English Protestants from their unhappy system, and inducing their return to the religion of their forefathers, would be to expose the real history of the establishment of the Church of England on the one hand, and to present a clear development of the various points of doctrine on the other, which Catholics have ever maintained, and the Church of England rejected. Accordingly, the learned prelate gives an able summary of the introduction of the reformed religion into this country, and the final establishment of the Church of England by the authority of Queen Elizabeth and her parliament. He shows the incompetency of these, and the consequent nullity of all that they established; proving that every pretext for separation from the ancient church is false, and in opposition both to Scripture and primitive tradition. The dismal effects of the unhappy separation the bishop exhibits in a masterly description of the distracted state of this country ever since, in regard to religion, and proceeds to prove that *unity*, and not dissension, is the most essential feature of the true church of Christ. His proofs are admirably deduced from reason, the Scriptures, the holy fathers, and even from the various Protestant confessions of faith. We must give a specimen of his excellent argumentation from reason.

"From the time that he (the Redeemer) came down from heaven to introduce among mankind a system of doctrine, reason could no longer admit that he could be indifferent to the various ways, in which this his system would be understood, or that the most opposite interpretations could be equally agreeable to him. It could not admit that it should enter into the spirit and economy of his mission, to replace the multiplied idolatrous societies and superstitious worships, by a variety of separate sects, of incoherent and opposite communions; it could not admit that it was his will there should prevail in his Church almost as general a confusion of ideas as prevailed under the empire of blinded reason, and that there should be no better understanding amongst us in the bosom of true religion than there was in paganism. Where there exists an opposition of dogmas and a contrariety of opinions, there necessarily is error: and it would be absurd to suppose God indiscriminately favourable to falsehood and truth. Reason, on the contrary, tells us, that the God of all truth, in communicating himself to man, could only reveal but one doctrine, and establish but one spiritual government, it being a fact that difference in government produces, more or less, a difference in doctrine."

After two appendices which exhibit indefatigable research into the characters and writings of the various leaders of the Reformation, and

afford most valuable information, the bishop proceeds to show that since *unity* was especially necessary, and a grand object of our Blessed Saviour in establishing his church, he must have furnished us with the necessary means of preserving *unity*, and that such means could only be the establishment of an infallible tribunal in the authority of the Catholic Church. He luminously exhibits the proofs of the important fact that Jesus Christ did institute such a tribunal, that the apostles taught it, that their disciples declared the same, and that it is clearly to be traced in the faith of the primitive ages and in the acts of councils.

The bishop's fourth and fifth letters are occupied with proofs of the insufficiency of the Scriptures alone as a rule of faith; and the explanation of the mode by which we receive the true doctrines both of Scripture and tradition—namely, the authoritative teaching of the Catholic Church. The reader cannot fail to admire the following able comparison of the written and unwritten word, at the conclusion of Letter IV. page 188.

"From all that has been hitherto set forth in this letter, I think it clearly follows that revelation was at first taught entirely by the preaching of the apostles and disciples; that in the course of their ministry it was at different intervals, and partially, published in the inspired writings; and that thus it has been transmitted to the world in two manners, by word and by writing, that is to say, by tradition and by Scripture, the twofold original and sacred deposit of the Christian doctrine: the one, first in point of time and long by itself, gathered together at first in the hearts and the memories of the faithful, then deposited by little, and little and in detached pieces, in the writings of the fathers and the acts of the councils; the other of later and gradual appearance, but fixed legibly upon paper by the apostles or their disciples, a durable and divine monument, which will speak for ever to the eyes, as well as to the minds and hearts of all the faithful: the former, requiring a longer and more laborious research, and being more difficult of discovery, because it is scattered and spread through a greater number of monuments, and is often found mixed up with many subjects, which, though not absolutely foreign to revelation, are nevertheless not it: the latter, full of an inspired and heavenly doctrine but which is sometimes inaccessible in its sublimities, and like every written law, never being able, without an interpreter and judge, to make itself understood and followed with uniformity. The Scripture more copious without comparison, more rich, more precious, more excellent, and nevertheless leaving some articles to be desired; tradition destined above all to transmit to us these same articles, by supplying what is wanting in the sacred books. Whence it follows again, that if it were permitted or expedient to make choice between these two deposits, and to accept of one without the other, the preference would undoubtedly be due to that of the Scriptures: but that according to sound reason and the doctrine of wise antiquity, according to the command of St. Paul, they are absolutely inseparable; that, one presenting us with articles not to be found in the other, we must bring together and consult them both, to form a whole and know the complete system of revelation; that, as for the rest, coming to us, as on two parallel lines, they can never impede or oppose one another in their progress, but that on the contrary they render each other a mutual assistance, and reciprocally throw light upon each other; in fine that we owe equally to what they either of them contain, both our respect and our submission, because the same spirit which directed the pen of the apostles, directed also their tongue, and the words that came from their mouth are not less divine than those that they afterwards traced out with their hand."

Having shown the necessity of *unity*, and of the establishment of the church infallibly teaching, as the only means of preserving *unity*; the

learned author obviously deduces that we must admit, without hesitation, as articles of faith, whatever the church teaches as revealed and necessary to be believed. After enumerating the various doctrinal points on which the church of England agrees with the Catholic church, he proceeds to the successive discussion of those upon which we are divided. The most important is clearly the Blessed Eucharist; and the ability with which Dr. Trevern pursues the investigation of this most interesting subject through the five succeeding letters, is the most admirable feature of his work. He always knows how to employ, with prodigious effect, the admissions of Protestants themselves; and here, after developing the proofs from Scripture, and replying forcibly to the arguments usually adduced in defence of a mere figurative presence of Christ in the Eucharist, we find him multiplying the most striking citations from the most learned and esteemed divines of the church of England, all establishing the implicit belief of the real presence. The bishop's own summing up at the end of Letter VII. will best show the train and force of his argumentation.

"It is high time to bring this long discussion to a conclusion. In concluding it, I entreat the adversaries of the real presence and of the change of the substance, candidly and conscientiously to say, whether it be the text of Scripture that induces them to deny either of these dogmas; whether, on the contrary, putting aside every other consideration, the text does not of itself naturally conduct them to it: whether they do not stand in need of exertion or violence to turn it from the proper to the figurative sense: whether they have not, with a view to sanction their supposed metaphor, been obliged to bring all the Bible into requisition, for the purpose of extracting a few examples, which, after all, do not agree with the case in question, and can neither warrant them to take the figurative sense nor save them from the natural energy of the words. They must allow, I am intimately persuaded, they must acknowledge that their repugnance to receive the text in its simplicity proceeds solely from the philosophical consequences it brings after it, which frighten reason: a body existing in many places at the same time! the body which suffered, which is in heaven, reduced to so small a space in the Eucharist! bread and wine, according to all appearance, and no such thing in reality! who can persuade himself of this? who can believe it? This is the ground of their infidelity, this is the scandal that determines them against each of these mysteries; it is better, they think, to resist the Scriptures, better to turn aside the sense of the words of Jesus Christ, than to admit the sense which they present, with all its consequences.

"For my part, to act with the candour and good faith I wish to see in them, I frankly admit these consequences. I allow that they are impenetrable, and not less alarming to human comprehension: they are so, it is true. But is it less true that Jesus Christ promised that he would give us his flesh to eat, the same flesh that he would deliver for the life of the world, and that this flesh would be meat indeed? Is it less true that in executing his promise, and presenting the object he held in his hand, he said; *Take, eat, this is my body?* Is it less true that he had the power to operate what he asserted, and much beyond what we can understand? Is it less true that he could not wish to mislead us by fallacious expressions, being essentially truth itself; that with a word he could have made us understand the figure, if he had not wished us to understand the reality; that his goodness and his justice obliged him to do it, since he knew the disputes, the animosities, and the horrible schism, which the cause of this reality would one day occasion in the Church? Is it less true that it is much more sure and reasonable to mistrust ourselves than him: to believe in simplicity what he has said to us in so simple a manner, than to heap up

difficulties, for which, after all, we are no ways responsible? Is it not wiser to turn away our eyes from them and to fix them upon him who has spoken? We are guilty if we do not hear and believe him, but we cannot be guilty if we do not understand the whole extent of his discourse; for he is as infinite in his intelligence as we are circumscribed in ours. He has made known to us his intention and his will by all that language possesses the most simple, most consistent, and intelligible, so that we cannot be mistaken as to the natural and proper sense which the words present; all the parts agree together, it is within the reach of all men to judge of them. What is not within their reach, and what never can be so here below, is the following up of the consequences that result from it, explaining the manner in which this reality of the presence is effected, and comprehending by what invisible cause and secret this change of substance is operated. But where has it been learned that we have a right to reject what is easily conceived, because in its train follow obscurities which we cannot penetrate? Wherefore do we obstinately resist what surpasses our comprehension, and close our eyes to what strikes us? Why do we wish to give an account to ourselves of that which we know to be impenetrable to our ideas? Let us not foolishly seek to overleap the boundaries by which we are circumscribed. Let us hold fast to our Saviour: let us rest firmly on his word; and be assured that the appearances of contradiction and impossibilities which confound us now that we see through the veil and the cloud, will vanish from our eyes, the instant we shall contemplate the objects by the light of celestial splendour. Let us wait: we shall, each of us, soon be there: the longest life is very short."

But the great stronghold of Dr. Trevern is his masterly exposition of the splendid proof of our doctrines on the Holy Eucharist deducible from the celebrated *disciplina arcani* or the *secret*, so long and scrupulously observed by the fathers and teachers of the first three centuries with respect to the mysteries, and, of course, the Blessed Eucharist. Though the *secret* discipline has been ably treated by many before Dr. Trevern, none perhaps have shown so fully or so clearly the very strong evidence which it furnishes in support of the Catholic faith of this great mystery. Let the learned prelate explain his own view of the importance of the subject, and his plan of treating it.

"I have been anxious to set this historical fact beyond dispute, and invest it with all the certainty you can desire, because the general discipline of secrecy necessarily supposes the universal belief of the five first ages upon the Eucharist, to be such as the Catholic church has always taught: in fact, if, on the one hand, this discipline agrees exactly with our belief respecting the Eucharist, and if, on the other, it should be found irreconcileable with the opinion which the Calvinists have formed of it, it must of strict necessity be concluded that what was concealed in the primitive church is not what the reformed, but what we believe. In those times the concealment was made either of the doctrine of the figurative sense, or of that of the reality; there is no medium, and if secrecy excludes the first, it necessarily admits of the second. All that remains therefore is to establish the truth of these two propositions; first, that the discipline of secrecy exactly tallies with the Catholic sense of the reality; in the second place, that it cannot be reconciled with the Calvinistic sense of the figure. I am persuaded, that of yourself, you will catch the argument before I explain it, so striking does it appear to me."

Our limits will allow no more than the closest condensation of the bishop's reasoning. The mysteries of the Eucharist were concealed with the other mysteries of Christianity by the discipline of the *secret*. But what were the mysteries of the Eucharist thus concealed? We learn them accurately from the Liturgies, which were for the first time brought

to light in the beginning of the fifth century, when Christianity had taken the lead, and had no more to apprehend from Paganism. Now the Liturgies universally present the oblation of sacrifice, the real presence, transubstantiation, and consequently adoration. Even the Liturgies of the early heretics, the Nestorians, Eutychians, &c. all agree exactly with the Catholic Liturgies, and with each other on all these essential points. So astonishing an agreement on the Blessed Eucharist could have proceeded from one only cause—the doctrine of the apostles. Moreover, the mysteries concealed under the *secret*, whatever they were, were explained carefully to the Neophytes just after their baptism, and preparatory to their receiving the holy communion. These explanations were called *catecheses*, that is catechetical instructions. Now, as we fortunately possess some of these very *catecheses*, we have only to consult them, and we must arrive, with certainty, at the true doctrines concerning the Eucharist, which were fully expounded to the Neophytes. All these express in the clearest terms the oblation of sacrifice, transubstantiation, the real presence, and the adoration. Thus the *catecheses* and the *Liturgies* concurrently assure us that these were the sublime mysteries concealed under the discipline of the *secret*; and that therefore they were the doctrines of the primitive church concerning the Eucharist. A more brilliant and irresistible train of argument could not be combined than the bishop exhibits in this powerful portion of his learned work. The perfect alliance of the *secret*, the *liturgies*, and the *catecheses* furnishes proof beyond dispute that the doctrine of the Catholic church at this day is the very doctrine of the apostolic ages.

The bishop firmly establishes the only method of ascertaining the true sentiments of the fathers on the Eucharist, as well as on the other mysteries. This is to consult those writings in which they explained themselves clearly; and not those in which they are designedly obscure on these subjects. When they spoke in mixed assemblies of Christians and Pagans, or wrote what they conjectured might fall into the hands of the enemies of Christianity, or those uninitiated in its sublime dogmas, they uniformly spoke in disguised terms, such, however, as the *faithful* sufficiently understood. It would be folly, therefore, to attempt to discover the doctrines of Christianity from writings *in which they were purposely concealed*. To discover them effectually we must look into those writings which were intended solely for the instruction of the faithful, the *catecheses*, and the various discourses delivered to the faithful only. The author goes luminously through the exposition of the various catechetical discourses yet extant, and the other discourses of a like nature; and sweeps away at once all the frivolous objections brought by Protestants from the fathers.

But we must away from this delightful walk with our author amid the venerable relics of antiquity. The author concludes his very learned and able dissertation on the Eucharist in the forcible manner following.

"All the proofs attesting this point of revelation are most certain: the metaphysical arguments brought forward against them are far from being so, they leave them totally untouched. The former are within the comprehension of our minds: the latter are far beyond the limits of human intelligence. We cannot, therefore, without overthrowing the laws of good sense, throw aside plain and palpable proofs, to cling to conceptions that, to say the least of them, are founded on no certainty and are hazardous in the extreme. If, however, such metaphysical difficulties should rise up in our imagination, they must be driven away: proofs

built upon facts must be introduced into their place: on such occasions, raise up your heart to heaven, whence all revelation is derived; take refuge under the Divine Majesty which veils its own mystery, and forbids you to examine it with too curious an eye: place all your confidence in him who proposes it to you, and, at the moment of communion, cry out to him with St. Peter, with the apostles and the Christians of all ages: Yea, Lord, I believe that thou art the Son of the living God, and that thou hast the words of eternal life. This is the clear and luminous side of the column: fix your eyes upon this together with the chosen people of God, and you cannot fail of being secure: whereas you will be infallibly lost like the Egyptians, if you place yourself with them on the side that diffuses nothing but darkness and uncertainty. This mixture of light and darkness, which is equally found in the order of nature as in religion, was no doubt intended for the trial of our faith during the days of our pilgrimage: with our earthly pilgrimage it will terminate: then shall the veil be withdrawn and the truth be clearly laid open to our eyes: then, to our astonishment, shall we find the simplicity of all that, which at present confounds and defies the ingenuity and imagination of man.

"In the mean time, thus let us argue the point: it would no doubt be a madness to believe, on the testimony of man, what we do believe respecting the Eucharist: but there would be a thousand times more madness in refusing to believe it on the positive testimony of our Saviour. You confess with us his divinity demonstrated by all his works: you acknowledge with us in Jesus Christ the God who created the universe, who rules nature, and who "hath done whatever he pleased in the heaven, in earth, in the sea and in all the depths." It would be highly unreasonable to oppose our weak understanding to his divine word and to place more reliance on our limited and ever erring reason than on his almighty power and infinite wisdom."

From the Eucharist Dr. Trevern passes to the subject of confession, which he treats with great ability, availing himself here also copiously of his deep researches into Christian antiquity. He shews that so far from private confession having sprung from the practice of public confession, the very opposite is the truth; and that, indeed, without the divine institution of private and sacramental confession, the establishment of public confession would have been impracticable. We particularly recommend to the reader this important argument, and the unexceptionable authorities on which the bishop establishes his assertions. They are of immense utility to demolish a very common objection of our adversaries.

The prelate pursues successively the subjects of satisfaction, indulgences, purgatory, praying for the dead, invocation of saints, relics, and the veneration of the cross. We cannot extend this review by any particular notice of the erudition and talent so uniformly exhibited throughout the discussion of all these subjects. The bishop arrives at length triumphantly at his conclusion, that the Reformation has in every point discussed in these two volumes, formally abandoned, the primitive church, though professing at its outset to remodel its constitution and doctrines solely by primitive antiquity. He attributes the contradictions, errors, and mistakes of the Reformation principally to the ignorance of ecclesiastical antiquity and the writings of the early fathers, which was so prevalent at the period of its commencement. Now however that these errors are so palpably detected, itis high time for the children of the Reformation to retrace their steps, and return to *unity*. To this the learned prelate pressingly and feelingly invites them, and English Pre-

testants more particularly in the termination of his admirable and truly *Amicable Discussion.*

It only remains for us to commend to the warm patronage and immediate attention of the public this translation of a work so valuable. We cannot too much praise the disinterested zeal which prompts an ecclesiastic to devote so many hours and so much intense application to the production of such a work in a form calculated to edify, instruct, and haply reclaim his wandering countrymen. Surely such generous devotedness to the good cause must be appreciated by the Catholic public, and the translator remunerated for his sacrifices of time and toil, and risk of money for its production. The diffusion of works such as the "Amicable Discussion," will produce good incalculable; and how can our opulent Catholic brethren better spend a few pounds than in purchasing and distributing copies of such a work, as we are happy to state has been done in one or two instances by names high and dear among our brethren in this country.

MY NOTE BOOK.—NO. II.

THE editor of the "Morning Chronicle" has one of the most singular intellects of any man in Europe. His head resembles a child's popgun—the admission of one paper pellet is certain to drive out the other: he retains only one fact at a time; and of that his great acuteness and extensive reading enables him to make a great deal; but, though there is never any absence of talent, there is always a want of consistency in his "leading articles" on every subject except the "great unpaid." He adheres to the magistracy with the consuming tenacity of the dry rot, and has already rendered infirm the props which support them. On the Catholic question, however, he is far from being uniformly useful; the Irish people, I admit most willingly, owe him much; but the Catholics would owe him much more if he was better read in the philosophy to which he is no mean pretender. The pope, of course, like a good (?) Protestant, he hates most cordially; but at the same time is himself perfectly infallible. His *ipse dixit* knocks down the priests, and a single line condemns *all* Catholics as ignorant dupes, and this too in the teeth of facts which he has previously admitted. A few days since, he favoured us with a comment upon the Bishop of Bath's recent charge, in which his lordship very candidly admits that the increase of crime is in a great measure owing to a want of religious principles, and that it is to be lamented the Protestant clergy do not possess that influence over their flocks which is so usefully exercised by the Catholic priests. Mr. Black, however, does not participate in his lordship's regrets; he rejoices that the parsons have little influence—and why? Because people as they become enlightened lose their reverence for the ministers of religion; *ergo*, the English peasantry are an enlightened people! Now the said editor has frequently assured us that crime is the concomitant of ignorance; and that the most effectual way of diminishing committals and convictions is to educate the people. Committals and convictions, however, are increasing in England! *ergo*—Mr. Black can draw the conclusion.

The proposition of the *Chronicle* involves in it somewhat astounding consequences. If it be true that in proportion as people are educated

their reverence for the ministers of religion diminishes, it necessarily follows that knowledge is inimical to virtue and religion. Mr. Black cannot escape this inference; for influence is acquired in two ways only, from either fear or respect. Now priestly influence *must* proceed from respect, for though Christian teachers deter men from the commission of crime by making them afraid of offending God, they cannot acquire dominion over them by making them afraid of themselves. Fear is a transient emotion; it operates only in the presence of the person who inspires it, and is the consequence of arbitrary acts which a priesthood cannot resort to without losing their influence. Priestly influence—no matter whether amongst Christians or Pagans—arises from the real or imputed virtues of the priesthood, collectively and individually, and a corroborative fact may be found near home. How then can the priest lose his influence when his flock become enlightened? If their knowledge enables them to detect the impostor, how does it affect the influence of the pious pastor, unless education renders mankind indifferent to the personal claims of good and virtuous men?

But it is not true that knowledge is inimical to the useful influence of Christian ministers; Christianity meets no impediment more formidable than ignorance, and the priestly influence has been greatest where the people has been most enlightened. "Christianity," says Bishop Watson, "is a rational religion; the Romans, the Athenians, the Corinthians and others, were highly civilized, far advanced in the rational use of their intellectual faculties, and they all, at length, exchanged Paganism for Christianity; the same change will take place in other countries, as they become enlightened by the progress of European literature, and become capable of justly estimating the weight of historical evidence, on which the truth of Christianity must, as to them, depend."

Having referred in the preceding note to the late Bishop of Landaff, I shall here give the previous part of the paragraph, because there is much good sense in it, and because it tends to show that there is more in the political operations of European states than we dream of in our philosophy. "I do not," he says, "expect much success in propagating Christianity by missionaries from any part of Christendom, but I expect much from the extension of science and of commerce. The empire of Russia is emerging from its barbarism, and when it has acquired a stability and strength answering to its extent, it will enlarge its borders; and, casting an ambitious eye on Thibet, Japan, and China, may introduce, with its commerce, Christianity into those countries. India will be christianized by the government of Great Britain. (?) Thus Christian monarchs, who aim at nothing but an increase of their temporal kingdoms, may become, by the providence of God, unconscious instruments in propagating the spiritual kingdom of his Son."

The Wesleyans have just furnished another instance of the instability of the principle upon which the Reformation was founded. Like the thousand and one sects which preceded them, they have yielded to the spirit of disunion. Those sleek and oily men of God who managed the business of the sects in the City Road, arrogated to themselves an arbitrary power never possessed by one man or set of men in that ancient church against which they are continually railing. Their decision was final, and of course infallible; they admitted of no appeal

and treated the rights of laity with the coolest indifference. The consequence has been that thirty thousand have denied their authority, and have commenced the work of salvation on their own account. This is not all: one party very rationally think that the gradations in rank known in most Christian churches ought to be introduced, but the majority are still too fanatical for such an innovation. In matters of doctrine, too, there is a schism. It appears a volume has been published and approved of by the conference, in which it is stated that the Almighty improves daily in wisdom! That his knowledge was originally but so so; and that in fact the schoolmaster was needed in heaven! On this blasphemy has been founded, I understand, a *test* to which those advocates for private interpretation, and the Bible *only*, compel their preachers to subscribe; and all for the honour and glory of God, and the destruction of popery! Events are more instructive than even the schoolmaster; and every day which exposes the folly, wickedness, and absurdity of the Reformation, furnishes facts illustrative of the superiority of the church of Rome. We only want to disabuse the Protestants of their prejudices to secure their conversion.

The Scotch are, if you take their own word for it, the most moral, most enlightened, wisest, mildest, discreetest, best people on the globe. Unfortunately for the land o' cakes, an awkward circumstances occurs now and then to disturb our very high opinion of the sons of Caledonia. Their police reports furnish facts at utter variance with their pretensions to a superior morality; and within the last month the apostolic purity of their clergy has been impugned.

There is in "Edina, Scotia's darling seat," a minister of the kirk named Thomson, who has latterly made himself known on this side the Tweed by the fervour of his orthodoxy. John Knox had not a more holy hatred of the Apocrypha; and, in addition to his opposition to the Bible Society, he was distinguished as a preacher in his native city. His chapel was the Hatton Garden of Edinburgh; the modern Athens was filled with his glory and his meekness, and his piety would have continued unimpeached had it not been for the envy of a rival, whose sermons, too, proved attractive—whose speeches at *Saint*-ly meetings were also greatly admired. Turk-like, Thomson could bear no rival near his throne; he was the editor of a religious periodical, and in its pages he played off the light artillery of his wit, in terms that shocked the "ears polite" of northern critics. His adversary was not idle; he found a newspaper at his service, and then commenced the war of words. The world of Scotland was amused; the combatants were alternately cheered; and in their mutual rage the curtain dropped, and the whole machinery of Scottish preaching and Calvinistic tricks were exposed to the eyes of the profane. One had preached the same sermon in thirty different places, and yet the sermon was not his own! Another had spoken the same speech in England and Ireland—in Dublin and London—at ladies meetings and Bible meetings, and yet the speech was not original. This, however, was nothing to the exposé of pious doings in the church. But the "elders" interfered; the angry divines were summoned before their superiors; and to the great confusion of both it was discovered that the speeches, and sermons, and letters of Mr. Thomson's adversary were written by—a lady—the wife of an anti-apocryphal divine's rival! An old woman defeated in a literary contest the ablest minister of the kirk!

The Sacred College.—Of all the orders that enter into the ecclesiastical hierarchy, that of cardinal is the one which has grown most beyond its primitive simplicity. To understand the name and nature of this office, we must remark that the appellation of cardinal was formerly bestowed on bishops, on priests, and on deacons, who were attached to a fixed sphere of jurisdiction. It is mentioned by Van Espen, that, towards the close of the sixth century, a bishop of Isauria, flying from the ravages of war, took refuge in the island of Corcyra, where a dispute arose between him and the bishop of the place. To adjust this dispute, Saint Gregory the 'Great wrote to the latter, to allow the Isaurian prelate to stop in his diocese, without, however, permitting him the exercise of any jurisdiction as *a cardinal prelate.* Those bishops, then, who were bound to the care of certain Churches were called cardinals; because they were the hinges on which the government of their Churches turned. In the first ages, the city Churches were governed by their respective bishops, aided by the councils and active labours of the college of presbyters, When the growing numbers of the faithful rendered it inconvenient to attend the principal or cathedral churches, then the district was apportioned into parishes, which were entrusted to the particular care of some of the priests. In Rome, the priests, to whom the city was thus allotted, formed, along with the most dignified individuals in the cathedral church, the clergy or college of presbyrers, who generally assisted the Roman pontiff in the government of the universal Church. As the bishop of Rome was head of the Church, it was natural that the honours of the Roman college should correspond with the dignity of the Roman pontiff; and hence the name of cardinal, which before was indiscriminately bestowed on the fixed clergy of other churches, was exclusively reserved to those of Rome, as being the hinges on which the government of the universal Fold was supposed to revolve. At first the Roman cardinals were confined to priests and deacons, and it was only in the twelfth century that bishops were associated to their body. These attended the sovereign pontiff in the celebration of the divine mysteries, and consisted of the bishops of the six suburban or adjacent churches. Amidst the changes of its temporal masters, Rome experienced many revolutions in the election of its bishops. Under the emperors of the East, their sanction was generally required; and during the disastrous period of the middle ages, the freedom of election was often disturbed by the violence of the popular, or crushed by the weight of the imperial, factions, by which the city was alternately torn. At length Alexander the Third invested the cardinals with the exalted privilege of electing the pope, a measure which has contributed much to the repose of the Church. Still from the divisions of the sacred college the election of a new pontiff was occasionally protracted, until Gregory the Tenth, in order to prevent the recurrence of the long vacancy which preceded his own appointment, instituted the conclave. Innocent the Fourth conferred on them the red hat, and Paul the Second the scarlet cloak, as emblems of royalty or of martyrdom, Urban the Eighth distinguished the cardinals by the title of *Eminence:* Sixtus the Fifth had previously enlarged the number of the sacred college to seventy, to represent the seventy associates of Moses.—The sacred college is now distributed into six cardinal bishops, those of the suburban churches, Ostia, Porto, Sabina, Palestrina, Frescati, and Alba; fifty cardinal priests; and fourteen cardinal deacons.—*Dr. Machale's Evidences.*

Metropolitans and Patriarchs.—Those who wish to be accurately informed on the subject of the Catholic hierarchy, will not confound the orders that are of divine, with those that are of ecclesiastical institution. Of the former character are the bishops, priests, and deacons; of the latter are the cardinals and other dignitaries, who have been established to assist in the government of the Church. There are other important dignities of a more doubtful origin, such as those of patriarchs and metropolitans, which have given rise to a great variety of opinions. According to some, these offices are merely of ecclesiastical institution; while others, whose learning is equally extensive, trace their origin to the time of the apostles. In the epistles of Saint Paul, the acuteness of those writers discovers indications of the jurisdictions of metropolitans, if not of patriarchs. It is certain that the most of his epistles were addressed to the cities, which were then the capitals of the provinces in which they were situated; and that the churches founded in them were afterwards invested with a metropolitical, or even primatial, jurisdiction. Whence it is inferred, that

the apostles themselves established those dignities; and ordained, that the bishops of the cities, of which the civil governors possessed a more ample authority, should be invested with a larger share of jurisdiction. Why the apostles should have accommodated themselves to the civil policy of the empire, it is not difficult to conjecture. Their object in instituting metropolitans, whose sway might embrace the entire province, must have been to preserve the tranquillity of the Church. It was, therefore, natural that they should have designated for their residence the metropolis, with which the litigants might have easier communication, and from which there could be a more free and ready circulation of intelligence. Such is the reason assigned by the council of Antioch, for the institution of metropolitans in the principal cities. When Saint Paul left Timothy at Crete, "to appoint priests in every city," he invested him with jurisdiction over the whole island. When the same apostle wishes to instruct the inhabitants of Asia Minor, he addresses his letter to Ephesus. Now we know from profane history, that Ephesus was the capital of that province, and from ecclesiastical history that its bishop was metropolitan. When he writes to the Corinthians, he does not address them alone, but he adds, "to all the saints who are through Achaia." Now ancient history informs us, that Corinth was the capital of Achaia; another strong presumption, that the ecclesiastical was fashioned to the model of the civil government, even from apostolic times. Again, when he addresses the Thessalonians, he adds, "and the rest of the brethren who are in Macedonia," because Macedonia and Thessalonica stood in the mutual relations of province and metropolis. It is to this ancient division of the churches Tertullian alludes in his book of prescriptions. "Achaia is next to you, you have Corinth; if you are not far from Macedonia, you have Thessalonica; if you can go to Asia, you have Ephesus; and if you are in the neighbourhood of Italy, you have Rome."

To some, these arguments may seem inconclusive, in proving that the dignity of metropolitan or of patriarch is coeval with the time of the apostles. They are not insisted on as evidence of an origin so remote. But at least they refute the opinions of those who assert, it was only after the slow lapse of ages that the principal cities of the Roman empire gradually rose to ecclesiastical jurisdiction. According to a canon laid down by Saint Augustine, and it is one founded in reason, an institution, of which the origin is lost in antiquity, may be safely deemed coeval with the time of the apostles. Now the dignity of metropolitans goes back as far as the light of history can lead us. There is mention made of them in the council of Nice; and as to patriarchs, the fathers of that assembly, in adjusting the rights of the bishops of Alexandria and Antioch according to the model of Rome, began by this solemn declaration: "Let the ancient usages be observed:" words which are evidently expressive of their high antiquity. The name of patriarch, it is true, was not introduced until after the time of the council. But long before that period, the bishops of Antioch and Alexandria claimed and exercised all the rights of the patriarchal dignity. As for the bishops of Constantinople, who would afterwards fain rival, and who at length shook off, the authority of the Roman pontiff, they, then, held no ecclesiastical rank. The dignity conferred on Byzantium by the imperial residence, inspired its prelates with the ambition of a more extensive jurisdiction; and, accordingly, in the council of Constantinople, Nictarius, the bishop of that city, was invested with the name and authority of patriarch. Jerusalem, too, long remained subject to the metropolitan of Cæsarea, until, from reverence to the place, which had been illustrated by the death of our Redeemer, it was raised in the fourth century to the honours of the patriarchate.

Rome, amidst the vicissitudes that elevated or depressed the dignity of other churches, remained firm and unmoved in the enjoyment of a universal supremacy. Hence the reader will not confound the divine prerogatives of its pontiffs with those institutions of patriarchs or metropolitans, whose ecclesiastical jurisdiction often fluctuated with the political rise or fall of the cities in which they presided. Not so, Rome; though the seat of empire had been transferred to the East, its bishops still retained their ancient and undisputed pre-eminence of authority—a proof that there was something in that authority which did not depend on the power of princes to bestow or take away. —*Ibid.*

Steam Engines in the Northern Counties. —The first steam engine erected in the counties (Northumberland and Durham), was at Oxclose, near Washington; the second at Norwood, near Ravensworth; and the third, in 1713 or 14, at Byker Colliery; since which many hundreds of these useful machines have been constructed between the Tees and Tweed,

where nearly all the colliery and other machinery are now put in motion by the agency of steam. The aggregate amount of the power of all the steam engines in the above two counties, is estimated at more than the strength of 20,000 horses. The engine at the Tyne Main Colliery is 200 horse power, works three sets of pumps, and lifts, from the depth of 47 fathoms, upwards of 2000 gallons of water per minute. It was calculated, in 1813, that (taking the average of thirty-three engines) in those two counties, for every bushel of coals consumed, 21,500,000 lbs. of water was raised one foot high.

MONTHLY INTELLIGENCE.

Glasgow.—On the 21st, the consecration of the Rev. A. Scott took place at the Catholic Chapel, Glasgow. The Right Rev. Doctors Paterson, M'Donald, and Panswick assisted at the ceremony. The chapel was crowded to excess, and even outside the doors there was such an immense throng, that it was with difficulty any thing like order could be preserved. Dr. Scott has been the pastor of this district for twenty-four years; and we can say, without fear of contradiction, has done more for the propagation of the true religion in this country than any other clergyman of latter times. Need we add, that his present elevation is hailed with the sincerest delight.

St. Edmond's College.—At an ordination held by the Right Rev. Dr. Bramston, on Saturday, the 21st. of September, eleven students received the tonsure, or minor orders; four were ordained sub-deacons; one received the order of deacon, and six were raised to the priesthood.

Birmingham.—The Rev. Mr. M'Donnell's congregation, at a recent meeting, agreed to the following petition:—

The humble petition of the undersigned Roman Catholics, frequenting Saint Peter's Chapel, Birmingham:

Sheweth:

That your petitioners feel that they are the victims of a long-enduring system of persecution, from which they solicit a deliverance, from the wisdom and justice of your Honourable House.

Your petitionurs believe that the first principles of justice, public or private, forbid that any man should be punished without having committed crime; yet, in the case of your petitioners, whole generations are doomed to perpetual punishment, although no crime can ever be proved against them.

They are sometimes charged by those who fancy they have an interest in such misrepresentation, with believing doctrines inconsistent with their duty to a Protestant. This they solemnly deny; and, until proof can be furnished of the truth of the accusation, their denial, it appears to them, ought to be received.

But they entreat your Honourable House to judge them not by doctrines imputed to them, but by the practical effects of those doctrines as they are to be learned from history. Those who, in times past, believed the doctrines which your petitioners believe, have had every temptation to be disaffected to the Government of their country, and no inducements to be faithful to it, but such as were furnished by their religion. *Others* have been faithful and loyal in favour and prosperity; *they* have been so in exclusion and adversity.

Your petitioners submit, that a government can justly require the support of its subjects only in proportion to the benefits it extends to them. As, therefore, it is probable that your Honourable House would not consent that your petitioners should contribute less than others to the exigencies of the state—that is, in the case of taxes, of tithes, of poor rates, of church rates, of Easter offerings, &c. &c. as well as of personal services both in peace and war—they submit, that in justice they ought not, any more than any of their fellow-subjects, be deprived of the benefits of political society.

And yet, although many dreadful enactments of former penal laws have been repealed, your petitioners are still marked out as objects of punishment only. Their peers are not allowed a place to sit in their proper house of parliament, although they were excluded only by enactments which are acknowledged to be a disgrace to those who were concerned in them. They are all deprived of the elective franchise, although no men have ever exercised that franchise more virtuously than have their Catholic brethren in Ireland. They are not allowed to endow their places of worship, although they are taxed to build and support churches where not wanted, and which, being built, have been but scantily attended. They are not allowed to provide permanently for the education either of their clergy or of the poor, although they never receive any portion of that public money (part of which they themselves furnish) which is so lavishly

bestowed on more favoured classes, and although they are taunted with being friendly to ignorance. Besides many other hardships, which they abstain from enumerating, and the effects in social life which they are doomed daily to experience from the proscription which the Government of their country continues to uphold.

Your petitioners have learned with great satisfaction, that your Honourable House has at length begun to imitate the conduct of those Catholic governments, which have not been afraid of bestowing religious freedom to their subjects, in the relief which they learn is to be afforded to their Dissenting Brethren; and they trust, that they who profess the same religion with the liberal governments alluded to, will not, in return, be suffered to be the only class of Christians persecuted under the Government of Great Britain.

And your petitioners, &c.

North Shields.—On Sunday, the 31st of August, the Rev. Thomas Gillow preached a charity sermon for the benefit of the charity school attached to his chapel, at North Shields. In the course of his luminous and impressive appeal, the eloquent preacher alluded to the imputations so often thrown on the Catholic religion, as inimical to education; and referred those who indulge in these misrepresentations, to the fact of there being uniformly a school attached to nearly every Catholic chapel in England, supported by the voluntary contributions of Catholics. The discourse made a visible impression; and we are happy to hear that the collection exceeded the amount received in former years. We must beg leave to add, that few clergymen have been more successful than Mr. Gillow, in removing the prejudices which exist against the Catholic religion.

Dr. Gradwell.—On the 18th of Sept. the Right Rev. Dr. Gradwell arrived at Felton Park, in the county of Northumberland, on a visit to Ralph Reddell, Esq. and his amiable family. Since his Lordship's arrival in this county, he has also visited the Rev. James Worswick, at Newcastle.

Hexham—Toward the erection of the new Catholic chapel in this place, the Earl of Shrewsbury has given 50*l.*, and George Silvertop, Esq. and Sir Thomas Stanley 25*l.* each; besides which, the latter gentleman has furnished the common stone; and the Governors of Greenwich Hospital, the owners of the Derwentwater estates in this county, the ashlar stone for the edifice. The first stone was laid April 22, 1828. The subscriptions now amount to between seven and eight hundred pounds, contributions having been received from all classes.

BIRTHS.

On the 8th of Sept. at Villa Place, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the wife of Mr. John E. Foreman, of a son.

On the 22d of Sept. in Albion-street, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Margaret, wife of Dr. J. A. Ward, of a son.

MARRIED.

On Thursday, the 11th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Radford, and afterwards at Saint Bride's Church, Mr. James Burgess, to Miss Sarah Hockley.

On Monday, the 8th ult. at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Mr. Joseph Fallow, musical clock and watch maker, to Miss Hannah Smith, second daughter of Mr. Thomas Smith, builder, all of the above town.

OBITUARY.

On Friday, the 12th ult. Mr. John Riordan, late of Southampton Row, Russell Square, aged 69. He was one of the founders of St. Patrick's Charity School, and zealous and active in the good work of establishing St. Patrick's Chapel.

On the 13th ult. aged 21, Nicholas Barrow, son of Mrs. Barrow, of Marley Hill, near Gateshead.

On the 26th ult. at the Convent of St. Francis, Dublin, the Rev. Thomas Bonaventure Richmond, in his 30th year. In him were united the two ingredients that constitute the character of the priest —he was a pious man and a gentleman.

Sept. 8, 1827, Mr. James Ewart, brother to the Rev. Thomas Henry Rand Ewart, of Tottenham, at Bangalore, in the East Indies, in the 21st year of his age.

Nov. 6, 1827, Miss Sophia Ewart, aged two years and six months.

At Beckford, near Tewkesbury, aged 85, the Rev. John Baptist Jolly, Catholic priest of that place.

On the 1st of August last, in Paris, after a severe illness, in the 45th year of his age, the Rev. William Taylor, late Canon of the Cathedral of Bourdeaux, and formerly domestic chaplain and secretary of the Right Reverend Doctor Coppinger.

THE

CATHOLIC MISCELLANY.

NOVEMBER, 1828.

THE HISTORY OF ORANGEISM IN IRELAND.

"Havoc and spoil and ruin are my gain."—MILTON.

ALTHOUGH Orangeism may be considered the living curse of Ireland, the public—Protestants and Catholics—entertain very incorrect notions respecting its origin and early history. Mr. Plowden laments the absence of documentary evidence on the subject, and cotemporary writers have strangely misrepresented the facts of the case. To communicate useful information respecting a *sect* which has entailed but too many evils on an unhappy country, and to furnish the future historian with unquestionable evidence, I purpose giving here a brief history of its rise and progress. My sources of information are peculiar: the question has long engaged my attention; and I am indebted to a clergyman of the north of Ireland * for a very curious pamphlet, entitled, "An Account of the late Disturbances in the County of Armagh," written in 1790, as I gather from the body of the work; for the title page is wanting. The author was evidently a native of Armagh, and a Protestant; he speaks of holy water and confession as mummeries; and uniformly denominates the Catholics "papists." The pamphlet, I suspect, was printed for private circulation only, or perhaps was never published; for I have not met with a reference to it, nor seen any one who ever heard of the work. As a history of local details from the year 1784 to the year 1790, it is invaluable; it shows that Orangeism originated in the bigotry of ignorant Protestants, and that it commenced at an earlier date than is generally supposed. It also throws much light on the sort of justice which was then administered to Catholics, and the spirit by which some popular characters were actuated.

Perhaps, in tracing the spirit of Orangeism, I should commence earlier than the latter end of the eighteenth century. It has, in fact, been coeval with English domination; and existed as actively in Catholic as in Protestant times. "Of all rivers," says a modern traveller, "the Orange, in South Africa, is the most dreadful; it is in every direction infested with jackals, hyenas, zebras, tigers, keodoes, lions, and all manner of reptiles." It was, I suspect, an expatriated Irishman, with a mind embittered by a recollection of the "Ascendancy," who first bestowed so disreputable a name on the unfortunate river. It was decidedly the most opprobrious he could think of; and, no doubt, he congratulated himself on its propriety where there was so much reason to make use of a title, which, in his opinion, would alone put future travellers on their guard when entering on its precincts.

For more than six hundred years a contemptible faction has lorded it over Ireland. The assumption of power was their only charter, and has

* He was kind enough to leave the pamphlet for me with Mr. Joseph Robins, jun.; and had he left his address, I should have expressed my acknowledgments otherwise than in a note after a period of two years.

all along proved their safeguard. The physical strength of the country could at any time have crushed them, but the giant slept while the Lilliputians crawled over his body, and pinioned his members. Their insults now awake him into the strength of dignified anger; placable, he credited their assertion of right; and enshrining themselves in the robe which encumbers, while it gives gravity to law, the deluded monster stayed the upraised arm, and submitted again to the insults and tortures of his contemptible assailants. At a time when utilitarians hold up patriotism to ridicule, I might be permitted to amuse myself with the remains of the Anglo-Norman power in Ireland; they are really instructive; the epitaphs of the dead insult the country; and I flatter myself that good would arise could I bring my countrymen seriously to contemplate them. But the present moment is too full of bitterness for philosophising; Orangeism is still active; and in the hope of diminishing its virulance, I have sat down to write its history. I have chosen to call it Orangeism; it is the religion of a sect, and ought to be immediately separated from Protestantism, to which it has surreptitiously attached itself.

The Irish volunteers were the result of circumstance more than a pure emanation of patriotism. National distress first taught the Irish aristocracy that subserviency to a foreign ministry, and an oppression of their countrymen, were not exactly the most efficient way to promote their individual interest. A lavish treasurer could not satisfy the claims of a needy population of gentry; his very liberality diminished the minister's means of attaching supporters; and the "Protestant Ascendancy" of the day were wanting in loyalty when the power to which they bowed was overpowered with adversity. Principle they had none; political wisdom they were devoid of; and their boasted proceedings in 1782 had in them more of a mercenary than a national character. They legislated with a view to their immediate interests; empty pockets inspired their patriotism; and their views did not extend beyond those petty measures which they foolishly thought were calculated to replenish them: they voted Ireland free; and left five-sixths of the people in bondage! Like the English Barons of a former age, they extorted a charter from the monarch, but refused to untie the fetters of their vassals.

The multitude, however, are always generous: they interpreted popular sentiments literally, and really felt a generous devotion towards the land of their birth. They armed to defend it; and the Protestant was no sooner brought to meditate upon national and individual rights, than he shook off his churlish prejudices, and embraced his Catholic fellow-subject. The resolutions of the delegates at Dungannon are remarkable; they nobly struck at the root of religious distinctions, and pronounced the Catholic politically free.* This fact is deserving of more than a passing allusion: it shows that Protestants cannot be patriotic without desiring to see their Catholic fellow countrymen emancipated; and the

* These resolutions are the more remarkable, as at that period Catholic principles were not at all understood. Even Mr. Grattan, in 1781, said,—"I rise only to observe, that it is granted on all sides that some indulgence shall be conceded to the Roman Catholics; the only difficulty is, how that indulgence shall be conceded; for my part, I wish the House to do it handsomely; for the merits and sufferings of the Catholics claim it from us; we are not to judge of them by their creed; *their actions shew that they depart from it*, or that they do not carry its principles into life."

inference from this forces itself upon us, that the Anti-Catholic does not love his country.

Unfortunately the generous sentiment which animated the volunteers, did not extend itself to the great mass of the northern Protestants: these from the time of James I. inhabited the lowlands in the County of Armagh,* and retained much of that ignorance and fanaticism which inflamed them in their native wilds before they were transplanted from the sterile vales of Scotland to the fruitful fields of Ireland. Between them and the Catholics, who principally lived in the adjoining counties and highlands, there was perpetual bickering; they never amalgamated; and the one was called Scotch, and the other Irish, until within the last dozen years.† During the prevalence of good feeling this bad spirit was concealed, and seems really to have lost its influence over the Catholics; but the vulgar Protestants only waited for an opportunity to show that they could not so easily rid themselves of bigotry; the national cause was sacrificed to the gratification of petty malice, and their resentment was directed against the liberal Protestant, as well as the poor enduring Catholic. We are constantly told that the Catholic is a kind of irreclaimable bigot, whom no kindness can win, in whose neighbourhood it is dangerous to reside; his creed is represented as teaching him eternal enmity to those who differ from him in doctrinal matters, and as stimulating him to the commission of every outrage on his dissenting brethren. The history of Ireland disproves these assertions, and goes very far to fix them upon an opposite sect. In the wildest anarchy of the south, the populace were not devoid of redeeming virtues: they pursued, it is true, their schemes of retributive justice and rustic policy with a daring recklessness, but their habitual carelessness and vehement passions, under the most cruel provocation, never betrayed them into acts of bigotry. Toleration is one of their practical sentiments: they assailed no man on account of his religion; and in a kind of deliberate fury, they sacrificed more Catholic than Protestant property. Not so the Ulster Orangemen: their every act evinced their odious bigotry; they had not to complain of Catholic outrage; they sought not the apology of retaliation; their excuse was that Catholics existed! They would not permit them to breathe the same air with themselves; and their object was not a redress of real or fictitious grievances, but the extermination of those who adhered to the religion of their ancestors!!

While liberal sentiments were struggling into existence, Catholics were occasionally admitted into the volunteer corps. This provoked the vulgar Protestants; and their displeasure only waited for an opportunity of openly evincing itself. They could not decorously fly in the face of Protestant professions—the avowed sense of the country was against them; and thus, restrained by public opinion, they covertly sought to gratify the base malignity of their hearts.

In Ireland the abundance of provisions, and the fertility of the soil, supply the wants of life with a facility unknown in any other part of Europe: before the population had acquired its present density, there was no stimulant to industry—no want of incessant application among the

* James's plantation was confined principally to this district.

† The legends of Ulster furnish a curious illustration of the protracted enmity which prevailed between the natives and the immigrants. Most of their superstitious tales turn on quarrels between the Irish and Scotch fairies, which were generally decided on Allhallow's eve.

peasantry; and let economists say what they will, necessity only can make a people cotton-spinners and delvers. Arthur Young, long since remarked, that the personal activity, and the perfect symmetry of form of an Irish peasantry, were owing to the wholesomeness of his food, and the comparative lightness of his labour. He was full of animal spirits; his habits were social; and as inertness is not an Irish sin, he sought, too often, occupation in amusement; and, having given but little time to the study of ethics, he fancied that there was fun in fighting. Whiskey and a shillelagh were stimulants which he could not resist; and hence the rustic factions about which the public have recently heard so much. These were not the remnants of clanship; they grew out of exuberant spirits, military propensities, and a vain display of animal courage. As in other cases, the belligerent powers were frequently of unequal strength, and it required some artifice in the strongest party to allure their adversaries from their defensive position. On such occasions, they would resort to internal hostilities; and the moment one of their opponents interfered as a peace-maker, the war-cry of "Bally———, and the blue sky over it!" would be raised, and the engagement, as they anticipated, would soon become general. This feint, in 1784, was resorted to by the Protestants. At a fair held a few miles from Armagh, two Protestants (not Presbyterians, as is generally supposed) began to quarrel; a Catholic interfered, and this was the signal for the commencement of a religious war. To enfeeble the Catholics, and add to their own strength, the Protestants entered into a combination, and paid domiciliary visits to the houses of the Catholics, in search of arms, at an early hour in the morning, and this procured them the denomination of "Peep-o'-day-boys." Their favourite appellation, however, was "Protestant Boys."

It has been generally supposed that the disturbance originated in a drunken quarrel, and that it did not assume a religious character until 1795. The contrary, however, was really the case: it originated in a vile spirit of bigotry. In the address of a wretch who was called Captain of the "Nappach Fleet," he exhorts the "Protestant Boys" to disarm the Papists, because "the perfidious volunteers had admitted them into their ranks."* This was in the beginning of 1785. At first the Catholics offered no resistance; several of the "Peep-o'-day Boys" were arrested, brought to trial, convicted, but—no punishment followed. They were not slow to interpret this proceeding correctly, and accordingly renewed their violence. "Scarce a night passed," says the author of the pamphlet to which I have already referred, "after these heroes got loose, but some houses were violently entered, searched, and the furniture destroyed. The neighbourhood of Bunker Hill (near the great road leading from Armagh to Newry, two miles distant from the former) entered into an association to defend themselves, and chose a dissenting Protestant for their captain. . . . And this," he continues, "was the first company of *Defenders* that ever opposed the Peep-o'-day Boys."

The name which the Catholic party assumed show that they were not the aggressors, and the person they chose to head them is a sufficient proof that they were not actuated by any bigoted feeling. They acted purely on the defensive; and strange to say, the law lent them no protection. In going to fairs and markets, it was necessary, for their individual safety, to proceed in numbers; but though unarmed, the Protes-

* An Account of the Disturbance in the County of Armagh. P. 9.

tants, like savage Indians, shrunk from an open and manly encounter, and assailed the unfortunate peasantry from behind the ditches (*Anglicè fences*). Being all provided with guns, they killed numbers in this cowardly warfare; and, as in later times, there was no redress for a Catholic. Driven to desperation, the persecuted people dared their opponents to a general engagement, and both sides moved to the attack; fortunately, Mr. Richardson, M. P. for the county, interposed, and for that time prevented bloodshed. The writer of the pamphlet paid the place of meeting a visit on the following day, and dined with a dissenting clergyman. "Of course," he says, "I had a wide field for inquiry; they (the Catholics) told me they were determined to receive their (the Peep-o'-day Boys') first fire, and then to rush on them with their sticks, and come to close fighting; either *to kill*, or *be killed*, was the word with these desperate madmen." In the next paragraph, he tells us oppression had made them mad.

The persecution was at first confined to a few districts; but the poorer classes of Protestants having thrown off the mask, the flame of discontent soon reached the higher orders. Armagh has always been celebrated for its orthodoxy. In former times, the zeal of the "Ascendancy" supplied the absence of episcopal dignitaries, and the O's and the Mac's, with a most commendable piety, thought that tithes and glebe lands would be quite as productive of utility in the hands of a chieftain as in those of a bishop. This, however, has been reformed altogether: laymen, in our days, offer no such violence to the prejudices of mankind: their aspirations after the loaves and fishes of the establishment have not diminished, but they make them subservient to their personal advantage in a more indirect manner; a son or a relative serves for the sable medium through which church property is made available for aristocratical purposes, and thus the good things of Protestantism have always in Ireland been guarded by the vigilance of the pious, and the more wakeful anxiety of the calculating. Dr. Miller, who is so deeply read in the philosophy of history, is not the only ornament of orthodoxy which Armagh has produced. A predecessor of his, in 1795-6, glowed with a similar Anti-Catholic warmth; and to his exertions in the cause of "Ascendancy," is to be attributed much of that bad spirit which agitated the county of Armagh.

A Catholic priest was bequeathed a small legacy by a young lady who had been prematurely cut off from the endearments of life. Her story was an affecting one: her fate excited much sympathy. She had, it appears, been betrothed to a young man who professed the Protestant religion; but before the day appointed for the celebration of their nuptials, a sudden illness hurried him out of life. In his last moments, he abjured the errors of Protestantism; and, at a moment when none could doubt his sincerity, he sought the consolations of the Catholic church. This in Ireland was a thing of common occurrence, and excited at the moment no observation. The death of her betrothed preyed upon the sensitive heart of the young lady; the roses of health quitted her cheek, and in a few weeks she was laid beside her lover. This awakened the finer feelings of all; and the parish priest, in complying with the request of his penitent, prepared to offer up a high mass for the repose of her soul. A high mass, in Armagh, was a thing of some novelty; there then lived those who remembered when the offices of the Catholic church were performed, as it were, by stealth, in the recesses of mountains, in the

caves of the country, when the priest was forced to disguise himself in the coarse habiliments of the peasant. In times of greater liberality, they were content to worship God in a very unostentatious manner; and the present high mass was the first celebrated in Armagh since the days of William and Mary. Protestant curiosity was excited, the chapel was crowded, and the sermon preached on the occasion was considered temperate and appropriate. It evidently made an impression on the congregation; and the allusion to the conversion of the young lady's lover was, in deference to Protestant feeling, conceived in general terms. Those who attended were much edified; and on returning to their homes, they confessed that Catholic worship and Catholic priests were not quite such objects of ridicule as they had been taught to believe. A general defection from the "Ascendancy" creed was apprehended; and in order to rally the pure spirits of the north round the standard of legal orthodoxy, the "drum ecclesiastic" was beaten loud and long. The pulpit and the press sent forth its anathemas; the deeds of *forty-one* were dwelt upon with inflammable eloquence, and the fires of Smithfield lent a brilliancy to the periods of the preacher. The massacre of St. Bartholomew was attributed to popish turpitude; and a Rev. Mr. Robinson of the day, conveyed his love of religion and his hatred of Catholicism in very popular doggerel. "There is not wanting amongst us," says an eye-witness and a Protestant, "a set of vipers, or I may say snakes in the grass, that are poisoning the mind of the unwary peasant with the dregs of the forty-one rebellion; even admitting it all to be true, is it not an unchristian piece of policy in a modern divine to revive such obsolete writings amongst a set of ignorant peasants, that are already too much inflamed by the ill-timed writings of such spurious fabricators. Would it not be much more honour to the sacred character of a minister of the gospel of peace to enforce as much as possible that great commandment to love God above all things, and thy neighbour as thyself. Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God. And how particularly blessed must the man be who at this day would strive to unite two classes of Christians, the noble workmanship of one heavenly father; and what anathemas will not God and man pronounce against those who deliberately, and with a seeming pride, draw the affection and love from neighbour and neighbour, and in some instances from husband and wife."

The poor priest was amazed at the charges brought against him; his sermon, he alleged, was misrepresented; and accordingly he printed it. But who would read a Popish sermon, "except," says my authority, "Murtagh O'Lavery's famous one." These proceedings served to stimulate the bigoted to new acts of outrage; but as liberal sentiments had not yet fled the country, the first company of Armagh volunteers entered into resolutions declaratory of their intentions to protect the persecuted Catholics. This fact proves that the disturbance originated in religious bigotry, and is at the same time creditable to Protestant justice. But, alas! only a few acted upon these declarations; the unfortunate peasantry were abandoned to the fury of their enemies; and in seeking shelter from Protestant fury in the recesses of the bog at night, they imbibed the seeds of a disease which quickly terminated their sufferings. No one dared venture to sleep in his house; men, women and children, at the close of day, hurried to the mountain or to caverns, from whence they could observe the flames that consumed their property and

their habitations. Human nature recoils from such revolting details; but it is necessary that the English public should be made acquainted with the operations of Orangeism; it is necessary that the philosopher should be put in possession of facts which tend to elucidate particular creeds; and it must be useful to expose the vile source from which Orangemen date their origin. If what I have already stated shock the reader, I can only assure him, that as yet he has merely seen the indications of a spirit which I am endeavouring to trace upwards; its developement, I fear, will startle his credulity. Aware of this, I shall merely state facts; and always in the words of an eye-witness, unless where respect for the delicacy of my readers may require abridgment.

The author of the pamphlet which I have already quoted, in speaking of the year 1786, says: "The neighbourhood of Granemore, near Ballymanob, was tormented this year in a most shocking manner, and many of the tenants of my Lord Charlemont came to the desperate resolution of giving up their leases, and retiring to a foreign land. However, they were advised by some gentlemen to purchase arms to defend themselves; but as fast as they got them they were taken from them, until they came to the resolution of watching up at night in their respective turns. There were two desperate Peep-o'-day-Boy captains in this neighbourhood that carried all before them; one of them was taken and tried this year, and the most positive proofs brought home against him;* but the *mistaken lenity* of the jury acquitted him, and set him loose a second time; and were it not for this hero's acquittal, I do believe the Granemore Defenders would have quitted the thought of purchasing any more arms at this period; but seeing *no protection from the law*, they formed companies of defenders to protect their houses, and were supplied with arms by a Protestant shopkeeper of the town of Armagh.

"A party of the Nappach fleet paid a visit to the neighbourhood of Willis Grange, near Laughall, and entered the house of a poor man that never was able to purchase a gun in his life; they dragged his wife and five small children out of a straw-bed, and cut his web in the loom, and destroyed what little provisions were in the house; for these nocturnal gentry could not subsist, for being mostly journeymen weavers, they could not work in the day-time, after wanting their rest at night, and of course must live by plundering their neighbours.† The poor woman of the house (unfortunately for herself and family) was pregnant; the rough handling she received from those gallant heroes occasioned her premature death the day after.

"The people of this part of the county enjoyed a happy state of quiet and harmony previous to this affair; but two or three visits of this fleet, for a few succeeding nights, roused them to defend themselves, and a company of defenders was now raised here, with many Protestants amongst them; for any Protestant who seemed averse to their actions at this period, was looked on as little better than a Papist. A Protestant volunteer of the first artillery company received a sound drubbing, returning from a review, for advising these gentry to quit their illegal practices."

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* M'———h the jury, sat ten hours.

† The poor woman was in Armagh the day before this affair happened, purchasing some necessary articles for her lying-in.

These facts are additional proofs that the Catholics acted solely on the defensive; and that they were not actuated by sectarian animosity is evident from the fact of Protestants being found beside them in the hour of peril. They prove, too, that justice was unattainable, and that the law afforded them no protection.

The Defenders, now driven to the necessity of acting with promptness, assumed that station which their numbers and their cause gave them, and soon put to flight the cowardly ruffians that could ill-treat children and pregnant women. A regular engagement took place at Tanderagee, at which the Orangemen, though well armed, were completely defeated. But the Catholics, still willing to credit the professions of the magistrates, refrained from assuming the terrible office of justice themselves, applied for warrants against the most notorious of their persecutors, and delivered them up to the law. The fact is creditable to their forbearance and good sense. "Scarce a day passed," says my authority, "that there were not some of the "Peep-o'-day Boys (alias Orangemen) taken and committed to gaol."—"It was laughable enough," he adds, "to see those rustic peasants that guarded them through Armagh, some of them with old rusty guns (on the right shoulder) that seemed as ancient as old Parr, whilst others had long sticks with bayonets fixed on the ends of them, with other missile weapons of a very antique appearance.

Their diligence and loyalty met with a singular reward: the Orangemen were all acquitted, and four "Defenders" were found guilty. "The Papists," says the pamphleteer, "were thrown into despair, whilst their opponents held a kind of triumph at the sentence of the Tanderagee Defenders." Accordingly, they not only renewed their outrages on the Catholics, but determined to compel such Protestants as were married to Catholics to abrogate the vows they had made at the altar.* "The fanatical fury," says an eye-witness, "of these unthinking Irishmen was levelled against *all Papists*, without any reason that mortal man can assign."

On Christmas morning it had long been the custom of the Irish Catholics to repair, some hours before daylight, to their places of worship. It was to commemorate the Nativity of the Saviour of mankind; but though the time was calculated to inspire the most awful thoughts, it did not deter the Orangemen from seeking to gratify the worst passions of human nature. They secreted themselves behind the hedges on the different roads; and as the unsuspecting peasantry passed, fired upon them. The number of their victims is not stated. "What Christian heart," says the Protestant author so often alluded to, "must not shudder with melancholy reflections on the guilt of those unfeeling madmen, who could in cold blood wantonly rise on the morning that gave birth to the Redeemer of mankind, and massacre a set of innocent people that were not in the act of offending God or their neighbour?" Yet educated men—who ought to have read history—are constantly reproaching Catholics with intolerance, and boasting of Protestant charity and toleration! How many Sicilian vespers, on a diminished scale, have been witnessed in Ireland, and that too in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries?

But it was not the piety of the people only which excited the malice of the Orangemen: they were equally averse to their mirth. On St. John's

* An Account of the Disturbances, &c. p. 21—2.

eve, in Summer, the Irish peasant is in the habit of amusing himself with a bonfire. The young and the aged assemble together on such occasions; and unlike other meetings, these seldom terminate otherwise than in good humour. During the progress of rustic revelry, at a place near Ballymore, a magistrate headed a party of Orangemen, and debouched upon the unsuspecting crowd. The terrified people fled with precipitation; but owing to the nature of the ground on which the fire was lighted, two persons only were killed.

Every day the storm of sorrow which fell upon the unfortunate Catholics grew more intense: on New Year's eve, in the darkness and silence of night, a party of the conspirators visited a distant village, hitherto peaceable, for the horrible purpose of offering a hecatomb of innocents to the Moloch of Ascendancy; they meditated the destruction of the people by firing the cabin over their heads while wrapt in sleep. With the treacherous stealth of the hyæna, they stole with cautious step to the place, they applied the brand to the easily ignited thatch, and standing before the doors to prevent egress, they sent forth yells of exultation as the flames arose amidst the frightened darkness of night. Happily the people were absent; a generous Protestant had warned them to depart; and in complying with his injunction, they escaped the dreadful fate which had been coolly prepared for them.

The fanaticism of the Orangemen hurried them into deeds of sacrilege. Like the troops of Cromwell, they did not hesitate to deface the image of the Redeemer. Mr. Obbins, a Protestant gentleman, of extensive property and literary attainments, on his return from foreign travel, presented his Catholic tenantry with a piece of statuary representing the Crucifixion, which he had brought from Rome. They very properly placed it in their chapel; but the Orangemen, having no taste for the arts, tore it from the altar, and broke it into fragments. The ministers of God could not hope to escape their vengeance; they hunted the priests with malicious fury, and when they caught them, used them most unmercifully. A Rev. Mr. Courtney, curate of Mullabrack, was left by them for dead.

In the south, popular commotion has always been the consequence of some local grievance; but the Orangemen of the north had nothing in this respect to complain of. "That plenty and famine," says the Armagh Protestant, "have often occasioned idleness and riot among the lower order of people, is within the recollection of the meanest capacity at present amongst us; witness the bloody and unexampled conduct of the democracy of France, that spared neither the innocent or guilty, when overwhelmed with famine. But I am sure that neither the Peep-o'-day Boys, or Defenders of the county of Armagh, have any such pretext as famine to urge them to such barbarous actions as we have to record of them, to their eternal dishonour. No, it is quite the reverse; for the luxurious hills and fertile valleys afford the greatest plenty to an unthankful peasantry for the favours of the Almighty, who makes the rocky hill produce nearly equal to the fertile valley, in preference to so many other counties in the kingdom that have to purchase from you in a time of distress: add to this your great weekly markets for the sale of your cloth and yarn, and we may justly say that the county of Armagh is a hot-bed for cash for the industrious farmer and weaver.—Perhaps," he continues, "my readers will say that I am partial for saying that the Peep-o'-day Boys merit the character of rioters more than the Defenders.

At this period of the disturbances, I cannot say any thing else. That the former merits it, is but too well known in this country, as the original aggressors in this unhappy fracas; whilst the latter have brought themselves into too many unfortunate quarrels in what they call defending themselves." Baron Hamilton, the presiding judge of assize, was of the same opinion; for when some active magistrates, who could see no delinquency in Orangemen, apprehended some Catholics for having arms in their possession, he quashed the indictments, observing that he was sorry for the cause which FORCED the "Defenders" to take up arms in self-defence! Then, however, as in later times, there was in Ireland a power beyond the law. The grand jury and the governor of the county, Lord Charlemont, who affected liberality, but who was through life a narrow-minded man and a disguised bigot, published a manifesto against—whom? not the Orangemen, but the unprotected Catholics!

It was the misfortune of the Armagh peasantry to suffer persecution at a time when a false liberality was abroad. The more influential part of Catholics, grateful to Protestant liberality for the relaxation which had recently taken place in the penal laws, felt unwilling to express sympathy with those of their own community who had to complain of those who pretended to be Protestants. A shameful and hypocritical subserviency to an intolerant government had long marked the conduct of the Catholic aristocracy of Ireland: for a century there did not appear a man amongst them of fearless intellect or daring patriotism; and at this time they were so lost to manly feeling, that they actually joined in the clamour raised against the unhappy Defenders. We have already seen that these unfortunate men were more sinned against than sinning; the Greeks were never treated more barbarously by a Mahometan Ascendancy; and yet identity of feeling—wrongs that cried to Heaven for redress—procured them no sympathy: they were left by their natural protectors to their fate. A base press was either silent or calumnious.

There is in human nature, however, redemption for human wrongs, though the great and influential stood aloof, or spoke only to insult, the Catholic population of Ireland were actuated by more honourable impulses: they felt, as they ought to feel, indignant, and were not slow to offer sympathy and support. Discontent extended its ramifications; but as it passed the bounds beyond which nothing correctly was known of Armagh grievances, it lost its stimulus, and contemplated objects foreign to the original intention of the Defenders. In the south popular indignation was expended on insignificant tithe-proctors and land-pirates; for the Munster peasant could not understand why he should arm himself against his Protestant neighbour; his Protestant neighbour was comparatively inoffensive.

The Government which exhibited so much forbearance, if not encouragement towards the Ulster Orangemen, now stood forward armed with laws, which can find their parallel only in the statutes of Algiers, against the Defenders. Their numbers, and the goodness of their cause, gave them a decided superiority over their assailants; and the timid, though cruel Orangemen, through necessity, would soon have abandoned his career of danger, had not the Government proved his ally. The spirit of the times may be gathered from the Riot Act, which was then passed: it was not necessary that the magistrate should read it before he called upon the military to disperse *any* assembly; another clause empowered the magistrate to demolish places of Catholic worship;

and another made it felony to write, print, publish, send or carry, or cause to be sent any message, letter or notice, *tending* to excite insurrection. "Like the Draconian laws," said Mr. Grattan, "this bill had blood! blood!—felony! felony! felony! in every period, and in every sentence." Speaking of the bill, he says, "It is a revival of the penal laws, and that in the most dangerous and exceptionable part. I call upon gentlemen to consider, that they had no charge against the Catholics to warrant this measure; to consider that they have not so much as cause for suspicion of them; to consider, if they were a Popish peasantry, they were actuated by no Popish motive; to consider, that public thanks have been returned to the principal person of the Catholic religion in this country, for his manly exertions to maintain the public peace, and to protect the rights of the established clergy; and I think if there be any thing sacred or binding in religion, it would operate successfully against the present measure; for it would cast a stigma on the Protestant religion.

"I have heard of transgressors being dragged from the sanctuary, but I never heard of the sanctuary being demolished; it goes so far as to say they are of a different religion, yet they have one common God, and one common Saviour, with gentlemen themselves, and surely the God of the Protestant temple is the God of the Catholic temple.

"What then does the clause enact? that the magistrate shall pull down the temple of his God; and if it be rebuilt, and as often as it is rebuilt, for three years, he shall again prostrate it, and so proceed in a repetition of his abominations, and thus stab the criminal through the sides of his God,—a new idea indeed! But this is not all; the magistrate is to sell by auction the altar of the Divinity to pay for the sacrilege that has been committed on his house. By preventing the chapel from being erected, I contend that we must prohibit the exercise of religion for three years; and that to remedy disturbance we resort to irreligion, and endeavour to establish it by act of Parliament."

While the south was coerced, the north was left in its original state of confusion, under circumstances the most aggravating. Sectarian prejudices were every day increasing in bitterness; and as Catholics and Protestants began to diverge from each other, they resorted to practices of retaliation which served to strengthen the cause of disunion. There is a remarkable coincidence between that time and the present. The author of the Account of the Disturbance, says: "As this year (1788) is replete with those bloody deeds that have been smothered from the face of open day, and not even bloody deeds that we have to treat of, but false prophecies and dangerous combinations that would disgrace the votaries of Mahomet, that false and warlike impostor, that overturned the Christian system in the east and western churches. But though our heroes have not had the brilliant success of Mahomet, in their self-appointed military arrangements, and their mendicant prophesies to overturn all religion, yet they have had success enough to cool that brotherly love so universally prevalent in this country some time ago.

"Combinations are more to be dreaded in a well-governed state, than open depredations; the former casts out its venom like a snake in the grass, while the latter is liable to be attacked, in process of time, by the hands of the law. I do not say that any combinations were entered into against the state; for, thanks to Providence, the state is sufficiently powerful to support its own axis in a proper equilibrium, from all foreign

foes or domestic fanatics: but combinations that are levelled against private individuals are more to be dreaded in civil society than if they were levelled against the state; for the state, being a body politic, if we injure any of its members, we offend the whole. But the combinations that were introduced into the county of Armagh by the deep-plotting schemes of our all-wise countrymen, have had a dangerous tendency, in many respects; and both classes of Christians are equally guilty of this charge. The Defending parties combine among themselves, not to purchase any goods from any Protestant that they knew to be any way active in aiding or abetting the Peep-o'-day Boys; and that was the worst sort of revenge that any set of men in their senses could think of; for it turned many well-disposed Protestants against them, that hitherto espoused their cause: for who else in the county of Armagh could be of any service to them in a time of distress? And by turning their best friends against them, they have got both the rich and poor for their enemies. The Peep-o'-day Boys have pursued the same career against such of the Papists as they usually used to deal with, and both parties have got a kind of cant word, "that we'll deal with none but our own sort." The next plan our heroes set out on, is to prophesy; one day they tell the credulous peasant that * the Scotch are to rise on a certain night, and massacre all the Papists. Watches are stationed in different places to give the alarm; the night passes away, and no Scotch appear, the prophet gets *anim a duel* from the drowsy weaver, the next day, when nodding on his loom.

"The Papists are next to rise on a certain night, and destroy the Scotch. The Scotch take the same precaution as the Irish did; but contrary to their expectations, find that all the prophets are a damned lying set of rogues."

No man is free from prejudice; and the most impartial Protestants are not indisposed to credit assertions injurious to their Catholic fellow countrymen. The reverse is hardly to be expected; the ancient religion had lain too long in bad odour to be judged of candidly; and in Ireland no small coquetry has been necessary to win the smiles even of the most boisterous among the Protestant liberaux. The injudicious proceedings of the Ulster Catholics—for by this time discontent had extended to the counties adjoining Armagh—but to which they had been driven as a matter of self-defence, served to drive into opposition the lukewarm Protestant, and alienate those who had been more sincerely attached. A measure to which government now resorted tended still further to swell the ranks of the persecutors. New corps of volunteers were raised from which Catholics were excluded; and from this time Orangeism assumed a formidable appearance; the fanatics were armed by the state, and the Catholics henceforth may be said to have been legally slaughtered. The volunteers, in the face of Heaven, marched from the parade to the work of butchery; and whilst their hands reeked with the blood of innocent men, they proceeded to offer thanks to the god of victory in the temple of the Most High. No show of decency was manifested—they prayed with Mussulman pride; and, like the King of Dahomey, they may be said to have edified the people in the market-place by the exhibition of the skulls of their enemies.† In these hostile excursions through the

* Scotch and Irish are generally the names our heroes give each other.

† An Account of the Disturbance, &c. p. 38. The author, speaking of one of these companies, who had killed two inoffensive men, says: "The companies returned

country, each company of volunteers was accompanied by its chaplain.

The Defenders still confided in the law; they assisted in apprehending several of the Orangemen; they were brought to trial; and the principal evidence against them was Protestant; the charge of murder was clearly made out, yet the jury acquitted them! The presiding judge was filled with astonishment, and called upon the friends of the deceased to lodge an appeal; but some *loyal* men interfered, and the business was dropped. The Catholics, states my authority, filled the court with the most sorrowful cries; but the judge admonished them to forbear, to forget the past, and rely upon the law! The law, however, proved too feeble for the faction opposed to it.

The Orangemen having acquired habits of dissipation by their nocturnal revelries, thought they might add to their resources by levying a tax upon the Catholics. Those who chose might purchase a protection! Several of these documents recently fell under my inspection; and it appears that hundreds were impoverished in endeavouring to bribe their persecutors into forbearance! When they had no more to give, the cry was, "To Hell, or Connaught?"

> "Hell or Connaught!—die, thou Papist,
> Drench this *Orange* in thy gore;
> Though a Christian voice thou apest,
> Think of mercy now no more."

With a diabolical humanity, the Orangemen diminished those things which attach mankind to country; they demolished the altar, profaned the domestic hearth, and violated the sacred utensils used in the service of religion. The chalice was converted to an unholy purpose, and the priests' vestments served to ornament the idiots who followed some of the companies of volunteers. The Catholics had been gradually quitting Ulster before 1789; but subsequent to this year, the roads were thronged with emigrants.

As if their measure of suffering were not yet full, the government did not hesitate to throw the vilest suspicion upon their loyalty. To wipe off the foul stain, they hurried to take the oath of allegiance; but here an insurmountable obstacle presented itself. They were not allowed to testify their attachment to their King without the payment of a sum which few of the hapless beings could afford.*

The Orangemen were not slow to take advantage of the gross partiality

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home in the same order, attended by their chaplains and a magistrate; when they arrived at the spot where Dennis was shot, they gave three cheers, in imitation of the Indian warwhoop, that they had scalped or taken the life of a brother! Unfortunate Irishmen! Could a Turkish Aga, at the head of a body of Janisaries, make a greater triumph for spilling of Christian blood?" The murder of the two men he thus records: "The officer that commanded the party called his unarmed men to the front, and fired his own piece for the signal of attack; the company then fired in an irregular manner, and retreated after killing two men, and wounding two or three others. Stones were thrown in abundance, and the officer of the party was knocked down, and his gun taken from him. He called for quarter from his opponent, who generously fired off the piece in the air, though he had it in his power to have killed him on the spot. Another of the company had his jaw broke, and lost some of his teeth. The news of the men being killed had now reached the different spectators, and some fled home for what arms or other missile weapons they could first catch at: five guns were the whole that could be obtained, and one shot was fired after the volunteers, who had now made their retreat good."

* An Account of the Disturbance, &c. p. 46.

of the law. In consequence of the clause which made it unlawful to retain fire-arms, the country swarmed with spies; the proverbial humanity of the peasant was made instrumental to his own undoing. In giving shelter to the seeming beggar, he was harbouring a delegate of Orangeism; and the mendicant of yesterday appeared in the witness's box to-day, his tongue surcharged with the fate of his premeditated victim. From these attacks, no prudence could secure the Catholic; "the law allowed it," and the Orangemen enacted the conditions of the "bond;" the cannibal debt was paid in pounds of flesh and blood!

During all this long period no definite charge of outrage could be brought against the Catholics. They acted solely on the defensive; no slaughtered innocents marked their track; they warred not upon helplessness and age; but with a manliness which in other countries would meet with commendation, they met their enemies in the face of day, and hardly ever, under all their disadvantages, without triumphing. But open encounter did not suit the guerilla mode of attack adopted by the Orangemen; like the Indians of America, they preferred a defenceless to an armed foe.

In this state of agitation Ulster continued till 1793. In this year government raised what was called the "local militia." The habits which the Orangemen had acquired during the period of servile war, rendered them adverse to industry; the man who had revelled in dissipation for years—who had alienated himself from his occupations, was not likely to be content in future with the tardy proceeds of manual labour. The prospect which the militia held out of indulging in martial trappings without the remote contingency of meeting the foreign enemy, was eagerly embraced by the dissipated Orangemen of Ulster. The new levies in the north were formed almost exclusively of them; and so abundant were unoccupied weavers of Armagh and the adjoining counties, that hundreds of them found their way into the southern regiments. Three-fourths of the Wexford militia, to my personal knowledge, were natives of Ulster. This fact is pregnant with meaning; it merits the consideration of the Orangemen themselves; it ought never to be lost sight of by the legislature. A Rev. Mr. Seymour—and his sentiments have been echoed by the *Morning Chronicle*—at an Orange meeting recently held at Sligo, attributed the declension of the Protestant part of the Irish peasantry to the avarice of the landed proprietors. According to the reverend gentleman, the Protestant peasant had exalted ideas of comfort; and the Catholic peasant paid a higher rent because he was content with a more debased condition. The fact is not so. The unnatural situation in which the poorer Protestant was placed ruined him. He was impressed by those who had an interest in deceiving him, with an imaginary notion of superiority. He was, in idea, one of the lords of the soil, and of course could not willingly stoop to that incessant industry without which nine-tenths of mankind, whether Protestants or Catholics, can be neither independent nor respectable. Originally many of them were extensive farmers; they were preferred when Catholics could not legally hold on lease; and being of the same religion with the favoured few, they endeavoured to approximate as closely as possible to the gentry of the country. The rise in the value of agricultural produce facilitated their fashionable progress, and ultimately they became what, in Ireland, are called *Squireens;* and as the Catholic peasantry were obliged to hold under them, they were the middle men of the

country—a class of men most unjustly aspersed. When their leases expired, however, their condition was reversed; the landlord no longer needed an intermediate person; he wished, very properly, to come more closely in contact with the cultivators of the soil, and put into his own pocket what formerly went into the pocket of the middleman: of course, the *squireen* settled down into an ordinary farmer, or quitted the country. This is the simple history of the Protestant farmers of Ireland. With their habits of dissipation, it was not to be expected that those who remained could continue independent: they soon became involved; and all who are acquainted with Ireland know, that the Protestant peasant is amongst the most indolent and inert of God's creatures.

From this, under ordinary circumstances, he might have recovered; but the government, like a too indulgent parent, in extending to him additional favours, completed his ruin. They established corps of yeomanry for his exclusive advantage; and such was his loyalty, that in toasting church and king, and strutting at parade, he had no time left for attending to the vulgar affairs of life. For a while, permanent pay, or something approaching it, and the ordnance clothing,* enabled him to obviate the effects of perpetual idleness; but when the chancellor of the exchequer ceased to be lavish of the public money, the whole of this race of Janisaries became involved in inextricable ruin; they either emigrated or hurried into towns. They had lost a taste for the sweets of industry.

This is the mere statement of notorious facts: I could refer to fifty districts where the process has been going on; but I prefer appealing to an unquestionable authority—Mr. Wakefield. He was not a holiday orator; he did not speak under exasparated feelings; his opinion was the result of inquiry and observation, and it was this:—Catholic tenants are preferred, because they are the *most industrious and most honourable in their dealings.* That the Irish Catholic peasant is not content to herd with swine, to live amidst filth and idleness, is evident from the fact, that in those districts where Orangemen are unknown, there is a peaceful plenty, and a contented people. No nation of Europe can present greater prosperity or industry than is to be witnessed in a part of the county of Wexford and a part of the county of Mayo—placed at opposite extremities of the island, inhabited solely by Catholics, I leave the reader to draw his own inference.

The ruinous patronage of government was fully exemplified during the twenty years which succeeded 1793. The raising of the militia, however, augmented the disturbance of Ulster: the Orangemen were henceforth more fearfully organized; and, as their confidence increased, the sufferings of the Catholics were augmented. They were now, indeed, the privileged classes; and, like the Turks of Bulgaria,† betrayed their anti-social habits: familiarity with outrage had given them a ferocity of aspect which certainly did not indicate greater crimes than they were

* Whoever has travelled through any district in Ireland, must have observed that the Protestant peasantry are clothed in ragged regimentals—the yeomanry uniform. Their number was formerly easily ascertained; for every one of them wore a red coat, not because they preferred it, but because they were unable to purchase a coloured one.

† "The Turks were known by turbans, sashes, pistols, yatigans, but still more by a ferocity of aspect and rude assumption of demeanor, and a careless kind of contempt that at once repulsed and disgusted us." *Dr. Walsh's Journey from Constantinople to England.* How appropriate was Lord Byron's designation, "Eastern Orangemen."

capable of committing. The demoralising influence of their proceedings must have been powerful when it could make them despise that noble sentiment of the civilized man, respect for females. Irish gallantry is proverbial; it arises not from fashionable notions, but is the rude and noble chivalry of their Gothic ancestors, perpetuated, in the absence of sickly refinement, by a habitual respect for the decencies of life, and a religious reverence for every thing that is virtuous. During the insurrection of 1798, the Catholic peasantry showed the utmost respect for helpless woman: it is recorded, to their honour, by a Protestant clergyman,* that even a charge of indecency has not been brought against them. Far otherwise was it with the Orangemen of the north; but I shall respect the delicacy of my readers, and not make use of the documents before me. The interests of truth, however, demand that I should state that the wife and the daughter have been violated in the presence of fathers, brothers and husbands: it was a refinement in barbarity, and, alas! was not limited to one instance.

The reader is no doubt shocked—I am sure my heart sickens over the disgusting details, and nothing but the hope of deterring Englishmen from admitting Orangeism to fructify amongst them, could have induced me to unrobe the monster, and exhibit its hideous deformity.

The stream of emigration which had been going on for years now overflowed; the roads which led to Leinster and Connaught were thronged with fugitive peasants; women and children filled the air with their cries of distress, and the manly brow of the hardy Defender was compressed into a sullen frown—half indignation, half pity. He could not help feeling as a man; and, whilst his arm was involuntarily raised, as he thought of his persecutors, his heart melted as he looked upon his helpless partner and piteous offspring. This is not an imaginary picture; a thousand living witnesses can bear testimony to the fact.

All this time the press was silent; and the government, no doubt uninformed of the real state of the case, looked on with indifference. At length, an Ulster nobleman, Lord Gosford, called a public meeting, and stamped his indignant reprobation upon the proceedings of the persecutors; but one authority only in the kingdom seconded his humane efforts—Mr. Macan, sovereign of Armagh. The disaffected, secure of active patronage, despised their menaces, and this year, 1795, first assumed the name of "Orangemen," in compliment to the memory of King William, who was Prince of Orange. The principle upon which they acted has always been the same; and I have designated them Orangemen, when recording their acts before this period, and shall continue to call them Orangemen, notwithstanding their attempts to escape from the odious appellation, under the more attractive cognomen of Brunswickers. The liberal should compel them to adhere to their first title; the serpent has cast the skin, but his fangs are still poisoned, and his disposition to mischief remains unaltered.

Emboldened by the impunity which awaited their every violation of the law, the Orangemen extended themselves into the adjoining provinces. The Catholic peasantry, naturally enough, rose to defend themselves; and, will it be credited, the magistrates, instead of affording them protection, put the penal laws in force against them; they were thrown into prisons; and, just before the assizes, when the judge would have set

* Rev. Mr. Gordon's Hist. of the Insurrection.

them free, they were, without being tried, sometimes without being accused, hurried on board the fleet, or sent into perpetual banishment. The magistrates in some places combined together, seized the peasantry in their beds, at midnight, and transported them without the shadow of a trial.* I almost wish, for the honour of humanity, that the proofs of these deeds were blotted out for ever; but the Irish statute book bears damning witness to the fact. In 1796, a bill of indemnity was passed to protect Irish justices from the consequences of their illegal acts; at the same time, an insurrection bill was introduced by the attorney general. Mr. Grattan, on this occasion, observed, "that he heard the right honourable gentleman's statement, and did not suppose it to be inflamed, but he must observe, at the same time, it was partial. He did, indeed, expatiate very fully and justly on the offences of the Defenders; but with respect to another description of insurgents, whose barbarities had excited general abhorrence, he had observed a complete silence. He had proceeded to enumerate the counties that were afflicted by disturbances, and he had omitted Armagh; neither had he comprehended the outrages in his general description, nor in his particular enumeration of those outrages. He had received the most dreadful accounts; that their object was the extermination of all the Catholics of that county. It was a prosecution conceived in the bitterness of bigotry, carried on with the most ferocious barbarity by a banditti, who, being of the religion of the state, had committed, with the greater audacity and confidence, the most horrid murders, and had proceeded from robbery and massacre to extermination; they had repealed, by their own authority, all the laws lately passed in favour of the Catholics; had established, in the place of those laws, the inquisition of a mob, resembling Lord George Gordon's fanatics, equalling them in outrage, and surpassing far in perseverance and success."

Their modes of outrage were as various as they were atrocious; they sometimes forced, by terror, the masters of families to dismiss their Catholic servants; they forced landlords, by terror, to dismiss their Catholic tenantry; they seized as deserters numbers of Catholic weavers, sent them to the county gaol, transmitted them to Dublin, where they remained in close prison until some lawyers, from compassion, pleaded their cause, and procured their enlargement, nothing appearing against them of any kind whatsoever. Those insurgents, who called themselves Orange Boys, or Protestant Boys—that is, a banditti of murderers, committing massacre in the name of God, and exercising despotic power in the name of liberty; those insurgents have organized their rebellion, and have formed themselves into a committee, who sit and try the Catholic weavers and inhabitants, when apprehended, falsely and illegally, as deserters. This rebellious committee they call the committee of elders, who, when the unfortunate Catholic is torn from his family and his loom, and brought before them, sit in judgment upon his case. If he gives them liquor or money, they sometimes discharge him; otherwise, they send him then to a recruiting office as a deserter. They had very generally given the Catholics notice to quit their farms and dwellings, which noticed is plastered on their houses, and conceived in these short but plain words: "Go to Hell; Connaught will not receive you—

* See Mr. G. Ponsonby's speech, made in the Irish House of Commons, the 3d February 1796.

fire and faggot! Will. Thresham and John Thrustout." They followed these notices by a faithful and punctual execution of the horrid threat, soon after visited the house, robbed the family, and destroyed what they did not take, and, finally, completed the atrocious persecutions, by forcing the unfortunate inhabitants to leave their land, their dwellings and their trade, and to travel with their miserable family, and with whatever their miserable family could save from the wreck of their houses and tenements, and take refuge in villages as fortifications against invaders, where they described themselves, as I have seen in their affidavits, in the following manner: "We, (mentioning their names) formerly of Armagh, weavers, now of no fixed place of abode or means living," &c. In many instances, this banditti of persecution threw down the houses of the tenantry, or what they called racked the house, so that the family must fly or be buried in the grave of their own cabin. The extent of the murders that have been committed by this atrocious and rebellious banditti, I have heard; but have not heard them so ascertained as to state them to this House, but from all the inquiries I could make, I collect that the Catholic inhabitants of Armagh have been actually *put out of the protection of the law.*"

This year gave birth to another monster in the formidable shape of yeomanry corps. They were composed almost exclusively of Protestants; and as the militia carried the seeds of Orangeism into every part of the country, they were soon infected with its abominable principles. Their prejudices first induced them to listen to its creed; and their love of low dissipation and social enjoyment made them look upon admission to an Orange lodge as a very desirable thing: when there, they soon learned to do as others did. The ramifications of Orangeism now became so extensive that it merges into general history; and Government availed itself of a society so unprincipled and so atrocious to cause, in Lord Castlereagh's words, the rebellion to explode. That rebellion, however, did not originate with Catholics,* and yet Catholics only were made to feel its sad effects.

The means resorted to of purging the population of discontent, was not dissimilar to the policy of Oriental despots: it required a great deal of nerve, and but little machinery. The government, however, which delegates its authority to the base and unprincipled, must expect to find their instruments exceed their instructions. The kind of *carte blanche* which was given to Orange militia and Orange yeomanry, was filled up with characters of blood. Torture was every where resorted to with impunity; the peasant, at the commands of a subaltern—sometimes of a corporal—was dragged at midnight from the side of his wife and children, and if he could not give the information required of him—if he would not incur the odious appellation of informer, he was tied up, and flogged at his own door. At other times, the punishment was more summary: the sword or bayonet was plunged into his body, or a brown paper cap, besmeared with melted pitch, was forced upon his head, and then the inflammable material set on fire. Do I exaggerate? If the reader will not credit the authentic statement of my poor friend, the late Mr. Hay, I refer him to the Protestant historian of the insurrection, the Rev. Mr. Gordon. In his pages, these facts are recorded: and though but a feeble writer, his humanity warms into indignant eloquence

* See the evidence given by the conspirators before a parliamentary committee.

when he touches upon the persecutions which the peasantry suffered. He felt that Orangeism was but a vile excrescence of Protestantism; he disclaimed the affinity sought to be established between the religion of the state and the creed of a drunken, murderous, but legalised banditti; and if my feelings in this brief history have betrayed me into any undue warmth of expression, I beg that my Protestant countrymen will not be offended. I do not accuse either them or their religion of intolerance or cruelty: I am, I think, doing an essential service to both by demonstrating that Orangeism ought to have had no identity with the established church, and that she ought to repudiate it for ever.

The movements of the militia served to disseminate Orangeism throughout the kingdom; and one of the last places into which it was carried was the county of Wexford. Its introduction was followed by its wonted accompaniments: a peaceable people were tortured into rebellion; for in this district the independent blood of the Saxon and the Norman beat in bosoms not unworthy those men who every where encountered only to triumph, They still retained their ancient dialect, their ancient habits, and, above all, their ancient spirit; and not understanding why the vile proceedings of Orangemen should be longer endured, they gave a simultaneous shout of defiance, and—hear it, ye encomiasts of Orange bravery—the wretches who had insulted and tortured them, fled at its sounds. The first shot which indicated open revolt, was the signal for retreat; and in less than forty-eight hours, the chivalrous Orange yeomanry, panic-struck, had sought refuge in the fort of Duncannon! To his Majesty's troops was left the task of quelling the insurrection. In most instances, the regulars proved the protectors of the populace; and, most of all, those regiments which were composed exclusively of Englishmen. The militia, which General Abercrombie had declared formidable to all but the enemy, perpetrated those barbarities from the contemplation of which the mind recoils with horror and disgust.

Let no one suppose that I intend to justify the excesses of the insurgents; but I do ask, where has rebellion been attended with fewer "deeds of darkness" than in the county of Wexford? The peasantry suffered persecution, and had learnt mercy. They were actuated by no sectarian motive; they were not intolerant; for they almost invariably chose for leaders Protestants: and those of the established church who had not been actively engaged against them, found the utmost protection. It is very true, vengeance stalked abroad in the open day, and his victims were Protestants; but, be it remembered, that those who had tortured them, had assumed the name of Protestant; and a populace, enfuriated, and thirsting for revenge, was not to be expected to discriminate. The great body of the insurgents, however, committed no excesses; the barn of Scullabogue and the bridge of Wexford were attended only by the refuse of the rebel camp; but if individuals were guilty of great crimes—and I do not deny it—who is most to blame? Who made them desperate? Froissart—that venerable chronicler—relates, that in the year 1358 some peasants, remarkable for humanity, being oppressed by the nobles, seized one of their castles, "hung the lord of it upon a gallows, violated his wife and daughters in his presence, roasted him upon a spit, compelled his wife and children to eat of his flesh, and then massacred the whole family, and burnt the castle." To such a climax of barbarity may oppression drive even the humane.

We have now seen the effects of Orangeism. At first, it convulsed a district; and, as it extended, it involved a kingdom in rebellion. The insurrection of 1798, cost the people of England 30,000,000*l.*; for Englishmen have long been taxed to support "Ascendency" in Ireland! That ascendency arose with renovated vigour on the triumph of Orangeism. Like the insidious bird in the fable, it concealed itself beneath the wing of government, and boasted of a flight of which, of itself, it was totally incapable. The Orangemen were taken into favour; the castle was filled with them; and the north bristled with an armed banditti hostile to the people. Their deeds, however, are too notorious since 1798 to need being particularised here. Judge Fletcher has declared that they put the Catholic population out of the pale of the law, and that justice was not to be obtained against Orange delinquents. At the present moment they openly avow their intentions of compelling government to abandon all ideas of liberal policy; to support, against the opinions of the wisest and best statesmen of Great Britain, "Ascendency" in Ireland.

But their career has drawn to a close. Mr. Pitt was the greatest enemy "Ascendency" ever had; for he carried the measure of the Union. That act identified the *people* of both countries for ever; brought them more immediately into contact, and secured Ireland a powerful ally in the sympathy of a nation proverbially opposed to oppression. The effect was not felt at first; but as the intercourse grew more intimate, as commercial restrictions disappeared, distance, as it were, became annihilated, and each people began to acquire a more correct knowledge of each other. This state of things daily improves; and as good feelings and sound principles advance, Orangeism recedes.*

Its votaries are aware of this; and are now labouring to pour "their leperous distilment" into the ears of Englishmen. Knowing that Orangeism was justly associated with palpable horrors, they make their approach in the thin disguise of Brunswick clubs; but the cloven foot cannot be concealed; the wolf is indicated through the sheep's clothing. Brunswick clubs are only another name for Orange lodges; for the Irish Orangemen now call themselves Brunswickers. Will Englishmen tolerate this political sect? Will they still pay annual millions to support a vile oligarchy who sits, like the heroine in Spanish tragedy, surrounded by immolated victims? They *have an interest in perpetuating a bad system;* hitherto they enjoyed exclusively the good things of the state; the higher classes of them have sons, brothers, and dependents hungering for the offals of corruption; and these, too successfully, impose upon the deluded Orangeman; they assail his prejudices, mislead his judgment, and persuade him that *he* has also an interest in the degradation of his country. Notwithstanding all his crimes I cannot help pitying him; he is the victim of unprincipled men; and, could he divest himself for a moment of his prejudices, I would convince *him* that his antagonist position is not a prudent one. He has only to recollect the events of the last ten years; within that period how many thousands

* That the "Ascendency" should lament the Act of Union, is to me obvious enough; but that Catholics should disapprove of the measure, is matter of astonishment. They must view the matter too partially; take too much for granted. It is very true that an Irish parliament, returned by the people, would long since have granted emancipation; but would an Irish parliament be returned by the people? Would not the Catholics long since have been disfranchised? and would not England, abused by the Ascendency, have lent her aid in coercing a discontented people?

of his brethren have from poverty been compelled to emigrate? His answer to this question, if honestly given, will involve in it matter for his serious consideration. The result would be, I am convinced, that Orangeism has been beneficial only to the designing few. J. B.

*** In my account of the origin of Orangeism, I have, after diligent inquiry, followed the author of the Account of the Disturbance; but it may be necessary to observe, that a different opinion was entertained by one who had opportunities of being acquainted with the facts. "It was the opinion," says the author of the pamphlet alluded to, "of the late Mr. Blackhall, a worthy magistrate for the county of Armagh, that filled that office many years with great honour to himself, that the Portnorris men were the first and principal abettors of the disturbances in this county. But I must differ in opinion with that late worthy gentleman, as they began in the manner I have already related.

"Indeed, it is a matter of fact that the Portnorris men used all the Connaught men in that part of the county very cruelly, and helped to kindle the flame in that quarter; the actions which we have to record of them hereafter, are of a barbarous nature."

In proof of the prejudices which "Ascendency" had instilled into the minds of honourable men against the Irish Catholics, I beg to quote here a very curious document.

Horse Guards, October 29, 1798.

Sir,—I am directed by the commander in chief to acknowledge the receipt of your memorial, and to acquaint you that the regiment of the Irish Brigade being reduced in the establishment of the army the vacant lieutenancy in the sixth regiment of that corps to which you solicit to be appointed will not be filled up; but, if you *profess the Protestant Religion*, his Royal Highness directs me to acquaint you, that you will be noted for the purpose of being removed to a regiment of the line on a favourable opportunity occurring. I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

To R. J. Quigley, Esq. Robert Brownrigg.

BRUTUS, OR THE FALL OF TARQUIN.

Freedom! oh name, ever sacred and dear!
Birthright of nations and badge of the brave!
Whose aspect benign every bosom can cheer,
Save those of the tyrant, the coward, the slave;
Hail to thee, daughter of heaven, all hail!
Blest is the land where thy smiles prevail:
Where the songs of the free
Are wafted to thee,
From a thousand tongues, on the wing of the gale!

And oh! that this heart of mine might beat,
Responsive again to thy much-loved name!—
That this cheek might glow with the rapturous heat
Of joy—long lost to this woe-worn frame:—
Joy to behold my country's foes
Scattered, as dust, when the whirlwind blows;
Or as foam from the rock
When the wind's rude shock
On its base the bellowing breaker throws.

But no:—for alas! on this care-stricken heart,
Its deep shade of sadness hath slavery laid;
Nor one cheering ray can thy smile impart
Thro' the comfortless gloom of that bleaky shade.

'Twere as if the sun when its genial glow
O'er the turf of the tomb bids the rank grass grow,
'Twere as if it should warm
The pale lifeless form
That moulders in coldness, in silence below.

For giant Tyranny stalks o'er the land;
And the blight and the pestilence hunger his breath;
He withers each heart and unnerves each hand,
And his glance is the baneful glance of death.
And the noble youth from his bright hopes torn,
Is blasted by him in life's young morn;
As the flower that is gay
In the sun's morning ray,
Ere evening may droop its fair head forlorn.

I seem as an exile, in lands unknown,
Severed from all that is dearest on earth:
Who still as he wanders, abandoned and lone,
Heaves a sigh for the far distant land of his birth.
And flowers may bloom, but their bloom is forgot;
And streamlets may flow, but he heeds them not;
For his heart is not there
'Mid those scenes so fair;
Oh, they are not the scenes of that one dear spot!

My mind is a chaos—a dreary waste—
A wilderness wild of distracted thought—
Of broodings and visions, whose image I've traced,
Till to fearful wildness my breast is wrought;
Till my feverish brain is well nigh wrecked,
Rolling and tossing, ungoverned, uncheck'd
On the billowy sea
That encompasses me
Of tumultuous thoughts which I cannot reject.

But soon shall I fall, like a withering leaf,
That shrinks from the chillness of autumn's blast,
And my green spring of life, so transient and brief,
Oh, I feel that its bloom is declining fast;
For this brow, so pallid, and cold, and wan,
Bespeaks that the warmth of the heart is gone;
And so deeply despair
Is imprinted there,
That hope's brightest beam would be lost thereon.

And if Hope has darted a glimmering of light,
Yet it was as the twinkling of one small star,
That, perchance, 'mid the swift-winged clouds of night,
Shoots a pale and tremulous beam from afar.
And then I have gazed till mine eyes grew dim,
Till my head would turn and my brain would swim;
Till that hope-star's ray
Dwindled slowly away,
And the scowl of despair was more dismal and grim.

'Tis for thee, O my country, for thee that I languish;
For thee do I pine in disconsolate gloom;
For myself, I had long since forgotten my anguish,
In the silence of death, in the sleep of the tomb.
But my heart is wrung, while thou art oppress'd,
And I turn and turn, but find no rest;
For my woes must last
Till my country's are past;
Till thou and thy sons are with freedom blest.

For this do I live in a tyrant's power,
Each moment in fear of his deadly wrath;
As one who should chance, in a fatal hour,
To tread near a serpent asleep in his path.
He gazes around, with bewildered glance,
Nor breathes he, nor moves to retreat or advance,
Lest each step he should take
Might the monster awake,
And doubly his terror, his peril enhance.

But, serpent, I'll crush thee! oh heavens! on the verge
Of a precipice, rugged and broken, I creep;
But death and destruction behind me urge
To brave all its perils, and plunge down the steep.
And the wrongs of my country for vengeance cry,
And heaven bids me lift up the weapon on high;
Oh! its impulse I feel:
Lo, I brandish the steel;
I'll strike for my country—I'll conquer or die!

And lives there not, Rome, one latent spark
In thy children's breasts of thy ancient fire?
Is its light extinct? and is all now dark?
Could that generous flame so soon expire?
Oh, it could not, I'll hope; they are Romans still:
I'll speak; and my voice thro' their bosoms shall thrill.
E'en yet they may wake,
Their shackles to break;
That bound them enslaved to a tyrant's will.

Romans, hear me,—you have heard
Long enough a tyrant's word.
Sons of Rome, oh, heavens! that shame
Should e'er defile that noble name!
Look ye, noble Romans, see
How those minions bend their knee
To yon tyrant, see how all
Prostrate at his footstool fall.
Who is he that looks so high?
Who are they that prostrate lie?
Dastard and ignoble crew!
Tell me, Romans, tell me who?
Are they Persia's slavish crowd,
To the earth in silence bowed?
Are they Eastern minions prone,
Fawning at their despot's throne?

No, (ye blackest shades of hell,
Hide me while the truth I tell!)
No, they are not foreign slaves,
Borderers of the Eastern waves,
They are slaves of nobler name;
(May the lightning's blasting flame
All the recreant herd consume!)
Romans! they are sons of Rome!

Bend your necks then, oh, 'tis meet!
Go and, humbled at his feet,
Crouch and tremble at his nod;
Go, and hail him as your god.
Oh, it were a deed to tell;
'Twould become a Roman well!

Now, by heaven and earth, 'tis just
He should grind you to the dust;
Trample, crush you to the earth,
Insects of the vilest birth!
If you thus can tamely sit,
Hail the oppressor and submit.

Youth of Rome, and is it so?
Does thy blood thus coldly flow?
Roman, is thy spirit sunk?
Art thou but a lifeless trunk?
Such a heart if I possessed,
By heav'n, I'd tear it from my breast!

And thou too, venerable sire,
Hast thou lost thy wonted fire?
Thou who happier days hast known,
Days—that long, alas! have flown,
Hast thou never shown thy son
Trophies that his grandsires won?
Didst thou not, when he joyed to see,
Tell him that those sires were free?
Alas! his country's boasted fame
Now is nothing but a name.
Bid him, bid him seek his grave,
For, alas! he's but a slave.

O my country—once famed Rome!
O heaven's inexorable doom!
Land where every beauty smiled,
Now a waste, a dreary wild!
Will thy sons thus tamely yield?
Romans, you can grasp the shield.

You have hearts of steel to dare,
Hands to smite, and limbs to bear;
Like the lion ye can bound
To the fight on foreign ground;
Will ye then alone be slow
When your country asks the blow?

Will ye? ah; it cannot be;
No, my countrymen, I see
All the fire of former days
In its ancient vigour blaze.
Every eye's indignant roll
Shows the workings of the soul;
The clenched hand, the frowning brow,
Tell me you are Romans now!
Rouse ye then from sleep at length;
Fear not you the tyrant's strength.

What is this his boasted power?
Baseless fabric of an hour!
Soon the mighty pile shall crumble,
Soon the tyrant's pride shall humble.
When a people rise in might,
Stern avengers of their right,
Who the torrent's course shall stem?
Who their vengeance shall contemn?
When a nation will be free,
Tell me, Romans, what is he,
Shall possess a heart so brave,
To bid it peace and be a slave?

Hence then, coward fear, avaunt!
Shall a tyrant's vengeance daunt?
Shall the noble lion fly
When he meets the tiger's eye?
Shall the eagle shrink with awe
From the kite's rapacious claw?

Be that wretch by heaven accurst,
Would not dare his chains to burst!
To some distant land conveyed
Wrapt in everlasting shade,
There in cankering sorrow pine,
Victim of the wrath divine!
Rise, ye Romans, one and all;
Better once to stand or fall,
Than to drag a life of pain,
Fettered by a tyrant's chain.

On then, Romans, on with me,
Burst your shackles and be free!
Heaven will smile upon the deed,
Heaven will bid our efforts speed.

Be as were your sires of yore;
Romans, we'll be slaves no more!
Forward, forward sons of Rome;
Freedom! or a glorious tomb.

The chieftain ceased; and a murmur rose
Deep as the murmur of ocean's wave,
When the rising storm o'er its surface blows,
Till wilder and wilder the loud winds rave.
Such was the murmur of that vast crowd,
That swelled thro' the air, more terrific and loud;
Till the deafening sound
Shook the heavens around,
Like the roar that bursts from the thunder cloud.

'Twas a joyful sound as it rolled along,
'Twas the music of hope that swelled on his ear;
How sweet to a heart whose vibrations had rung
To the harsh notes alone of despondence and fear!
With a smile of triumph around he gazed;
Then aloft in air his falchion he raised:
"For Rome, then," he cried.
"For Rome," they replied;
And a thousand swords in the bright sun blazed.

Dark on each front sat the gathering cloud,
Like vapours that hang on the mountain's brow,
Blackening its summit in one dark shroud,
Till the storm bursts wide on the plains below.
The wild glare of frenzy was lit in each eye;
Their teeth were set, and their hearts beat high;
And their armour clashed,
And their eye-balls flashed
Like meteors of death in a troubled sky.

And they poured along with the whelming force
Of a torrent o'erswoln by tempestuous rains,
Which rages and roars in its foaming course,
And tears down its banks as it sweeps o'er the plains.

And the barriers of tyranny, far and wide,
Engulfed in the whirlpool of that vast tide.
In that one day
Were swept away,
Nor a vestige was left of their former pride.

And, Rome, thou wast freed from the tyrant's scourge;
And freedom was thine from that joyous day!
And brighter and lovelier didst thou emerge
From the deep gloom of slavery that round thee lay,
When liberty broke on thy night accurst,
How swift was the gloom that o'erhung thee dispersed!
Like the mists of the vale,
When o'er hill and o'er dale,
The sun-beams of morn in their splendour burst.

And, Brutus, what feelings of bliss were thine,
To behold thy country thus glorious and free!
How thy bosom beat high, when at Liberty's shrine,
The blessings of thousands were showered on thee;
When the wild notes of freedom around thee rung,
Where silence so lately had chained each tongue;
And the sound of thy voice
Made thousands rejoice,
Whose hopes, whose affections around thee clung.

And heroes have fallen in the hour of their pride;
And we know not the place where their ashes have slept.
And the mighty of old, and tyrants have died;
They sunk to the tomb, unhonoured, unwept!
But thou shalt flourish beyond the grave;
And thy memory shall live in the hearts of the brave;
And thy country whose chain
Thou didst burst in twain,
From oblivion, the name of her Brutus shall save.

And in ages to come, should some patriot rise,
For his country's wrongs to bid tyranny bleed,
On thee and thy fame will he bend his eyes,
And invoke thy spirit to smile on the deed.
"Thus Brutus," he'll say, "with a mighty hand,
Uprooted oppression, that bane of the land;
And planted there
Freedom's young plant fair,
And bade it take root, and flourishing stand!"

And oh! mayst thou flourish, 'neath every sky,
Loveliest plant of heavenly birth;
Oh, shoot thy protecting branches high;
And far as the bounds of the wide-spreading earth!
May the sons of men forget their woes
In thy grateful shade while they calmly repose;
And still undecayed,
Be thy branches displayed
To the farthest of lands, where the sun-beam glows!

LETTER OF THE REV. MR. O'FARRELL TO THE BRITISH CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION.

[A correspondent, whose opinion we value, has intimated that the publication of the following letter would, at this moment, be productive of benefit to the Catholic cause. We have, therefore, given it insertion, and avail ourselves of the opportunity which it presents of expressing our admiration of the patriotic conduct of the young gentlemen at Baddesly.]

To Mr. Blount, Sec. B. C. A.

DEAR SIR,—Yesterday, I placed to your credit at Messrs. Wright and Co.'s the sum of 15*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* English Catholic rent. It was collected during the last three months; and we beg you to devote one-fourth to the general expenses of the Association, and the remainder to the Defence Committee.

The difficulties of general arrangements, and the letters of so many Catholic priests to the Association, will be a reply to the inference that certain persons attempted to draw, that the clergy in general, and of the North in particular, did not support the Association, because they did not immediately reply to the circular of last year.

That circular I have always considered as well calculated to advance our plan of operations. The homely proverb here applies: "What is everybody's business is nobody's." It is, therefore, the best policy to address the laity through the clergy. The clergy must now, as they have always done, conduct the people to the rescue. I may be permitted this observation without detracting from the high patriotism and renascent energies of our nobility and gentry. These, however, are not to be found in every congregation; but we have priests in all. And they are men who possess public character and the people's confidence; who are able to afford information, and to teach the people their duty; to stem unguarded ebullitions of popular feeling; and coolly, and therefore irresistibly, to direct the tide of their exertions into the channels of the constitution*—a process so desirable, yet so dreaded by the enemies of our freedom! The clergy know their influence; but many have undervalued their individual exertions. The recollection of this, however, will only stimulate them to make a present of their exertions to those who *do* value them—to the aggregate body, who are labouring for the recovery of the people's rights!

To one other point I must beg, Sir, to call your attention. I mean the subscription of the students who are under my direction. The sum is the spontaneous tribute of between twenty and thirty boys. And it is due to them to say, that the patriotic spirit and generous alacrity with which they have undertaken to sacrifice a share of their means of indulgence to the hallowed cause of liberty, amply prove that they deserve to be free. It is reported that Lord Leveson Gower lately observed in the debate upon our claims, "that he had with him in our favour not only the present but the future legislators and depositaries of England's power!" *Now, Sir, these that are boys now, are to be men hereafter!* How bright a vista to the skies of liberty and peace, in tracing their future career! It is to be hoped our liberty will be achieved ere it will be necessary to draw largely on their efforts. But it is also to be made

* For the accuracy of this remark, look at the late proceedings in the County Clare.

known, that we shall be ready to grapple with intolerance—that we will infuse into the mother's milk, and ingraft the infant and adolescent mind, with the elements of education, an irreconcileable enmity to oppression and intolerance; that our efforts, extending in a mighty ratio of increase, will be commensurate only with our numbers; and that to check the progress of the one, some other Pharaoh must arise and forbid the increase of the other.

I feel proud, Sir, to have been the first to enlist in the public support of the English Catholic Rent, the students of a Catholic establishment. Yet, I could well desire to be second or last in the catalogue; for I should then have the pleasure of viewing in the van, and of supporting in the rear all the Catholic establishments in the kingdom. Circumstances, however, having given birth to this "untoward event" of placing me first, instead of last, I will make bold to avail myself of the present opportunity respectfully to suggest to the other Catholic establishments in England, even "*to do in like manner;*" to evoke the dormant feelings of the indifferent, and promote the desire of our freedom in the breasts both of the juvenile and of the more advanced in their respective houses; and, in this spirit, to promote among them a general subscription for the object of the Association and Defence Committee. And I trust that if, for fear of leaving out any, I omit the mention of all, there will yet be found no establishment so oblivious as to leave itself out. I had contemplated such an endeavour among my own students from the time I received the circular; and it gave me great pleasure to observe, while present in the Catholic Association in Dublin last January, that I had been anticipated by the students of a seminary near Dublin, of which I regret I do not know the name. The young orator, who offered the contribution of himself and his companions, observed, that if all the establishments in Ireland were to subscribe at the same rate, the result would be 8000*l.* per annum; "and is that nothing," he added, "towards the bursting of our chains?" Unable to cope in numbers with the Irish, it is time for the English not to be second to them in zeal; and, if half the number of hundreds were to result from a similar experiment, it would be cheering and creditable to the donors and the receivers. Now computing the number of youth in all our English Catholic establishments at one thousand, and I believe I am within the mark, then at a penny a week we should realize 216*l.* 13*s.* per annum; and at twopence a week 433*l.* 6*s.* per annum; *from the Catholic youth receiving education in our public establishments!* And especially, considering its important derivation, "would that be nothing towards the bursting of our chains?"

Having given the subject my advocacy, I shall now leave it to defend itself. I fear, Sir, I may have tired you; but you will not, at least, be tired of my motives. With best wishes to the common cause, and great personal respect, I remain, Dear Sir,

Your obedient humble Servant, P. O'FARRELL.

EPITAPH ON A CELEBRATED SAINT.

The greater the truth, the greater the libel.—LEGAL MAXIM.

BENEATH this stone T—— lies interred,
A circulator of the Bible:
Beyond this utter not one word—
'Twould be a lie, or else a libel.

CATHOLIC COUNTRIES DESCRIBED BY PROTESTANT TRAVELLERS.

I.—PORTUGAL.

AMONGST the ten thousand sources from which prejudice is imbibed against the ancient religion of the kingdom, none is more prolific of evil than the reports of Protestant travellers who have visited Catholic countries. In each successive volume the stale jest is resuscitated; the filthy anecdote is repeated with aggravated indecency for the hundredth time; and a hardened emulation seems excited to see who can cater most industriously for the vitiated appetite of diseased minds. Since the peace the race who travel has received fearful additions. From the plethoric alderman to the consumptive spinster, every one now takes a trip with equal facility across the straits of Dover, or across the Atlantic: the press teems with remarks upon South America; but the more ambitious confine their strictures to lands consecrated by classical recollections. Though their political views are of course very dissimilar, a strange unanimity prevail on the subjects of religion: Catholicism is very offensive to Protestant senses; and the traveller takes for granted that, however questionable the other matter may be, he runs no risk of being suspected of disingenuity on polemical subjects provided he sneers at popery; it is, as Sterne said, his Cheshire cheese—economical and acceptable—never refused, and costs but little.

The effect of repetition is always certain; a constant dripple will wear the hardest flint; and the unremitting misrepresentations of Protestant travellers have done immense injury to the cause of truth and liberality. This of course arises, in a great measure, from the prejudices of those for whom they write; what they *hear* not what they *see* does the mischief; and the periodical press is certain in its selections to prefer hearsay scandal to things better authenticated: with the perverted palate of certain animals Protestant editors seem to relish only the tainted parts of modern books of travel. The public are thus abused; ancient prejudices are confirmed, or dormant feelings of dislike aroused; the pious are alarmed, and youthful minds receive a bias which the reflection of manhood may not be able to remove. To counteract this as far as in us lies, we purpose following Protestant travellers through all the Catholic kingdoms of the earth; and in separating the wonders—for travellers are privileged to see strange sights—which they *saw* from the wonders of which they only *heard*, we are greatly mistaken if we do not prove by their own testimony that the Catholic religion has every where, under the worst and under the best governments, produced the most astonishing and most beneficial effects. In doing this we shall refer in general to the most bigoted of Protestant travellers; but we must be permitted to contrast them with each other, and leave the reader to determine who is most worthy of credit. If this series of articles should fail to disabuse Protestants of their prejudices, they will, at least furnish Catholics with unexceptionable proofs and arguments against the silly assumptions of modern fanatics.

Portugal having recently attracted much attention we shall begin with it. Our readers must have heard of it as the land of assassins—of priestcraft—the vilest superstition—and of the grossest immorality. The Portuguese have been uniformly described as the most depraved of men, and their priests as the vilest of hypocrites. The works of two

modern travellers, "Lisbon in 1821—2—3," and "Sketches of Portuguese Life," lie before us, in every page of which these foul epithets occur. The first work is the production of a lady, Mrs. Baillie, the wife of an accredited agent of the British government, and the other is from the pen of one of the most unprincipled libellers that ever undertook to calumniate an unfortunate people. His work is disfigured by the worst species of caricatures. In the frontispiece a bloated monk is exhibited in a lascivious attitude with a young woman in the public street. To these volumes we shall add another, "Sketches of the Peninsula." The author, Mr. Huggins, is a Protestant, a man of talent and a gentleman. These works have been highly praised by the literary censors of the day.

Whatever may be the present condition of the Portuguese, it cannot be denied that they were once brave, virtuous, and enterprising. The days of Vasco de Gama are not forgotten; and yet, when they ventured in search of new worlds upon an unexplored ocean—when the Cape was doubled and America discovered,* they were Catholics! Then, as now, they held fast the ancient faith; and had monks and nuns comparatively as numerous as at the present day. Their religion actually stimulated them to new enterprises: they were anxious to convey the saving truth to the inhabitants of the most distant regions; and if at a subsequent time the spirit of avarice supplanted the spirit of the gospel, there can be no doubt that the brave men who daringly went in quest of supposed lands were actuated by the purest and the holiest motives.† At all events they were sincere Catholics; and this fact and the events and times associated with it prove that if the Portuguese be degraded and immoral their religion cannot be the cause. They now kneel before the altar which was knelt at by those great men who elevated the mind of Europe, and gave to science a tone and an importance which was unknown in the boasted times of Paganism.

But are the Portuguese a degraded—an immoral people? Has not this been too inconsiderately taken for granted? Even those who visited and made the charge have borné unequivocal testimony to the contrary; and to them we are about to appeal.

A traveller, who, like the fabled monkey, had seen a great part of the world, was mightily pleased with "Modern Babylon," and would have liked it as a place of residence, only it furnished him with no *blubber!* The absence of that delicious dish threw a shadow over even Bond Street, and he sighed for that happy land where the art of cookery was less artificial, and a feast more primitive and substantial. The northern

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* The continent of South America was discovered by a Portuguese while Columbus was prosecuting his research among the West India Islands. *See Mr. Washington Irving's Life of Columbus.*

† Mr. Washington Irving, speaking of Columbus, says:—"He was devoutly pious; religion mingled with the whole course of his thoughts and actions, and shines forth in all his most private and unstudied writings. Whenever he made any great discovery he celebrated it by solemn thanks to God. The voice of prayer and melody of praise rose from his ships when he first beheld the New World, and his first action on landing was to prostrate himself upon the earth, and return thanksgiving. Every evening the *Salve Regina* and other vesper hymns were chaunted by his crew, and masses were performed in the beautiful groves that bordered the wild shores of this heathen land. The religion thus deeply seated in the soul diffused a sober dignity and a benign composure over his whole demeanour." Were Columbus and his hardy followers less brave for being pious Catholics?

stranger was not a whit more fastidious than most of our modern travellers; the absence of things as inconsiderable as blubber provokes their spleen—the bile boils over, and they in fits of poetical melancholy pronounce all barren. The metropolis of France and the sunny towns of Italy have failed to give satisfaction; and of course Lisbon has been regarded with horror and disgust. Those who escape the assassin's knife are ingulfed in filth, or poisoned with perfumes of garlic emitted from the filthy lungs of immoveable mendicants. Now we dare say the police of Lisbon has not been the best in the world; too much, no doubt, has been left to the quadrupeds which perform the office of scavengers; and we dare say the appearance of a Lisbon beggar is repulsive enough. We manage these things better at home; we lock up obtrusive poverty in sightly bastilles which we denominate workhouses; and we diminish the civic burdens by disposing of the street ordure by contract. The charity of the Portuguese, however, is not compulsory; and their favoured fields need not the stimulant of decomposed vegetable matter. A century since and London was as dirty as Lisbon is now, many of its streets were unpaved in the middle of the sixteenth century; and, were it not for poor laws, perhaps English mendicants would be more importunate than the children of want in Lisbon. It is not fair to institute a comparison between both cities, Lisbon lies under serious disadvantages; still it is not deficient in those things which interest an impartial stranger; but strangers, if they be English, are proverbially difficult to please. The author of "Recollections of the Peninsula" was not one of these; he saw much to admire, but his companions were differently impressed. "At our dinner," he says, which was served at an hotel kept by a Frenchman, "I found some of our party had been very differently impressed with the morning's ramble to what I had been. They drew comparisons between London and Lisbon exultingly, without reflecting that it was impossible to do this fairly. Where I had been struck by the fine appearance of some public building, or private palace, they had only seen the heaps of dirt lying near the portals;—where I had gazed, with pleasure, on some diversified groups of market peasantry, in their national costume, they had discovered a squalid beggar mingling in the crowd;—while I had seen some expressive face, leaning over a balcony, on one side of the street, and had inhaled the perfume of some rich and powerful exotics, they, on the other, had encountered a fish-woman frying Sardinias at her stall, or been saluted by some unfortunate puff of air, impregnated with garlic:—with such different eyes do men look upon the same scenes."

We have all heard of the gross bigotry of the Portuguese, and their habitual abhorrence of heretics, which Protestants are pleased to call themselves. Their prejudices, however, if they had such, did not prevent them from treating with hospitality the British soldiers on their first arrival. "Rich and poor," says our author, "the clergy and laity, the fidalgo and the peasant, all expressed an eagerness to serve, and a readiness to honour us. In these early marches the villa, the monastery, and the cottage were thrown open at the approach of our troops; the best apartments, the neatest cells, the humble but clean beds, were all resigned to the march-worn officers and men, with undisguised cheerfulness. It is with pain I am compelled to confess, that the manners of my strange, but well-meaning, countrymen soon wrought a change in the kind dispositions of this people. When they saw many

assume as a right all which they had accorded from politeness, and receive their respectful attentions and cordial services as expressions of homage, due to the courage, wealth, and power of the British nation;—when the simplicity of their manners, their frugality, the spareness of their diet, the peculiarities of their dress, and their *religious prejudices were made the subjects of derision and ridicule!*—when they witnessed scenes of brutal intoxication, and were occasionally exposed to vulgar insult, from uneducated and overbearing Englishmen;—when, I say, all this occurred, they began to examine our individual titles to their esteem; they were often, very soon disenchanted; and the spirit which we had awakened in them, manifested itself in various acts of neglect, rudeness, and even resentment."

Mrs. Baillie, however, thinks differently; she *heard* a great deal on her arrival in Lisbon; and, having been a month there, she says: "I have as yet had no opportunity of forming any individual judgment respecting the modes and morals of the higher classes of society; and the *answers* I receive upon *inquiry* into these circumstances are so unfavourable, that I feel considerable reluctance to believe the half of what I hear." Appearances, however, were against her conclusion, for she adds, "It is an undoubted truth that the decency and decorum of outward appearances are always sedulously preserved, much more so than in our own country, and this from the *highest to the lowest* orders of people; even in the worst haunts of Lisbon little external mark of depravity or even impropriety is ever visible!" Her inference from this is quite philosophical. "For my own part," she says, "I fear that it evinces a great proficiency in the art of deception!" Thus it is ever with Protestants when judging of their Catholic brethren. What is heard to their disadvantage is taken for granted; when appearances belie the accusation they are charged with hypocrisy. Those, however, who know any thing of human nature must be aware that the habitually vicious are regardless of appearance; and that where a constant homage is paid by every one to virtue the mass of the people cannot possibly be immoral. Decency of appearance and propriety of action have never been considered as indications of depravity.

Whatever be the faults of the Portuguese nobility fashionable vices are not among the number. Their inertness, false pride, and comparative ignorance arise from circumstances into which we shall by-and-by inquire; but if under evils which have impaired the morality of the aristocracy elsewhere we still find them in the possession of many amiable qualities, and all the domestic virtues—if we find them temperate and humane, we suppose no one will be ready to impeach the religion they profess as tending to impair those moral influences which are so useful to the best interests of individuals and society. We have heard much of the arrogance of the Fidalgos; it does not, however, display itself in the treatment of their inferiors, and is not therefore, we should suppose, quite intolerable. "The extreme familiarity," says Mrs. Baillie, "of this people with their domestics strikes an English person at first sight in a forcible manner; and it is somewhat difficult to reconcile such a mode of conduct with their inherent arrogance of birth. In the present state of society in England, a similar behaviour would be attended with considerable inconvenience; yet I certainly think, that even there, greater benevolence and kindness of manner between master and servant would be more consonant to the dictates of liberal policy,

and true Christianity." This conduct has no very bad effects upon the servants. Mrs. Baillie's testimony on this point is worth something. Her work is filled with the calumnies which she *heard*, and teems with evidence of the most amiable traits which she had personally witnessed.

"I ought, in justice, to remark, that the servants in this country, however indolent and dirty in their habits, are, when kindly treated, far more apt to be attached, than those in England; they are more grateful in their feelings, and humble in their manners towards their employers, and although they require to be *told* their business upon all occasions, they seldom refuse to do what you desire. Marianna, the person in question, is a good specimen of her country women in this respect, and we have reason to be satisfied with the good-will and obedience of all the rest. My English maid forms a disgraceful contrast; her airs of sulky importance, and her singular want of feeling make my life quite uncomfortable. I have been assured that the Portuguese servants are deceitful, but when I see ours anxious to express their regard, and when the females among them shed tears over my pillow of occasional sickness, I find it painful to believe in the reality of the charge. The lower classes are invariably fond of children, and it is quite an extraordinary circumstance when any instance to the contrary takes place. They quite spoil my boy amongst them, and it was only a few days ago, that upon his being missed from the house, I at last discovered him, seated upon the lap of a peasant, by the side of a tank, where she had been washing linen, partaking of by no means the smallest share of her hard-earned meal. At another time I found him listening to stories related by an old soldier from the tower of Belem, as he lay contentedly in his arms, nestling his little head in the bosom of the veteran. Our major domo (an elderly Spaniard of inflexible gravity) is as much bewitched by infantine influence as any of them; his great delight is to walk out with the child in the cool of the evening, and to be permitted to take him as a companion when he goes to mass at any of the adjacent convents. There he has often been seen, kneeling behind a pillar in the chapel, with his arm round the little one, who with a countenance of innocent solemnity, observed and imitated every devotional movement."

And again,

"Do not imagine, from what I have just said relative to St. Killorcure, that the Portuguese are careless or brutal nurses of the sick; on the contrary, I have, as far as my own experience reaches, repeatedly had reason to admire their extraordinary compassion and ready skill upon these occasions. The women are acquainted with a thousand little alleviations, which sometimes even amount to remedies, in common cases of pain or indisposition; and their knowledge of the healing properties of various herbs and plants is more universal than it is with us; the use of outward applications is far more general in Portugal than in England, and their simple recipes are almost all drawn from the vegetable rather than the mineral kingdom. I must acknowledge, that the simplicity of the prescriptions in common use among the old wives of the people, has a peculiar charm for my fancy, and I am not sure that I would not rather trust my life to these, aided by the tender nursing of the Portuguese peasantry, than to the more learned nostrums of the faculty.

"They are a kind-hearted people, and I shall never forget the vows to the virgin, which were audibly breathed in my behalf; nor the earnest simplicity of my nurse, 'the Senhora Maria de Felicidade Perpetua,' (Mrs. Maria of Eternal Felicity,) in invoking a leaden image of St. Simon to restore me to health; nor the various auguries of an affectionate superstition, which were drawn from every action of my little daughter."

"The poor woman did not invoke the leaden image, she simply begged the intercession of the saint which it represented. There is about these

people a patriarchal simplicity which those who are devoid of prejudices will not fail to admire. We cannot possibly believe the gentry to be inhuman and irreligious, when one, who was eager to speak to their disadvantage, draws the following picture:

"The number of domestics," says Mrs. Baillie, "retained in the service of the nobility, from generation to generation, is quite incredible; a fidalgo in this vicinity supports no less than eighty in-door servants; in consequence of which he is constantly poor and embarrassed. My friend has at this time four servants sick in bed, two of whom are so old that they have not been able to perform the smallest service for the last six years—five of her retainers are married, and each of them have a child or children every year, all of whom live under the roof, and at the sole expense of the mistress of the house, from the moment of their birth, until they either settle in the world (by some fortunate chance, which does not often occur,) or die in the service of the family; she has altogether forty-five domestics, eight of whom are femmes de chambres, in her Lisbon home; without mentioning those who remain upon the establishment at her principal country residence. They are each fed, like soldiers, by rations, and sleep either upon the floor, or on straw mattrasses hard as iron. The females are crowded together in sects, distinct from the quarter allotted to the men; nothing, indeed, can be more unceremonious than the sleeping accommodations for servants of both sexes, even in the families of the richest persons."

Their unceremonious manner of sleeping is a tacit proof of the purity of their sentiments. Depraved minds would naturally evince a suspicion which would display itself in a greater propriety of arrangement. There appears to be very little foundation for the charge of inconstancy so positively made against the higher classes of Lisbon. In so large a city there must be much vice; but, compared with places of similar extent, it does not appear to be under considerable disadvantage. Mrs. Baillie bears testimony to the general propriety of demeanour which characterises every class; and the author of "Sketches of Portugal" states a *fact* which repels the charge of female inconstancy.

"The Portuguese females," he says, "are exceedingly prolific; and the number of children in a family is usually as great as in our clergymen's domestic circles. I knew a lady of quality (the Viscountess of R** S**) who had, for her share, brought into the world no less than thirty-four children in perfect health."

"In families," he proceeds, "not noble, the division of property on the death of the parents is equal. But, with the fidalgos, the case is much the same as in our own country, where property is entailed. The eldest son, called the *morgado*, inherits the whole; and all the others are dependent on him. The nature of the Portuguese renders this less hard and more supportable than among us; for no people are so distinguished for fraternal affection as they are. Indeed, they cherish to perfection every feeling connected with consanguinity.

"A war of such long duration as the last, and the consequent contact with strangers whose manners and customs are so different, has naturally been productive of considerable change in the Portuguese customs, and perhaps not much to their advantage. But in the old families who adhere pertinaciously to ancient usage, and who are denominated even by themselves 'pes de boi,' bullock's feet, from their slow movements even towards improvement, when sons or daughters of any age come into a room, however full of company it may be, they walk up in the first place to their father and mother, and, kneeling down, receive their blessing; after which they hasten to salute the company, who, far from looking upon them

as foolishly old-fashioned, highly approve of this demonstration of filial piety."

We shall now take a view of religion in Portugal. Nothing calculated to convey an idea of irreligion is to be met with, nothing which indicates presumption, or indifference to Christian duties, ever presents itself. "One custom," says the author of "Recollections of the Peninsula," "of this, and, I believe, all Catholic countries, delighted me: at all hours the gates of the churches stand open, and in them, at all hours, may be seen some individuals pouring forth their hearts in prayer at the shrines of their respective saints. In the hour of affliction, distress, or terror, hither they come, and here, protected and assisted by the holiness and solemnity of the place, they repose their sorrows and their fears in the bosom of their God, and invoke his mercy and forgiveness. How many a prostrate penitent have I seen, too much absorbed in his devotions to cast one hasty glance of curiosity around him, disturbed as he must have been by my approach! Oh! there are, I believe, moments in the life of every man, when to fly to a consecrated temple, and to throw himself at the foot of the altar, unsummoned by any bell for prayers, but urged solely by the tone of his mind, and the overflowing of his heart, must be felt as a pure and a holy pleasure." Elsewhere he says: "The attendance on public worship throughout Spain and Portugal is extremely regular, and no occupation, or manner of life, is suffered to interfere with this sacred duty. To mass go the muleteers before they load their train; and from the door of the chapel the peasants sally forth to their daily labours." The common libeller of the country is constrained to give similar evidence.

"The Portuguese observe many little customs, trifling in themselves, but calculated to promote a tendency to devotion, and a continual feeling of gratitude to the Supreme Being. For instance, in the morning early, just as day begins to peep, the bells toll three distinct strokes, which in the convents are a summons to matins; and labourers on their way to their occupations invariably uncover themselves at this signal (called by them 'as Trindades'), make the sign of the cross upon their breasts, and then pour forth a brief but earnest prayer. At mid-day, the same signal is given; and people of all classes in the streets uncover themselves, make the sign of the cross, and pray. The same custom is observed also at sunset, when thanksgivings are offered up for preservation during the day: this latter knell is termed the Ave Marias. However interesting the conversation in which they may have been engaged, it is immediately suspended at this invitation to prayer."

Religious processions and the celebration of certain holydays have furnished ample food for the profane. But those who ridicule such things forget that the observance of "no-popery" festivals is enjoined in the Book of Common Prayer; and, while they condemn those who endeavour to recall, in the most forcible manner, to the popular mind the great events of gospel history, they do not hesitate to swell by their presence the pomp of civic and state ceremonies. Mr. Huggins could see nothing reprehensible in this Catholic practice.

"Here, (at Lisbon)" he says, "the natal day of our Saviour is ushered in with all the peculiarities and pomp of Catholic worship. The music, the incense, the innumerable lights, the delighted devotion of the kneeling multitudes, and the loud and swelling hymns, which close the ceremony of this midnight mass, produce an effect, which acts too powerfully on the senses. The more I see of the Roman Catholic religion, the less am I

surprised, that the people of southern Europe, who are certainly both impassioned and imaginative, should attach themselves to a church, the forms and ceremonies of which, addressing both the senses and the fancy, make, to them, the attendance on public worship a business of pleasure, as well as of duty. The scenic representations of Gospel history, which on high fasts and festivals are to be met with in almost all the churches of the Peninsula, however ridiculous they may appear, are not without their use; for to them (most inadequate, I admit, to their purpose) the poorer classes are, nevertheless, indebted for much of the instruction they receive, concerning the life and miracles of the divine Founder of our blessed faith."

Monks and nuns are uniformly considered by Protestant writers as fair game; they are, in their estimation, voluptuaries and libertines, and in Portugal are, of course, the most abandoned of mortals. We dare say in a community so numerous many are to be found irregular, but we have never met an author who vouched for the fact, it was all hearsay. Such of our Protestant travellers as have come in personal contact with monks and nuns speak highly of their kindness and good qualities. Mrs. Baillie does not form an exception. Speaking of the canoness of a convent near Campo St. Anna, she says

"The sister of Countess A. is one of this order, and in her apartments we drank tea, in the ancient social fashion of England, the fair canoness presiding at the tea table, attended by her two female domestics in the costume of the convent. She gave us a variety of excellent cakes, made by herself, (all the religiosas possessing this useful talent,) and did the honours of her cell with much grace and politeness; after tea, we entered the choir of the church, where several of the lady canonesses were at devotion in sweeping garments of fine white wool, which, worn over the usual black robes of their order, and flowing in ample drapery around them, gave a dignified effect to the figure. Here we knelt in silence and humility, upon the cold marble pavement, for a few moments, in company with a crowd of the most distinguished families in Lisbon, whom we there found assembled, many of whom had brought their young children with them, some not more than two or three years of age. The high altar was splendidly illuminated, the rest of the church being left in perfect obscurity. Notwithstanding the difference of my religion, I could not forbear thinking, that the bright altar thus visible from afar, and partially revealed through the screen which divided it from the kneeling assembly, was a striking and noble type of that heavenly sanctuary, to which the eye of faith is constantly directed, in the midst of the gloom and darkness of a fallen world." * * *

"Here, as well as at the convent of the Visitandines, I was much impressed by the amiable character of the Countess A. She had evidently inspired every member of the community with a sentiment of the tenderest regard. All shared in her benevolent and affectionate attentions, even to the servants and pensioners upon charity, who crowded around the gates. In crossing one of the quadrangles, we met a woman, bending under the accumulated burden of years, poverty and infirmity, whose wretched compote had fallen from her shoulders, in the hurry of saluting the countess; the latter took it from the ground, and gently replacing it upon her humble friend, kindly embraced her, and passed on, followed by many an audible benediction. The whole action was the work of a moment, and was done with the utmost simplicity, as an ordinary tribute of attention to the claims of helpless age; if this be the custom of the Romish church, it is a good one, prompted by right feeling, and so truly Christian, that we could hardly err in its adoption."

When we come to speak of Spain, we shall indulge ourselves with a

few additional remarks on nuns and monks. At present we shall content ourselves with a brief extract from "Recollections of the Peninsula."

"This (Convent of St. Vincent) was the first convent I had ever seen; nor could I find it in my heart to apply to its inmates the contemptuous epithets with which they are too often branded. While I regret that any government, or religion, should condemn so many of its members to a life of cheerless celibacy and useless devotion, I am far from despising, or even blaming, the unhappy victims of ecclesiastical policy and pride: for, believe me, the discipline of the wealthiest orders is sufficiently austere to shut out all those enjoyments of life which are so generally and so highly prized; and there are few, if any of us, who rail at monks, who could consent, even from a sense of duty, to lead the insipid and wearisome lives of those unhappy men."

Before quitting Lisbon perhaps we ought to notice the charitable disposition of the people.

"In the southern countries of Europe," says the author of the 'Recollections,' "openly professing the Roman Catholic religion, the giving of alms is considered an imperative duty; and, according to their means, all persons supply the wants of the necessitous. From the gates of the convents, from the kitchens of the wealthy, food is daily distributed to a certain number of mendicants; and there is no person, however humble his condition, if it be above want, who does not give a something in charity, every day of his life. Hence, secure of the means to support their wretched existence, they betake themselves daily to their respective stations, await the summons from the porter of the monastery, or the palace, and thankfully receive the small coin of the casual passenger. It is true, that such scenes are painful; but we must learn the cause of them, before we abuse the nation, by which they are presented. Without poor laws, or poor rates, without workhouses, or any parish institutions, these beggars are, of necessity, exposed to public view, and supported in the eye of day. The numbers of those who subsist on public charity in Portugal, as compared even with our own country, would not be found so great as we might at first imagine; and, indeed, in their mild climate, and with their peculiar habits, these unfortunate paupers might, after all, gain little in real happiness by the introduction of poor houses and parish officers."

The author of "Sketches of Portugal" confirms this statement.

"The Portuguese," he says, "are exceedingly charitable in a small way. In the course of the day they give to a number of beggars; the gift seldom exceeding a five reis bit, which is rather less than a halfpenny. If, however, they are not inclined to give anything, their manner is exceedingly humane towards the petitioner, and calculated to reconcile him to his disappointment, as they move their hats saying, 'Deos o favorece irmaôzinho.' 'God favour you my brother,' upon which the beggar replies, 'Seja pelo amor de Deos.' 'Be it for the love of God,' and continues his way."

We shall now quit the metropolis, which is not exactly the place to seek the characteristic features of the people, and proceed to the country. Here we find an almost total absence of those agricultural improvements which distinguish our times; and a feebleness in the executive which might be supposed to superinduce crime; but religion—his calumniated religion—has preserved the Portuguese peasant from the contagion of vice—it has amply atoned for the want of good laws, and given him, notwithstanding his poverty, an elevation of sentiment not discoverable amongst a people who boast the possession of that civil liberty which is a stranger in Portugal. Evidences of this fact are abundant in the works to which we have already referred, but the length to which this article has extended

warns us to be brief in our extracts. We shall, however, try to give the substance of that with which they abound. Mrs. Baillie is really eloquent in praise of the amiable manners of the rustics. "The peasantry," she observes, "seem remarkably civil in their manner to those above them, without any exhibition of crouching servility." In some of their habits is a patriarchal simplicity and cordiality which is very attaching. Their honesty is proverbial. Mrs. Baillie says:—

"The general honesty of the inhabitants of Cintra deserves mention; we are assured by persons who have resided forty years here, that an instance of housebreaking has not been known among them, and the inhabitants of the surrounding quintas hardly think it necessary to fasten their doors at night.

"I delight in the peasantry here; they are really a fine race of people, and, if I understood their language sufficiently to converse with them, I have no doubt but I should think them almost as engaging as those of France. I must not forget to mention my daily attendant in all my rides, a lad about twelve or thirteen; poor fellow! nothing can exceed his readiness to oblige and amuse me by every little method in his power; pointing out, with a faithful accuracy of taste, which, I should think, must in him be *intuitive*, the finest views and the most picturesque objects; stopping frequently on a sudden to make me observe a larger cork-tree than usual, a prettier quinta, or a more luxuriant hedge of myrtle or geranium."

The author of "Sketches of the Peninsula" is still more loud in his commendation of the peasantry. He says,

"The Saloios are a very fine race of men, active, athletic, and, generally speaking, well made. The whole aspect of a Portuguese peasant is manly in the highest degree; and his dress at once graceful and appropriate to his condition in life, is always characteristic, and never varied by that awkward mixture with costume of other classes, which gives to our labouring people so unpicturesque and heterogeneous an appearance.

"The charge of indolence and slothfulness has been indiscriminately laid against the whole of the people of Portugal, by persons who have precipitately drawn their conclusions from the samples of the lower orders seen in Lisbon; but any one of common judgment ought to be aware, that the meagre and bloated inhabitants of a capital can never offer a just criterion whereby to form an accurate idea of the physical or moral peculiarities of any nation.

"The Portuguese peasantry may justly repel the charge of indolence, for their distinguishing characteristics are industry, patience under privation, intrepidity, and courage. They only stand in need of a government calculated to call forth in a greater degree their natural good qualities.

"The Saloios, or peasant women, are generally of a stature rather taller than the female inhabitants of the towns; their complexions are like those of the men, of a healthy dark colour, but not sallow or swarthy. They have exceedingly fine eyes, full of expression.

"The farther removed from the city and its sophistications, the more does the real character of the Portuguese peasantry appear in its proper light; and certainly there are no people who realize more nearly than themselves the descriptions which poets have so often imagined of rural virtue and pastoral simplicity. If a stranger appears amongst them, they make him, quite unsolicited, a tender of every thing he may stand in need of for his refreshment. There does the sportsman pursue his prey through vineyards full of delicious grapes, and melon fields covered with fruit, with no other barriers to protect them than mutual confidence.—No boards with appalling inscriptions of steel-traps and spring-guns annoy the sight, and disgrace the national character of generosity, by holding out

to you in terrorem the prospect of immediate death if you climb over a hedge to pick up your game.

"It is with no such apprehensive selfishness that the Portuguese countryman guards his property. I never coasted along a melon field in my life, but the proprietor, if within sight, although unknown to me, would come forward and solicit my making choice of the ripest and best fruit, without the least feeling of interestedness:—nay, he would have felt indignant if a remuneration had even been proffered.

"Nothing could be more noble than the conduct of the lavradores (farmers) during the war: without a prospect of indemnification they contributed with all their means to facilitate and assist the transport and other commissariat branches of the service. I have seen some, who had only a pair of oxen left, give them up to the exigencies of the war without a murmur.

"I have already implied that the Portuguese peasants are some of the best creatures breathing: they in fact unite in their characters every thing which constitutes a virtuous people. The men are laborious and brave, and the women are chaste."

After passing this eulogium, which had been extorted from him, will it be believed that the paragraph from which the last extract is taken contains the following sentence. "Most of the clergy employ their leisure in devising means of debauching their female parishioners!!!" He knew that this remark would be accepted, in some measure, as a qualification of his praise of Catholic virtues.

Concerning the priesthood we have in reserve one little fact—and we prefer facts to arguments—which will neutralize all the calumnies which pass current in England respecting the celibacy of the Portuguese clergy,

"The common people at Lisbon," says Mrs. Baillie, "are all much *horrified* at the idea of *our* priests being allowed to marry; the former minister of the English factory resident there, had for a length of time continued to be greatly respected among them, until they heard that he was upon the point of returning to England, with an intention of being married; then indeed he sunk at once in their estimation, nor were all his virtues able to save his memory from reproach and scandal. Our present clergyman came hither accompanied by his wife, and, for the first few months after her arrival, she could not appear in the streets without being pointed and gazed at, with displeased curiosity, by the populace, as the '*English padre's wife.*'"

They would not be *horrified* had they been accustomed to a clergy addicted to licentious habits. We by no means intend to say that the discipline of the Portuguese does not stand in need of alteration. Wherever a compact between church and state exists there must be abuses. We contend, however, that a priesthood which possesses influence cannot possibly be depraved; and the least clerical impropriety could not fail to shock a peasantry as moral and correct as the Portuguese are described to be.

Is the Portuguese peasant superstitious? If so he practices all the virtues which religion inculcates. We recommend the following little picture to the serious attention of our readers; the narrator is a Protestant, and on the first occasion was returning in the company of his colonel extremely ill to Lisbon.

"Luckily, however, for us, we espied a light at some distance from the road, and made towards it. It proceeded from a solitary cottage; and a woman, who answered to our knocks, expressed her willingness to receive

us. Wretched as was her appearance, I never saw more cordial, more fearless hospitality: she heaped up her little fire, killed, and stewed for us two out of the few chickens she had, spread for us two straw mattresses near the hearth, and regarded us the while with looks of the most benevolent pleasure. Seated on a rude bench of cork, near this cottage fire, I thankfully partook of the repast she prepared; and while the thunder burst in peals the most loud and awful over our heads, and the pouring rain beat rudely on her humble dwelling, with a heartfelt sensation of gratitude I composed myself to rest. When we rose with the morning to depart, our good hostess was resolute in refusing any remuneration, though the wretched appearance of her hovel, and the rags on her children, bespoke the extreme of poverty. 'No,' said she; 'the saints guided you to my threshold, and I thank them. My husband, too, was journeying yesterday, perhaps last night, amid that thunder-storm; he also knocked at some Christian's door, and found shelter.'

"We caught one of the children outside, and forcing some dollars into its little hands, mounted, and rode off. I shall never forget that night, or that speech; and no sermon on the charities of life could be more instructive."

And at another time,

"We lost our way, and were obliged to put up for the night in a poor goat-herd's hut. We here, however, witnessed a scene of domestic happiness and patriarchal manners, which gave us reason to rejoice that we had slept under such a roof. The family consisted of a venerable old peasant, his daughter, a woman of about four-and-thirty, and her five children: the eldest, a beautiful girl of fifteen; and the youngest, a fine black-eyed boy of eight. The husband of this woman was absent on a journey; the old peasant was not within; and when we first entered, the mother and her children were at supper; they pressed us to partake of it; we declined, but procured from them some fine rich goat's milk, and boiling it up with bread of Indian corn, made an excellent meal. It was late when the old man came in from his labour; he expressed great delight at our having rested in his cot, as, he said, there was no house within two leagues of that spot, the night dark and stormy, and the road bad and dangerous. A small wooden bowl of vegetable soup was brought him for his supper; he crossed himself and said a short grace; but my astonishment was not a little excited, by observing, that during the whole time he was eating his frugal meal, the family all stood up; and with their hands closed and lifted up, and their eyes raised towards the crucifix, prayed; not with extravagant fervour, nor as if it were a tame unmeaning form, but with much natural feeling, and seemed to invoke blessings on the head of this, the respected elder of their cottage.

"The old man, too, however habitual it might be, appeared deeply impressed with the ceremony, and took his food with a sort of quiet, solemn thankfulness. The expression of the grand-daughter's countenance, who seemed much attached to him, was really seraphic; and I thought the whole scene quite a subject for a painting. When we lay down for the night, all the children knelt at the feet of their grandfather and received his blessing, sealed by him with a kiss upon their young foreheads. I slept with a sort of sweet and superstitious confidence under this happy roof; so much, and so pleasingly, had I been affected by the simplicity of manners, among its poor contented inmates.

"In the morning, after literally forcing on them a small present, we set forward highly gratified."

We may stop here: if this be superstition would to God that all mankind were superstitious. Surely we may ask, ought the religion which neutralises the effects of bad government, and teaches the rude peasant

the sublimest morality, to be proscribed, as inimical to the best interests of society?

The present situation of Portugal merits some observation, but, at present, we have no room to enter upon the subject. With politics we do not concern ourselves, unless when they interfere with the integrity of religion.

MUSINGS ON THE DAYS OF YOUTH.

"The music of Carryl was like the memory of joys that are past, pleasant and mournful to the soul." OSSIAN.

At that calm hour of eve, when softly glide
The parting sunbeams o'er the mountain's side,
When the last radiance of declining day,
To twilight yielding, gently dies away;
How oft have I at such an hour retired
To dwell on thoughts by such an hour inspired,
And loved in Memory's mirror to retrace
Fond recollections of that much loved place;
That spot, whose every reminiscence swells
The beating breast at each past joy it tells.
Those are bright joys of youth, scenes long gone by,
Yet living still in faithful Memory's eye.
Full oft their image to the mind she brings,
Like the soft air that sweeps Eolian strings;
Brings melancholy sounds that thrill the soul,
Swift, strong vibrations, owning no control,
And gently undulating notes that fill
The raptured ear at random breezes' will.
Dear vanished joys, and scenes of youthful years,
Which every passing hour yet more endears!

These have for me a charm so sadly sweet,
The spot where wandered long my youthful feet
Has recollections dearer far to me
Than aught of after-life can ever be.
The name I need not say:—there are, 'tis true,
Among the careless crowd, some feeling few
Who love, as I, of bygone joys to tell,
Tasted at that sweet spot we loved so well;
But others feel no tender interest where
To me a thousand forms fond memories bear.

Farewell, declining orb, mild, sinking sun!
Another of thy brilliant days is done;
But on the morrow thou wilt rise anew,
To give more glories to our raptured view.
Not so can life's bright morning rays return,
Not so with youth's fresh glow again we burn:
Though rich may shine the sunset of our day,
Life's golden morn is gone—for ever passed away!

F. C. H.

CASH, CORN, AND CATHOLICS.*

We have had no satirist since the days of Pope and Swift, for Churchill dealt in invective only. This is not owing either to any paucity of satirical talent amongst us, or the absence of provocatives. Our noble blockheads are as numerous as ever; hypocrisy walks still abroad in the robes of sanctity; and the knave is not slow to assume the tone and habit of honesty.

These things, bad as we are, excite our indignation; but, thanks to the liberty of the press, we are no longer under the necessity of disguising our opinion. Instead of feigning names, and indicating individuals by allusions to circumstances, we very candidly tell the Duke of Newcastle that he is a bigoted fool, and the Earl of Winchilsea that he is an ignorant fanatic; Lord Kenyon is not thought worth much expenditure of hatred; and, from considerations of economy, we class the Orangemen and Brunswickers in the lump—we dispose of *them* by wholesale. We now call things by their proper names, and to this circumstance we are indebted for the absence of biting satire. Juvenal, if he lived in our times, would be a patriot, a moralist—but not a satirist.

The frequency of invective sometimes renders public men indifferent to reproach: they wrap themselves up in the purity of their motives; demand respect for opinions, honestly formed, which spring from individual sources; and sometimes bid censure defiance by herding amongst their party: reasoning, and fact, and argument are lost upon such men; their gross insensibility is quite provoking; but, though dead to shame, there is a method of tickling them into a blush; there is a mental galvanism which awakens them into fits of sportive animation.

Amongst the modern doctors who prescribe this battery to benumbed patients Mr. Moore—"the poet of all circles"—is decidedly the most popular. His application of the machine produces the most risible contortions: those who stood up fearlessly to every charge, surrender, almost involuntarily, to a discharge of laughter; their reputation is shot dead by his paper pellets; and of all literary projectiles they dread most one of his puns. Men who disregarded honest indignation have sometimes been subdued by ridicule. Nothing in politics, is so potent as a laugh—except the minister's patronage.

Genius is always highly sensitive; it cannot bear the contact of arrogant stupidity; and, if not controlled by the operation of adverse circumstances, is sure to revolt against the impertinent pretensions of the great. Those mighty intellects, which shed a light upon all time, were, generally, on the side of truth; and in the history of modern literature we uniformly find the repulsive task of flattering "men in power," devolve upon authors of very subordinate talents. Byron spurned the chain which entangled Southey, and Moore no sooner felt that his natural strength atoned for the penury of his circumstances, than he soared beyond the reach of those fishers for men, who industriously expand their nets for such pliant intellects as may become the willing instruments of bad designs. His early odes show that his muse

* Odes upon Cash, Corn, and Catholics, foolscap 8vo. London: 1828, Longman & Co,

was a bird of constraint: his song was feeble and his tone was melancholy. He saw, notwithstanding, the homage which the great involuntarily pay to talent; that the son of a plebeian was not regarded as fit company for lords, and that his presence in the drawing-room was rather tolerated than courted. He attributed his own feelings to Sheridan; and we may now form a pretty accurate opinion of his impatience of the restraints which early patronage forced upon him. Nature never intended him for a court sycophant: the independence of his mind betrayed itself in acts which were construed into offences, and, happily for the admirers of every thing that is great and noble in genius, he, with the impatience of his countrymen, was not disposed to compromise the dignity of the poet; he regained his liberty, and soon delighted the world with his "wood-notes wild." His melodies may be said to have introduced Ireland into fashionable society: the praise of the patriot was chaunted from the lips of British houris; and wherever her national airs found admittance, a tender pity for a suffering people gently insinuated itself; the story of their wrongs was linked to the sweetest sounds, and the extent of their influence cannot be fairly estimated for a century hence. The child who has been hushed to sleep by an Irish melody, breathed from the lips of a fond mother, cannot possibly be adverse to a nation with whose sons his infancy was taught to sympathise.

But Mr. Moore did not confine himself to songs of praise: the wrongs of his country found in him a witty and an indignant avenger.

His "Two-penny Post-bag" showed that he had cut the bridge behind him; and if any doubts remained they were removed by his "Fudge Family." In this the patriot became more distinct: and was fully developed in the "Memoirs of Captain Rock."

In the little work before us there is no abatement of the *amor patriæ;* wit and Ireland meet us in every page: and those who have been delighted with the poetical *jeux d'esprit* of the *Times* will be glad to find them collected in a volume. It is pretty generally known that Mr. Moore was the author; report speaks of an ample remuneration, but, whether this be the case or not, the Times, by retaining a man of Mr. Moore's literary standing as a contributor, puts forward another claim to be considered the "leading journal of Europe." We were going to observe that the Catholic body is largely indebted to the conductors of this journal; but, we suspect, a conviction of the growing popularity of their cause, rather than any partiality towards them, has been the motive for the decided tone which they have recently adopted on the Catholic question. The *Times*, it has been observed, fights no up-hill battle; it follows—as, perhaps, it ought to do—instead of leading, and certainly there was some coquetry in its advocacy of emancipation until within the last month or two. There was an air of indecision about it; and it now and then contented itself with putting forth one of its feelers. This temporising policy has been latterly abandoned: having determined on its course, the sword was drawn, and the scabbard thrown aside. To the cause it has brought mighty influence—great talents—great wit—and determination to carry the measure. This is one of its features—to leave nothing undone to make the cause it espouses popular; and when has it been unsuccessful? Whatever, therefore, be the motives of the ad-

vocacy the Catholics may feel proud of the advocate, and this, too, without detracting from that debt of gratitude which is due to those liberal journals which have uniformly supported the justice of our cause.

We now turn to the little volume which gave rise to these remarks. "Cash and Corn," though there be a scarcity of both, we shall turn over to parliamentary committees; and extract one or two *jeux d'esprit* which concern the "Catholics." The reader may have met them before, but they will—unlike the effusions of most wits—bear a re-perusal. It will be recollected, that, on the recent division of the Lords upon the Catholic question, orders were given to have a certain quantity of ball cartridges transmitted to Ireland. The following ought to have accompanied them:—

"I have found out a gift for my Erin,
A gift that will surely content her,
Sweet pledge of a love so endearing!
Five millions of bullets I've sent her.

"She ask'd me for Freedom and Right,
But ill she her wants understood;—
Ball cartridges, morning and night,
Is a dose that will do her more good.

"There is hardly a day of our lives
But we read, in some amiable trials,
How husbands make love to their wives
Through the medium of hemp and of phials.

"*One* thinks, with his mistress or mate
A good halter is sure to agree—
That love-knot which, early and late,
I have tried, my dear Erin, on thee.

"While *another*, whom Hymen has bless'd
With a wife that is not over placid,
Consigns the dear charmer to rest,
With a dose of the best Prussic acid.

"Thus, Erin! my love do I show—
Thus quiet thee, mate of my bed!
And, as poison and hemp are too slow,
Do thy business with bullets instead.

"Should thy faith in my medicine be shaken,
Ask R—d—n, that mildest of saints;
He'll tell thee, lead, inwardly taken,
Alone can remove thy complaints;—

"That, blest as thou art in thy lot,
Nothing's wanted to make it more pleasant
But being hang'd, tortured, and shot,
Much oft'ner than thou art at present.

"Even W—ll—t—n's self hath averr'd
Thou art yet but half sabred and hung,
And I loved him the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from his tongue.

"So take the five millions of pills,
Dear partner, I herewith inclose;
'Tis the cure that all quacks for thy ills,
From Cromwell to Eld—n, propose.

"And you, ye brave bullets; that go,
How I wish that, before you set out
The *Devil* of the Freischutz could know
The good work you are going about;

"For he'd charm ye, in spite of your lead,
Into such supernatural wit,
That you'd all of you know, as you sped,
Where a bullet of sense *ought* to hit."

The following epistle explains itself. It ought to be read seriously, for it contains a wholesome truth. It purports to come from Clare.

"No longer, dear V—sey, feel hurt and uneasy
At hearing it said by thy Treasury brother,
That thou art a sheet of blank paper, my V—sey,
And he, the dear, innocent placeman, another.

"For, lo, what a service we, Irish, have done thee;—
Thou now art a sheet of blank paper no more;
By St. Patrick, we've scrawl'd such a lesson upon thee
As never was scrawl'd upon foolscap before.

"Come,—on with your spectacles, noble Lord Duke,
(Or O'Connell has *green* ones he haply would lend you,)
Read V—sey all o'er—as you *can't* read a book—
And improve by the lesson we, bog-trotters, send you;

"A lesson, in large *Roman* characters traced,
Whose awful impressions from you and your kin
Of blank-sheeted statesmen will ne'er be effaced,—
Unless, 'stead of *paper*, you're sheer *asses' skin*.

"Shall I help you to construe it? ay, by the Gods,
Could I risk a translation, you *should* have a rare one;
But pen against sabre is desperate odds,
And you, my Lord Duke, (as you *hinted* once), wear one.

"Again and again I say, read V—sey o'er;—
You will find him worth all the old scrolls of papyrus,
That Egypt e'er fill'd with nonsensical lore,
Or the learned Champollion e'er wrote of, to tire us.

"All blank as he was, we've return'd him on hand,
Scribbled o'er with a warning to Princes and Dukes,
Whose plain simple drift if they *won't* understand,
Though caress'd at St. James's, they're fit for St. Luke's.

"Talk of leaves of the Sibyls!—more meaning convey'd is
In one single leaf such as now we have spell'd on,
Than e'er hath been utter'd by all the old ladies
That ever yet spoke, from the Sibyls to Eld—n."

A wit, like an elephant, though formidable to the foe, is sometimes injurious to the cause of his friends; he must make out his point or his pun—no matter at whose expense; and will not lose his joke, though even religion itself should suffer. We dislike the introduction of sacred subjects in a mere *jeu d'esprit:* and, notwithstanding all our respect for Mr. Moore, we cannot help observing that he is a little too fond of sneering at religion. We hear that he has latterly grown somewhat serious—we hope so; his muse will not be the less attractive for being decently clothed. Of his extensive reading we have no doubt; we only wonder it did not furnish him with more original illustration if he must refer to bygone polemics; this is the third time

which he has made a "point" of Arian controversy. The *con* and *trans*, however, are new, and, with the exception which we have made, the petition of the Irish Orangemen is calculated to awaken melancholy associations.

"To the People of England, the humble Petition
Of Ireland's disconsolate Orangemen, showing—
That sad, very sad, is our present condition;—
Our jobbing all gone, and our noble selves going;—

"That, forming one seventh—within a few fractions—
Of Ireland's seven millions of hot heads and hearts,
We hold it the basest of all base transactions
To keep us from murd'ring the other six parts;—

"That, as to laws made for the good of the many,
We humbly suggest there is nothing less true;
As all human laws (and our own, more than any)
Are made *by* and *for* a particular few;—

"That much it delights ev'ry true Orange brother,
To see you, in England, such ardour evince,
In discussing *which* sect most tormented the other,
And burn'd with most *gusto*, some hundred years since;—

"That we love to behold, while old England grows faint,
Messrs. Southey and Butler nigh coming to blows,
To decide whether Dunstan, that strong-bodied Saint,
Ever truly and really pull'd the Devil's nose;

"Whether t'other Saint, Dominic, burnt the Devil's paw—
Whether Edwy intrigued with Elgiva's old mother—*
And many such points, from which Southey can draw
Conclusions most apt for our hating each other.

"That 't is very well known this devout Irish nation
Has now, for some ages, gone happily on,
Believing in two kinds of Substantiation,
One party in *Trans* and the other in *Con*;†

"That we, your petitioning *Cons*, have, in right
Of the said monosyllable, ravaged the lands,
And embezzled the goods, and annoy'd, day and night,
Both the bodies and souls of the sticklers for *Trans*;—

"That we trust to Peel, Eldon, and other such sages,
For keeping us still in the same state of mind;
Pretty much as the world used to be in those ages,
When still smaller syllables madden'd mankind;—

"When the words *ex* and *per*† did as well, to annoy
One's neighbours and friends with, as *con* and *trans* now;
And Christians, like Southey, who stickled for *oi*,
Cut the throats of all Christians, who stickled for *ou*.‡

* To such important discussions as these the greater part of Dr. Southey's *Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ* is devoted.

† Consubstantiation—the true reformed belief; at least, the belief of Luther, and, as Mosheim asserts, of Melancthon also.

‡ When John of Ragusa went to Constantinople (at the time this dispute between "ex" and "per" was going on), he found the Turks, we are told, "laughing at the Christians for being divided by two such insignificant particles."

§ The Arian controversy.—Before that time, says Hooker, "in order to be a sound believing Christian, men were not curious what syllables or particles of speech they used."

"That, relying on England, whose kindness already
So often has help'd us to play this game o'er,
We have got our red coats and our carabines ready,
And wait but the word to show sport, as before.

"That, as to the expense—the few millions, or so,
Which for all such diversions John Bull has to pay—
'Tis, at least, a great comfort to John Bull to know
That to Orangemen's pockets 'twill all find its way.
For which your petitioners ever will pray,
&c. &c. &c. &c. &c."

One extract more and we shall have done—it is, perhaps, the best "point" in the book.

"Write on, write on, ye Barons dear,
Ye Dukes, write hard and fast;
The good we've sought for many a year
Your quills will bring at last.
One letter more, N—wc—stle, pen,
To match Lord K—ny—n's *two*,
And more than Ireland's host of men,
One brace of Peers will do.
Write on, write on, &c.

"Sure, never, since the precious use
Of pen and ink began,
Did letters, writ by fools produce,
Such signal good to man.
While intellect, 'mong high and low,
Is marching *on*, they say,
Give *me* the Dukes and Lords, who go,
Like crabs, the *other* way.
Write on, write on, &c.

"Ev'n now I feel the common light,—
Ev'n now, could Folly lure
My Lord M—ntc—sh—l, too, to write,
Emancipation's sure.
By geese (we read in history),
Old Rome was saved from ill;
And now, to *quills* of geese, we see
Old Rome indebted still.
Write on, write on, &c.

"Write, write, ye Peers, nor stoop to style,
Nor beat for sense about,—
Things, little worth a noble's while,
You're better far without.
Oh ne'er, since asses spoke of yore,
Such miracles were done;
For, write but four such letters more,
And Freedom's cause is won!"

RECOLLECTIONS OF A FORTNIGHT IN IRELAND.

In the night of the 12th of September, I embarked, at Holyhead, on board the steam-vessel bound to Dublin. It was a still, calm night; the waters as tranquil as I afterwards found the people whom I went to visit, who are, indeed, but little known in England, and who—but I am anticipating.

In my visit to the land of my fathers, though not of my birth, I had three objects in view; one political, another controversial, and a third charitable. I wished to have personal knowledge of those patriotic men who are labouring, and successfully labouring, to insure the tranquillity and the happiness of that country: I, therefore, visited the Catholic Association. Had I not learned something of that illustrious assembly, my first impressions would not have been very favourable. In a building called a hotel, which is as easy passed by as discovered, in an upper room, reflecting no great credit on the Dorcas or Tabitha to whose superintendence it had been committed, I observed a table, in the centre, with a chair, somewhat elevated, at its head; the table encompassed by rude seats, for the most part formed of planks, just nailed together as if for a temporary scaffolding, with a low, dark partition which formed a gallery for the ladies. Some of the latter were beginning to occupy their places, but, with this exception, I was alone in the senate-house of Ireland. That it deserves this designation I was previously convinced, and that conviction was confirmed by personal observation. The ordinary routine of its business consists in receiving tribute and information from all parts of the country, and issuing instructions to its numerous, but willing and grateful, constituency.

The Association and the people of Ireland, it is evident, are bound together by no ties but those of mutual affection and confidence. The Association has no power but that of opinion. It can issue no command, but it may be laughed at by the people, or any portion of the people, with impunity; and yet it exercises an influence beyond comparison greater than that enjoyed by any body actually recognized by the state. It is absurd in the statesman to pretend to disregard such a body. It is a nation compressed within a small compass; and he that would govern wisely will be always anxious to learn the opinions, the feelings, the wishes of the nation which he rules. It is absurd, again, to suppose that the Association excites the feeling at present existing throughout Ireland. It obviously owes its own existence and continuance to that feeling, to which it merely gives expression: it emanates from the sense the people have of their wrongs, and of the only cure of which those wrongs admit. Destroy the Association; utterly and effectually prevent any of its members from holding converse together, if such things are, I do not say, consistent with the spirit of a free constitution, but within the reach of physical power; yet you will not thereby suppress the sense of injury of which it is the only mouth-piece. You may forbid a nation to speak—can you forbid her to think?

The Association is again a subject of great interest as the gymnasium of eloquence, as well as of sound maxims of political philosophy. When a nation is in love with liberty, its sentiments must be those of

virtue, its expressions those of eloquence. A certain lordling was pleased to express his contempt for the powers of mind exhibited in the Association. To what accident his opinion may be attributed I know not; but this I know, that if the speakers of the Association were transferred to a body of which even his lordship is, I believe, one of the ornaments, that body would stand much higher, than at present it stands, in the estimation of educated men.

The great master-spirit of the national enchantment was absent, but the name was sometimes used with powerful effect; and the enthusiasm with which the *clarum et venerabile nomen* was hailed was the only indication afforded that any one was wanted while you could listen to such men as Sheil, Murphy, Brady, and O'Gorman. The last mentioned gentlemen is the Francis Canning of the Irish Association. His eloquence is nervous and manly: with a cultivated mind, he yet cares not for the flowers of the imagination, but pours the soul of patriotism, the *mens conscia recti*, into language which derives a special charm from the conviction which it impresses that you are listening to an honest man,—to a man who would be as ready, should the necessity ever arrive, to do his duty to his country in the field as in the senate.

Mr. Brady, in rising, contends with disadvantages. His person is small, his voice is not melodious, and his impassioned delivery often wants ease and dignity; but, if he contends, he contends successfully with these disadvantages. The correct and classical elegance of his language; his excellent and patriotic sentiments, and his appeals to the same sentiments in the breasts of the assembly, give him a powerful hold on the attention and interest of his hearers.

Mr. Murphy appears to me to possess all the requisites for a perfect orator. A manly but graceful exterior, a powerful but pleasing voice, a vehement but well regulated action. These are external qualifications, and, great as they are, are inferior to those by which his mind is adorned. It appears to be the abode of an enthusiastic but virtuous patriotism, of extensive and varied knowledge, of great facility and variety of illustration,—ornaments which are not displayed in the exhibition of themselves, but made subservient to the facts of his case, and to those truths to which he does not solicit but commands assent.

The proceedings of the Association were suddenly interrupted by a general cheer: I looked to the door, where I saw some irregular movement of heads, like the opening and closing of the waters, which continued until it reached the ranks nearest to the table, when, at length, there appeared a person of diminutive stature, and sallow complexion, relieved, indeed, by a dark eye, and an expression of countenance that indicated genius. This individual was Sheil. His appearance gave additional life to the assembly, and each one seemed to feel that the transactions of the day were only begun. At length he arose: I had the pleasure of hearing him three times, and had I derived no other from my interesting visit its trouble would have been well repaid.

Mr. Sheil has a mind so well stored with classical and historical imagery, so familiar with the riches of ancient and modern literature, and, withal, so rich in the stores of its own imagination, that we

should be prepared for the dexterous display of all the arts of oratory. His art consists in spurning artifice: at once, and abruptly, with dramatic effect, he fixes your attention upon the subject; to that he adheres, and obliges his audience to adhere with indissoluble tenacity. He will place around it, perhaps, a profusion of ornament; but it is the more ornamental inasmuch as it is subservient to the useful; he will pour forth a flood of light, but it is light which dazzles not the spectator, but illuminates the object to which it is directed. We have been accustomed, in England, to consider this eminent man as an actor rather than an orator. To a very slight degree this is correct; his look, his pause, and sometimes his action, are liable to this remark; but it is in the rigour of criticism only that such a remark can be made. His exterior is almost universally the index of his mind, and, in his warmth, it is evident that he is hurried along by the tempest of virtuous passion.

In sarcasm he is pre-eminent. In the midst of fervent declamation a pause suddenly intervenes; the brow is relaxed, the eye is cast down, and a smile begins to play upon the lip. All this announces that an unlucky wight is about to be anatomized, and the anticipating laughter of the audience is presently justified by the operation. It is impossible to decide upon the feelings of other men, but I would not deservedly receive some lacerations that I witnessed, for all the livings at the disposal of all the Trench family.

To understand the character of a public man you should follow him into private life. I had the happiness of spending a truly intellectual evening in the enjoyment of the splendid hospitality of Mr. Sheil, in company with men qualified, like himself, to adorn the intercourse of social life. In conversation the powers of this extraordinary man are no less remarkable than in debate. He is far from being ostentatious or intrusive, but, when called forth, and he is not wanting to the occasion, he is highly entertaining and instructive. His utterance is rapid, and his manner especially dramatic. In argument he is remarkably fair, and his whole deportment betrays a generous and amiable heart. As a friend to Mr. Sheil, and it is impossible to become acquainted with him and be other than his friend, I think I ought to state (although I think his censors had very much exaggerated his offence) that I heard him condemn his celebrated sarcasm on the Duke of York.

It surely is remarkable, that, even in the society of one of the great agitators, who is certainly as sincere as he is ardent in the cause of his country, not one word escaped upon the subject of politics. The truth is, that Ireland, that is Catholic Ireland, is tranquil, and is resolved to continue tranquil. I visited several counties, and saw and heard no more signs of disturbance than are to be found in the most tranquil districts of England. I have said that Ireland is resolved to continue tranquil. This is true. The Orangemen, on the other hand, are bent on exciting disturbance, and the Catholic alarmist is only terrified lest the people should be goaded beyond their power of endurance. This contingency affords the only chance of insurrection on the part of the Irish people.

In pursuit of my second object I endeavoured to ascertain how far the representations of the itinerant saints, respecting both the clergy

and the people, were consistent with the truth, I became acquainted with several of the Irish Catholic clergy; an acquaintance which has left behind it a regret that it was not more extensive. What a contrast do these men form with the most reverend, the right reverend, and the reverend patrons of the Brunswick clubs. For great talent, extensive learning, disinterested zeal, and sincere piety, they are, indeed, a treasure to the British empire and an ornament to the church of God.

The day after my arrival in Dublin I was passing by the Jesuits' chapel, in Hardwicke-street. Curiosity induced me to enter; it was after the conclusion of divine service. I saw a young man, a mechanic, to whom I should have supposed the Sunday's ease would have been most welcome, engaged in teaching three blind adults the catechism. I was much struck with his patience, one of his pupils not displaying any great aptitude, and his zeal, which I could not but consider a practical answer to the invectives and calumnies of the saints.

I afterwards visited one of the houses belonging to the Sisters of Charity, who have resigned all the liberty and the comforts of a secular life to devote themselves to the gratuitous instruction of the poor, whether children or adults, and to attendance upon the prisons, or wherever the clergy stand in need of their assistance. I visited also a convent of the nuns of the order of the Preservation, who are exclusively devoted to the task of education. In this house, which was at Maynooth, two hundred and fifty children receive gratuitous instruction. Again, I visited, in Dublin, one of the houses of Mr. Rice, of Waterford, who is at the head of the Religious Brothers, associated for the same purposes as the Sisters of Charity. In this one house five hundred poor children receive gratuitous instruction in their religion and in the elements of profane learning. Here are societies of both men and women, foregoing all the comforts of life, and condemning themselves to perpetual labour in the instruction of the poor, and looking for no reward but that of a good conscience and the joys of eternity; and yet a set of itinerant declaimers have the assurance to tell us that the religion which abounds with these heroic characters is hostile to education and instruction! Where would such calumnies gain credit but in England? Of these calumniators I acquired some knowledge; but their peccadilloes invariably relate to a species of amiable weakness, not the best qualified to adorn the pages of the Miscellany. For the present I withhold them.

I ought not to conclude without expressing the pleasure which I derived from a hasty visit to Maynooth. It is, indeed, the abode of religion and learning; and I wonder not that men who have been educated within its hallowed precincts have gained such easy triumphs over the puny adversaries, who have had the insolence to provoke them to a contest. I shall ever love to dwell on the instructive hours I had the happiness of spending in the society of its excellent president, Dr. Crotty, who is universally venerated as a profound theologian, an eminent scholar, an ardent patriot, a benevolent and amiable man.

The third object which I had in view related to the establishment in B—, for the same charitable purposes as the Brothers' or Sisters' charity, to superintend our schools, and to assist the sick, or others, who

may stand in need of it. The great obstacle to all such things is want of money: we have not the money; therefore we must, for the present, have patience, and hope for the arrival of some happier day. In the meantime, farewell.

MONTGOMERY'S UNIVERSAL PRAYER.*

FEW subjects have led to more endless discussion than the alleged decline of a taste for poetry. Those who take this for granted are inclined to attribute it to the prevalence of a diseased taste, or to the venality of modern poets, who prostitute their high calling to a spirit of avarice. We suspect that this opinion, though general, is erroneous, for there are facts connected with the question which should not be overlooked. Man, as he grows old, becomes more and more insensible to the charms of poesy; and the same thing may be said of nations. Fancy and judgment accord but ill together.

Youth is the season of imagination—its inexperience is favourable to the growth of those materials which constitute the strength of poetry; it is adverse to those cold realities which may be said to wither all the flowers of fancy; and, while it disdains to descend to the formalities of wisdom, it is liable to be deeply impressed with admiration, wonder, and surprise; and to excite these is the business of poetry. Thus we find all nations, in their infancy, partial to the productions of the muse; but, as they become matured, people's taste undergoes a change, and they seek pleasure in more sober descriptions of every day life. The poet is seldom a philosopher, and it would appear that philosophy is averse to poetry. Plato would not permit the 'Son of Song' to dwell within his republic; and, while Locke preferred Blackmore to Pope, Bacon thought it useless to express in rhyme what could be better expressed in prose. In modern times, nearly all our poets, as they 'descend into the vale of years,' forsake song for histories or tales; and this natural revolution every man may be convinced takes place within himself, if he be candid enough to acknowledge it. There is no poetry in matter-of-fact; and men and nations become sober and rational as they grow old.

In addition to this it may be added that poetry does not readily admit of improvements; for, as Dr. Johnson observed, whatever is great, striking, or sublime, could not have escaped former observers. Still it must be admitted that the beauties of poetry, like brilliants, will bear different settings, and may acquire new lustre from their disposition. The roughness of iron disappears when the steel is polished; and culture may improve the odour of the desert flower. If we are not destined to see another 'Iliad' let us rejoice that we have 'Lalla Rookh' and the 'Pleasures of Hope.' Youth must precede age, and, until reflection and experience produce their results, poetry will have its admirers; and, perhaps, no reading, at a certain age, is calculated to produce such mighty results, whether for good or evil. The quantity read, however, has, we suspect, of late, diminished considerably. It is a literary material which finds few customers, and even the muse of Southey has been unable to command attention. This, however, may arise from a revolu-

* A Universal Prayer; Death; A Vision of Heaven; and A Vision of Hell. By Robert Montgomery, Esq. Author of 'The Omnipresence of the Deity.'

tion in taste; and it is somewhat remarkable that Mr. Montgomery's 'Omnipresence of the Deity' purports to be now in the seventh edition, although only a few months before the public. What renders this still more extraordinary the subject is one which has hitherto repulsed readers; for sacred poetry has never been popular in this country. Dr. Johnson's opinion, we are inclined to think, is, upon the whole, correct; were it not we should be at a loss to account for the neglect which has so long awaited the 'Tears of Mary Magdalen,' the most sublime and pathetic poem in any language.

Perhaps we were wrong in intimating that Mr. Montgomery's poems consist of what is usually called sacred poetry. The subjects he has chosen are certainly of a solemn nature, but his illustrations and descriptions do not appear to differ considerably from those to be found in Thomson's 'Seasons.' He looks upon nature with the eye of a poet. He contemplates the Almighty architect through his works, and, struck with the wise conception of the magnanimous whole, he gives expression to his solemn wonder and awful admiration. But his are not the breathings of a mind imbued with the pure benevolence of Christian love; he does not lose himself in the fervour of his pious ejaculations, or, wrapt in holy meditations, he does not pour out the expressions of an humble heart. The art of the poet is never absent; the proofs of a studied method impeach the sincerity of the obtestation, and we turn away from the 'Universal Prayer' with sentiments of a very disagreeable nature. We seem to feel, notwithstanding the beauty of the images and the solemnity of the subject, that there was a sort of blasphemy in invoking the Almighty in all the vanity of expression—in offending against the awful commandment which prohibited the use of God's name on frivolous occasions. Mr. Montgomery's prayer is certainly very universal, and the object of his invoking heaven is not very apparent. His benevolence was large, for he prays for every one and every thing but himself.

In saying this we beg not to be understood as impeaching the poet's piety. He has written, we understand, some satires of questionable import, but, judging of him from the publication before us, we are inclined to consider him a very moral young man, imbued with a love of every thing noble and virtuous. When he chose to write a 'Universal Prayer,' in blank verse, it was necessary to resort to poetical embellishments, and while this continues to be the case sacred poetry must continue unpopular. Sacred subjects are necessarily sublime when treated reverently, whether by the illiterate or the educated; and the more simple the expression the more sublime. The first verse in Genesis is the perfection of sublimity; the ideas which are awakened fill the whole mind—expand, as it were, the human soul, and leave no room for further excitation. All that poetry could do is already done: foreign allusions and studied images are then a kind of mockery—proofs that the feelings of those that resort to them are artificial. This, we suspect, is one reason why sacred poetry is unpopular.

The second poem in this volume treats of a subject better suited to the nature of Mr. Montgomery's genius, which seems to revel in scenes where human passions are powerfully excited. He sings the woes of death, and, had he never written any thing else, he has proved himself entitled to a respectable place among the most celebrated of his cotemporaries. The illustrations are well chosen—a solemn awe pervades the poem; and the sensibilities and the sympathies of our nature are painfully, yet not un-

pleasingly, excited by a succession of pictures which every one must acknowledge to be but too natural. Innocence, watched by parental fondness, falls beneath the stroke of death; and manhood, in vain, resists the king of terrors. Wherever he appears, whether in the midst of war, or followed by pestilence and famine, his footsteps are upon human victims; and we feel conscious that, were it not for an hereafter, the lot even of the happiest is one of misery. The moral of the poem is admirable, and its poetical beauties are many. The following description of a funeral is singularly felicitous:—

"And in the joyous eye of daily Life,
How frequent Death will thrust his woful face!—
See! where they come, the dark-robed funeral train,
Solemn as silent thunder-clouds athwart
The noon-day sky: from heaven a radiance dyes
The flowing pall with laughing hues of light;
Around Life moves his mighty throng, and deep
The death-bells boom along the ebbing air:
But one poor week hath vanish'd,—and that form,
Now clay-cold in the narrow coffin stretch'd,
Stalk'd o'er the street that takes him to his tomb;—
On with the mourning train!—the crowd divide
Before them with a busy hum, then close
Behind, like billows by a prow dispers'd,
That sever, but to clash and roar again!"

The following excites emotions which every one must feel; the picture has been contemplated by many—by every one.

"On yonder mead, that like a windless lake
Shines in the glow of heaven, a cherub boy
Is bounding, playful as a breeze new-born,
Light as the beam that dances by his side.
Phantom of beauty! with his trepid locks
Gleaming like water-wreaths,—a flower of life,
For whom the fairy world is fresh, the sky
A glory, and the earth one huge delight!
Joy shaped his brow, and Pleasure rolls his eye,
While Innocence, from out the budding lip
Darts her young smiles along his rounded cheek.
Grief hath not dimm'd the brightness of his form,
Love and Affection o'er him spread their wings,
And Nature, like a nurse attends him with
Her sweetest looks. The humming bee will bound
From out the flower, nor sting his baby hand,
The birds sing to him from the sunny tree,
And suppliantly the fierce-eyed mastiff fawn
Beneath his feet, to court the playful touch.

"To rise all rosy from the arms of sleep,
And, like the sky-bird, hail the bright-cheek'd morn
With gleeful song, then o'er the bladed mead
To chase the blue-wing'd butterfly, or play
With curly streams; or, led by watchful Love,
To hear the chorus of the trooping waves,
When the young breezes laugh them into life!
Or listen to the mimic ocean roar
Within the womb of spiry sea-shell wove,—
From sight and sound to catch intense delight,
And infant gladness from each happy face,—

These are the guileless duties of the day:
And when at length reposeful Evening comes,
Joy-worn he nestles in the welcome couch,
With kisses warm upon his cheek, to dream
Of heaven, till morning wakes him to the world.

"The scene hath changed into a curtain'd room,
Where mournful glimmers of the mellow sun
Lie dreaming on the walls! Dim-eyed and sad,
And dumb with agony, two parents bend
O'er a pale image, in the coffin laid,—
Their infant once, the laughing, leaping boy,
The paragon, and nursling of their souls!
Death touch'd him, and the life-glow fled away,
Swift as a gay hour's fancy; fresh and cold
As winter's shadow, with his eyelids seal'd,
Like violet lips at eve, he lies enrobed
An offering to the grave! but, pure as when
It wing'd from heaven, his spirit hath return'd,
To lisp its hallelujahs with the choirs
Of sinless babes, imparadised above."

Then follows a scene of more comprehensive sorrow:—

"Swelling like a mist
From out a marshy vale at morn, behold!
A city, dimly vision'd; on the view
It grows, till full in grand perfection seen.
There all is mute and motionless; no spires
Hallow the air with heavenly chime; no flags
Or banners shiver in the suppling breeze;
No eager steps sound patt'ring through the streets;
No life seems in it,—silent as a shade;
Look up! the sickly clouds like corpses lie
Along the heavens; and yonder dark canal
Flags like a monstrous serpent stretch'd in death;
The houses shed a monumental gloom,—
A Pestilence is there!

"The Morn beheld
A beauteous city, with the floods of life
Bounding and flowing through her million paths!
Her temples bathed their heads in azure sheen,
Her rivers rolled themselves along in joy,
The spirit of the world within her walls,
Inspiring walk'd; by noon the sun grew red,
And glared his fierceness through the sky, till forth
From out the swarthy womb of heaven, the Plague
Exhaled her breath, that with a viewless flow
Unroll'd itself through all the living town,
Which, sudden as an ocean chain'd—grew dumb!

"The old man faded like a blasted tree,
Then dropp'd into the dust; and she whose cheeks
Were round and fair, and eyes alive with youth,
From beauty wither'd to a yellow wreck,
Distorted and decay'd, till Madness came,
And shrieking, shuddering, writhed herself to death!

"Along each river crept the Plague: then hush'd
The grinding cables! and the barges lay,
Like dead sea-horses on the ocean stretch'd,—
E'en on the mead with grassy fleece bedeck'd,

Where the gay urchin wing'd the whirling ball
Fleet as a bird along the hissing air,
The Pestilence her burning vapours breathed;
Down fell his fainting arms, up turn'd his lids,
And from his ghastly eye-balls glared the pest!

"From house to house the hot infection stole;
All gladness changed to gloom, and not a smile
In the whole city lived! within the fane,
Amid the pillar'd aisle, while lowly knelt
In all the holiness of virgin love
The fair-zoned bride of beauty,—came the Pest!—
She shrunk, and shiver'd like a wounded dove;
Her form grew wild, and as the bridegroom watch'd
The heaven reflected from her face depart,
Contagion clasp'd him in her fiery arms,
His spirit whirl'd within him, and he fell,
And o'er his loved one yell'd his life away.

"But in the tomb-fill'd churchyard, what a howl
From the parch'd throats of mourners came! for there
The graves were brimm'd with corses, and around
Unburied dead were blackening in the air,
While shreds of beings stagger'd by the heaps
Of friends and relatives together piled:—
Such was the revelry of Death; and when
The Sun of health return'd, his eye beheld
A city hush'd as one enormous tomb!"

In this extract there are some palpable imitations of popular poets, and one or two inelegancies of expression; but where there is so much to admire we shall not stop to find fault. We cannot conclude without giving another extract:—

"The roar, the thunder, and the din of war!—
Loud as an ocean leaping into life,
I hear the storm of battle swell. Advance!
And listen to the cloud-ascending peals
Of cannons, from whose lips a lightning foams;
Hark! how the bugle-echoes beat the air,
And how the deep-roll'd drums resound their wrath,
While on the throbbing earth the sun looks down
Like a dread war-fiend, with a fierce delight.—
Death! here thou art, and here the flashing swords
Shall reap thy harvest; and devoted souls
By thousands rush into the hands of God!

"Noon into eve, and eve to night hath roll'd;
The heavens with starry eyes are set, and they
Behold no banners flapping like the wings
Of eagles in their glorious strength; no steeds
Pawing and prancing with erected manes,—
No warriors hand to hand, and sword to sword,
Confronted, till from out some bloody gap,
Their spirits bound into eternity!—
But heaps of corses, lines of dead laid out,
Unhelmeted, or gash'd and gory; men
Whose morning beauty shamed the risen sun,
With glassy eyeballs gleaming on the moon:—
A mass of life hath deaden'd into clay:
No more more! away, O Death! and count thy dead."

'The Vision of Heaven' and 'The Vision of Hell' convince us that Mr. Montgomery is a stranger to real devotional feelings. His heaven and hell are those of the Pagan poets; he converts them into material worlds; peoples the abodes of the blest with melancholy youths, who delight, like the creatures of pastoral poetry, in purling brooks and flowery meads; and gives to hell all the attributes which vulgar fancies have ever suggested. The Christian does not seek to withdraw the veil which conceals from his view the pleasures or the pains of the future; he knows that both are beyond his limited conception, and he humbly hopes to live in the presence of God. Human imagination cannot picture a state of greater beatitude.

Perhaps we ought to say that the book is beautifully printed, and that it is ornamented with an elegantly engraved portrait of the author. We like this least of any thing in the volume; there is a silly affectation about it, and the 'eyes upraised, like one inspired,' have very much the look of cant.

A TRIP TO PENENDEN HEATH.

HAVE you ever been at Canterbury? The distance is inconsiderable; the scenery is *pretty* enough; and, if you travel by the stage, a hundred chances to one but you may have one or two entertaining *companions de voyage*. If, however, you can admire no scenery which has not the advantage of being perpetually interrupted by obtrusive hills, do not take an outside place. There are no mountains—no cataracts—no banditti—except the Brunswickers—in Kent. The look of the road is peculiarly English — sombre in the extreme, but withal mightily pleasing to a civilized eye; but the eye of genius is differently constituted; and, if you have one, plant yourself within the coach when you proceed to Canterbury, particularly if it be on a cold morning in October. It was with a sensation of peculiar comfort that I found myself on the 22d ult. sitting between a plethoric citizen and a lady of a certain amplitude of person in the "Hero;" our backs towards London, and our faces pointed for the wolds of Kent. It was Jehu's harvest; the approaching meeting covered the coach with passengers, and placed on the seat opposite myself and companions, three gentlemen of very irritating physiognomies. He of the middle place had a pair of most inconvenient knees; they obtruded very disagreeably against mine; and might have proved of considerable annoyance, were not my attention kept on the stretch by the singularity of his aspect, and the no less strange direction of his mind. His eye was sharp and sunken; his forehead prominent, and his nose was of that Cromwellian cast which argues, at first sight, a world of energy. The gentleman on his right hand was of short stature, but great rotundity; his countenance an oval well filled, and his reclining forehead was covered with those puritanical locks which, with a slavish submission to the comb, are never known to rise in fashionable mutiny. Before I had completed my survey of his "bumps" he interrupted me by one of those preliminary interrogations which is called by lawyers a fishing question. He indirectly inquired if the Brunswickers would have a fine day on Penenden Heath on the following Friday. "I hope they will," replied him of the sunken eye. This reply seemed to give the querist much satisfaction; his eyelids expanded, and he proceeded to inquire if the interlocutor had read the Duke of Newcastle's letter.

"Every word," was the answer. "I like it much," "And so do I." "It will do a vast deal of good." "No doubt of it," rejoined the gentleman with the puritanical locks; "we want such men as his Grace." "Very much indeed," responded the other; "he is one of those inconsiderate babblers who, in the rudeness of folly, rend the thin veil which decorously conceals the views of bigots and monopolists. I don't know any man who has done more within the last ten months for the cause of liberality."

This reply produced a most disagreeable effect on the countenance of the other speaker; the sanguinary part of his nether lip disappeared, and the compression of the mouth produced a horizontal line across his face which might pass for thought, or the want of it. The citizen on my right interrupted the silence which ensued. "As for the papists," he said, "I can see no harm in 'em not I; only they send the church of England men to the devil." "Ay, ay," rejoined the fat enthusiast opposite, snatching comfort from this glimmer of intolerance, "they believe in exclusive salvation, and we only——"

"Swear," interrupted the encomiast of the Duke of Newcastle, "that they are damnable idolaters." "D——d stuff," said the other citizen, "the papists are men like Protestants; and let no 'un tell me that they ever did half what's set down for 'em in the 'Book of Martyrs.'" The puritan shook his head, and the citizen replied to it by declaring that it was all nonsense.

Another fit of silence ensued, and another short conversation. It was evident that the coach had been filled with discordant materials; but, as this is an age of politeness, we only made "discord sweet where difference could not come."

In due time we arrived at Canterbury; and I should willingly have proceeded to view the ecclesiastical antiquities of the place, had not my attention been attracted by that restless agitation of the people which indicates the presence of, what may be called, popular motives. There was evidently a strong feeling abroad, but not of a nature which could excite any violent alarm. There was a good deal of excitation—nothing more. Hope was on tiptoe, and every one seemed to look forward without fear of their individual principles being doomed to encounter defeat; and this consciousness of their own strength imparted to all that good humour which, under similar circumstances, would have prevailed nowhere but in England. "I'd be a Brunswicker" was chanted from inharmonious lungs to a circle of admirers in one street; and songs of opposite sentiments delighted an audience equally attentive in another. A straw, according to my Lord Bacon, (I like to quote high authorities) will serve to show what way the wind blows, and why not a ballad-singer point out the direction of popular opinion. For my part, the sentiments of the street syrens delighted me; their voices were not "most musical," neither were they "most melancholy," but they assured me that the cause of liberality had nothing to apprehend. Truth and justice had found its way into Canterbury; many of the citizens were busily employed in preparing for a popular movement to Penenden Heath; and, when individuals interest themselves in behalf of sound principles—when they voluntarily tax themselves to counteract the designs of bigots and intolerants—I cannot see why Catholics should despair.

I was so highly pleased with the liberals of Canterbury that it was

with feelings of a very agreeable nature that I proceeded next morning to Maidstone. It is true, I could have gone there directly from London; but I wanted to see the country—I wanted to see as many faces as I possibly could in the county of Kent, and to judge for myself respecting the amount of liberality abroad in this stronghold of intolerant sanctity. On my arrival at Maidstone I witnessed a similar display of popular feeling. Mr. Cobbett was scattering his "facts" through the town with the confidence of a man who never *acknowledged* defeat; and Mr. O'Leary of the British Catholic Association, with his unobtrusive zeal, had already interested several in the cause which he was delegated to forward, and which he knows so well how to serve without any ostentatious display of his labours. Having learnt that Mr. Cobbett was to dine at the ordinary I made one of the company, and was not a little surprised to find myself seated to the left of my friend with the troublesome knees. He seemed to regard the scene as well calculated to administer to what I could not help considering his satirical appetite, and listened with apparent attention to the observations which Mr. Cobbett was making. Cobbett's manner is peculiarly dogmatical; he delivers his opinions in conversation with oracular certainty; and the expression of his countenance is peculiarly insulting when he dissents from the opinion of another—it consists of a "piah," and a wrinkled approach of the lower part of the face towards the eyebrows which lean to meet it. On the present occasion he was surrounded by his disciples; no one disputed his political axioms; and even Mr. French seemed lost in the contemplation of the wonderful man by whom he was introduced to the farmers of Kent.

Mr. French is a remarkable contrast, in many respects, to his friend Cobbett. There is no analogy between them; the one presents the aspect of a man consumed by study or irritability; there is no superfluous flesh about him; and there is evidently much of the cynic, and nothing of the Democritus in his eye. His feelings, judging from the restlessness of his countenance, are too intense for ridicule; his casual look is pregnant with invective. Mr. Cobbett is the reverse of this; the first glance at his rotund face assures you that he has gone laughing through the world—that neither the national debt nor paper money has disturbed his digestive organs, or deprived him, for a single minute, of balmy sleep. Good humour is stamped upon his manly brow, and his physical proportions indicate at once a real John Bull; his dress evinces a studied contempt of fashion, but withal an attention to the good points of his person which shows that under an appearance of indifference lurks a very laudable vanity. There is no appearance of display, but there is an obvious desire not to offend against those dogmas which he has so frequently promulgated.

Their persons are not more unlike than their minds. Mr. French is one of the best classical scholars in England, but his propensity of resorting to the inane artifices of rhetoric gives to his speeches all the weakness and flatulency of schoolboy declamation. This is the reason why he is never heard long with pleasure. Cobbett knows nothing of the learned languages; he makes use of no classical figures; and he does not want them. His mind is stored with facts, and he is a stranger to timidity; he pours out the resources of a mighty intellect with ease and fluency; and is upon the whole one of the most graceful and effective speakers I ever heard. He speaks even more forcibly than he

writes; and graces his elocution with natural and becoming action. Such a man would be perfectly irresistible in a popular cause did he respect either truth or consistency. But he despises both; the creature of immediate impulses he overturns to-day what he asserted yesterday; and, from the vagrancy of his mind, his advocacy is almost as ruinous as his opposition. He has lived to witness the natural consequence of such variation—he is heard—but despised; and, though I knew his popularity was gone, I was not prepared for the general contempt which awaited him at Maidstone. Nine-tenths of those who attended the ordinary came from mere curiosity; they had no sympathy with him; and many of them did not conceal the slight value they placed upon his opinions, even whilst he was addressing the company. Amongst these was my satirical friend; he kept up a kind of running comment upon Mr. Cobbett's speech, and I confess his irony amused me. When the speaker pronounced the potatoe a "detestable root," "Mem!" said the satirist, "they were not introduced by the patron of Squash and Indian corn." When he eulogised his corn, "Mem!" ejaculated the cynic, "we don't forget your British Leghorn." "The Catholics," said Cobbett," "are actuated by the basest motives." "Hee!" was the comment, "vide the Political Register for 1824—5." When the speaker concluded, his observation was "All humbug!"

At length came the appointed day, big with the fate of bigotry and ignorance. I was on the heath at an early hour, and I never witnessed a more animated scene than it presented about eleven o'clock. A living mass of varied passions and principles was congregated on the spot, and the crowd was every moment augmented by the acquisition which it derived from the tributary streams of men which kept constantly pouring in. The liberals, conscious of a good cause, wore their hearts in their looks; cheers of recognition passed between them as they arrived upon the ground from opposite points; and now and then some smart sparring took place as they came in contact with the bigots. I have seldom witnessed a more gratifying sight than the approach of the Canterbury men. The ranks of the Brunswickers were dense and looked formidable; they carried green or rather yellow branches, emblematic, in October, of a falling cause, and were particularly noisy. They consisted, in general, of men of obtuse intellects and feeble minds. Those who yielded to the parson's persuasions, and those who dared not resist the commands of the landlords, formed the vanguard; and, had they not been well marshalled, would in all likelihood have voted, as chance directed, for either side of the questions; about its merits the majority of them evidently knew nothing, and many of them cared as little.

As the hour approached for the commencement of business, there was a great outpouring of bad spirit, every one had settled in his place; and, as a prelude to better eloquence, there was a general indulgence in Billingsgate. I cannot say much for the exalted sentiments of the "men of Kent;" their language was rather low, and their jokes extremely coarse, but all this seemed quite natural; no one appeared to regard it with displeasure; and, as I could not exactly partake of the merriment, I retired to a short distance; and while here I could not help admiring the scene before me. The coaches drawn up in semicircles were covered with anxious faces; and on a gentle rising ground several well-dressed ladies had taken their stations. No one could deny that they were *fair* politicians. On my return to the arena appointed

for the political combat, I found Mr. Cobbett endeavouring to address the meeting. He was only partially successful; the informality of the proceeding—for the sheriff had not arrived—gave his enemies an advantage in their interruptions, and, indeed, the number of his real friends were extremely limited. He is evidently not popular in Kent.

The confusion continued until after the chair had been taken; and it ought to be recorded, that the frequent interruptions which disgraced the proceedings of the day arose invariably from the Brunswickers. The fact is creditable to the liberals; it shows that their principles are the result of reflection; and, so persuaded were they of the goodness of their cause, and the weakness of that of their opponents, that they were eager to secure every one a patient hearing; they knew that the best arguments would have the greatest weight, and their opponents seemed to be of the same opinion, for they would not listen to sound arguments. Nothing could be more brutal throughout the day than their yells and clamour; the spirit of unfairness which animated them was an indirect homage to truth; and, when this is resorted to by our adversaries, we may prepare for a speedy victory. They are convinced that our cause must triumph; and none are more fully persuaded of this than the parsons. Their shovel hats were conspicuous amongst the crowd; and, in strength of lungs and want of good manners, they left their noisy competitors in the smock-frocks far behind. Their violence was particularly directed against Mr. Sheil, and when Mr. Shea arose they mistook that gentleman for the Irish agitator. In personal appearance they were totally unlike. Mr. Shea—so far as breadth of shoulders is concerned—is much better adapted for addressing a popular assembly; he is easier seen, and, though his face has nothing complaining in it, the tone of his voice is admirably suited for the stating of a grievance. His physical attributes, however, did not secure him much respect; and Mr. Sheil was treated in a manner the most disgraceful. The brutal yells with which he was assailed provoked him into an attitude of defiance; and I never witnessed any thing so bitter as his utterance of the sentence, "Ye parson-ridden Brunswickers!" It told admirably—it was a fine comment on the conduct of those who are always reproaching Catholics with being priest-ridden. A clergyman by whom I was standing had actually the virtue to blush. There was, too, something very manly in his appeal to the sheriff—it was a tacit charge of inhospitality; and the fanatical lines in my Lord Winchilsea's face relaxed into an expression half shame—half kindness. His better genius for a moment prevailed, and he made a slight effort to still the bigoted clamour, but his wonted humour returned, and he was not displeased perhaps that *all* could not hear the orator's vindication of the political tendency of Catholicism.*

On a review of the whole proceedings I am convinced we have cause to rejoice; all the intelligence of the assembly was on our side; and most certainly all the argument. A fact, too, of great importance was elicited from a venerable nobleman, once a lord-lieutenant in Ireland—it establishes the charge of bad faith against the English government.

* Mr. Sheil in his speech said he never read a sufficiently powerful reply to those who accuse Catholicism of a tendency to slavery, except in Mr. Cobbett's "History of the Protestant Reformation." Now it so happens that the part of Mr. Sheil's speech which relates to the subject is taken almost verbatim from the "Dublin and London Magazine," vol. I. p. 75 *et seq.* and the article on "Catholic England," in the third volume of the same work.—Ed.

ANTIQUITIES, FINE ARTS, &c.

Trial by Ordeal.—In the year 1219 trial by ordeal was abolished in England (Rymer's Fœd. p. 228.) "I observe," says Mr. Turner, "from the Rabbi Hirschel's sermon on the thanksgiving for the victory of Trafalgar, that even the Jews had the trial by battle. 'Our Rabbins directed a dispute about property between two parties, neither of which could produce evidence to substantiate his claim, to be settled by single combat, (Baba Bathra) from the conviction that a consciousness of truth and right gave additional confidence and strength to its possessor.' (Sermon, p. 12). He calls himself presiding Rabbi, erroneously styled High Priest."

The Glory.—The nimbus or glory which now encircles the heads of saints only, was, in the lower empire, a mark of regal distinction. It is seen round the heads of Constantine, Mauritius, Focas, and others; and appears to have been a modification of the rayed crowns of the Roman emperors. But from the time of Johannes Zemisces, and Justinian Rhinometus, it was exclusively confined to Christ, the Virgin, St. Demetrius, and other saints in the Greek church, and so it has been adopted and continued in the Latin.—*Walsh on Ancient Coins.*

Clocks.—The term *Horologia* occurs very early in different parts of Europe; but as this word, in old times, signified dials as well as clocks, nothing decisive can be inferred from it, unless it can be shown by concomitant circumstances or expressions, that it relates to a clock rather than a dial. Dante seems to be the first author who hath introduced the mention of an *orologio*, that struck the hour, and which consequently cannot be a dial, in the following lines:

"Indi come horologio che *ne chiami*,
Nel hora che la sposa d'Idio surge,
A mattinar lo sposo, perche l'ami."

Dante was born in 1265, and died in 1321, aged fifty-seven; striking clocks therefore could not have been very uncommon in Italy, at the latter end of the thirteenth century or the beginning of the fourteenth.

But the use of clocks was not confined to Italy at this period; for we had an artist in England about the same time, who furnished the famous clock-house near Westminster Hall with a clock to be heard by the courts of law, out of a fine imposed on the Chief Justice of the King's Bench, in the sixteenth year of Edward I, or in 1288.

Falconry.—The grand falconer and his duchess are endeavouring to revive this pastime of our ancestors. Hawking, it appears, was known to the ancients so early as the time of Ctesias, hares and foxes were hunted in India, by means of rapacious birds. The account of Aristotle, however, is still more to the purpose, and more worthy of notice. "In Thrace," says he, "the men go out to catch birds with hawks. The men beat the reeds and bushes which grow in marshy places, in order to raise the small birds, which the hawks pursue and drive to the ground, where the fowler kills them with poles." A similar account is to be found in another book ascribed also to Aristotle, which appears, at any rate, to be the work of an author not much younger, but with two additions, which render the circumstance still more remarkable. The first is, that the falcons appeared, when called by their names; and the second, that of their own accord they brought to the fowlers whatever they caught themselves. Nothing is here wanting but the spaniel employed to find out game, the hood which is put upon the head of the hawk while it is perched on the hand, and the thong used for holding it, to form a short description of falconry as still practised. Our falconers, when they have taken the bird from the hawk, give him, in return, a small share of it; and in the like manner the Thracian hawks received some part of their booty. Other writers after Aristotle, such as Antigonus, Ælian, Pliny, and Phile, have also given an account of this method of fowling.

Bishopric of Durham.—The clear yearly value of the bishopric of Durham in Bishop Tunstall's time, in 1534, was estimated at 2,748*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.* arising from the following rents, &c. viz. castle and mint, 8*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* farms and coroner's office, in Chester ward, 486*l.* 6*s.* 5*d.* ditto, in Darlington ward, 212*l.* 15*s.* 1*d.* ditto, in Easington ward, 396*l.* 2*s.* 4*d.* ditto, in Stockton ward, 214*l.* 4*s.* 5*d.* rents and farms in Sadberge, 290*l.* 12*s.* 8*d.* ditto, in Auckland, Gateshead, and Whickham, &c. 630*l.* spirituals, 87*l.* 13*s* 4*d.* in Norhamshire, site of Castle, &c. 120*l.* in Allertonshire, 18*l.* in Craike, 48*l.* 2*s.* in Howdenshire, 284*l.* 10*s.* 3*d.* palace in London, 18*l.* 1*s.* 4*d.* The present annual value is upwards of 80,000*l.*!!

Corporal Oath.—This term is derived, not from touching the New Testament, or the bodily act of kissing it, but from the ancient use of touching the *corporale*, or cloth, which covered the consecrated elements.

Filtration of Water.—The following experiments, which were made recently at Paris, to determine the comparative efficacy of different modes of filtration, and for an account of which we are indebted to "The Literary Gazette," are of a more satisfactory description than anything we have yet met with on the subject. They show, in a striking manner, the great difference between clear and pure water; a point little, if at all, attended to in the many filtering machines, "Patent," "Imperial," &c. which are daily thrusting themselves on the notice of the town.

"The first experiment was made upon about six gallons of water taken from the Seine, into which, for some days previously, a small portion of animal matter had been allowed to become tainted, so as to give a disagreeable taste and smell to the water. A portion of this water was then passed through a bed of charcoal, sand, and pebbles, according to the process adopted at the establishment for the supply of filtered water to the inhabitants of Paris. It was found, when filtered, to be perfectly free from the dirt which it had held suspended, and also very nearly deprived of the bad taste which had been conveyed to it by the animal matter. Its chemical properties, however, seemed to remain unaltered; and the gypsum, which the water of the Seine holds in solution so extensively, remained (it being proved on analyzation) almost as abundant in the filtered as in the unfiltered water. After this experiment, another portion of the water was filtered through a thin bed of animal charcoal, which was prepared by burning bones in a close crucible, with a kind of chimney to allow the escape of the gas. The water so filtered came out perfectly bright, entirely free from the odour, and taste which it had possessed, and was more brisk and sparkling than the result of the first filtration; no chemical change beyond this, however, seemed to have been produced. A third experiment was then tried with the remaining portion of the water. Into two gallons there was placed about one drachm of powdered alum; the water, after being stirred up, was allowed to remain quiet for twenty-four hours, at the expiration of which it was examined. This water, with the exception of an inch from the bottom of the vessel, was found to be more clear and sparkling than the result of the second filtration; it was perfectly pure in taste and smell, and was more brisk in the mouth than the other. Towards the bottom was a thick, cloudy, and light sediment, independent of the sand and other heavy particles which had been precipitated. This sediment, on being analyzed, gave strong evidence of the presence of putrid animal matter; whilst in the other precipitate were detected several grains of gypsum. It was then determined to ascertain what degree of astringency had been given to the water by the alum which had been introduced, and it was found that at least one-third of the alum had been neutralized, and that the remaining portion had not imparted to the water any astringency which could at all interfere with its valuable properties, or become injurious to the consumers. An equal weight of carbonate of soda, however, was subsequently introduced, so as entirely to neutralize any acidity which might be supposed to be in the water. The introduction of this soda gave no taste whatever to the liquid. The result of this experiment being considered very satisfactory, a simple and cheap filterer was constructed for domestic purposes. It is thus described in the letter from which we have taken the above particulars:—Into a wooden cask, of any size, set upright upon a stand, are placed two cocks,—one close to the bottom, and and the other six inches above it. The cask being filled with water, powdered alum, in the proportion of something less than half a drachm to each gallon, is stirred into the water. No water is drawn out for twenty-four hours; at the end of that time it is taken as wanted from the upper cock; and when no more remains, except what is below the upper cock, the water containing the sediment is let off by the lower cock, and the cask is then filled as before, for further use."

Manures.—Those manures which produce an immediate effect on plants, are not the most economical or permanent. The application of animal matter is prompt, but not lasting; and though rotten stable dung is generally made use of by gardeners, it is by no means the best; for the good it produces is transient. Substances which admit of speedy putrefaction, are most available to plants, but it appears the decayed parts of their own species have the most fertilizing properties. Potatoes grow most luxuriantly on ground manured with sprats; but it will not produce a crop equally good the following year. Ground, however, manured with wood-shavings will produce a better crop the sixth than the first year.

MONTHLY INTELLIGENCE.

English College, Lisbon.—Friday, Sept. 25, being the day appointed for the annual exhibition, was ushered in with all that ardour of expectation, which such an occasion naturally excites in the youthful mind. The piece selected for the performance of the day was the admired Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles. Decorations, suitable to the occasion, had been previously disposed in the hall, or exhibition room. A temporary palace had been erected for the unfortunate Œdipus, and the spectators were, as in the ancient amphitheatres, ranged in semicircular order round the opposite extremity of the apartment. At length the desired moment arrived. The doors are thrown open, and scene one commences by representing the Καδμου τιν τροφη seated, with supplicative branches, around the altar of Jove. In the course of the piece much ability was displayed: the characters of Œdipus, that of the priest of Jupiter, and of the shepherds, were particularly well supported. After each act the chorus assumed its station in front of the audience, and the animated appeals to the different divinities, with which this portion of ancient tragedy abounds, were delivered in a manner that reflected the highest honour on the performers. The female character of Jocasta was appropriately changed. In the dresses the ancient costume was strictly observed. That of Œdipus, during the four first acts, was particularly magnificent; forming a striking contrast with the mournful weeds which the unfortunate hero assumes in the fifth act. The play concludes by the chorogus, or leader of the chorus, coming forwards and delivering a few words, which may be termed the moral of the piece. The last stanza contains the following words:

"Let mortals hence be taught
To look beyond the present time,
Nor dare to say a man is happy,
Till the last decisive hour
Shall close his life without the taste of woe.

The audience then retired for a short time; and Œdipus and his Thebans again resumed the college dress. The disposition of places according to each one's merit and exertions during the last quarter, was then publicly read with an appropriate motto of praise, exhortation, or censure, addressed to each individual. The poems, and other pieces composed by the different competitors, followed. The subject of the Latin prize composition was the feast of Belshassar; of the English, the combat of David and Goliah. In Greek, the contest was decided by a translation from Virgil. The exhibitions then concluded, and the prizes were left to be distributed in the afternoon.

Birmingham.—The Catholics in Birmingham are building a large handsome school-room for children. The school is intended to be placed under the management of the sisters of charity, when their means shall enable its directors to effect this object. It is built near to St. Peter's chapel, and will be capable of containing at least two hundred children. It is intended to open it in January, 1829, with a bazaar, under very distinguished patronage. Solicitations are in progress among the Catholic ladies of this place for contributions on this occasion, and we confidently hope that those expectations which their unwearied charity has excited, will not be disappointed.

York Catholic Chapel.—High mass was celebrated at this chapel on Sunday, the 21st ult. at 10 o'clock, to upwards of one thousand people; and a fine selection of music, from Haydn and Mozart, was performed in a very superior style. The service commenced with Haydn's 'Kyrie,' from his Mass, No. 2. This was followed by Mozart's "Gloria in Excelsis," No. 12. "Credo," Haydn's, No. 1. Offertory: "Amplius lava me," a trio for a treble, counter-tenor, and bass; arranged from Sarti, by V. Novello. "Sanctus et Benedictus," Mozart's, No. 1. "Agnus Dei," solo and chorus from Mozart's, No. 1. The prayer for the king, "Domine salvum fac Regum," Novello.—Mr. Novello being on a visit in York, very kindly lent his valuable assistance, and was supported in the vocal department by Mr. Terrail, and the chapel choir, who exerted themselves to the utmost to give effect to the masterly productions of these celebrated authors. We noticed, in particular, the solo, "Agnus, Dei," of Mozart, sung by Miss Hill, in a very chaste and finished manner, highly creditable to her taste and science. The congregation left the chapel, evidently much gratified. Great praise is due to the very judicious and able arrangements made by Mr. J. Robinson, the organist of the chapel, for the accurate and correct manner in which the entire service was performed by the choir under his direction.

Sunderland.—A large organ is now building, by Mr. W. Davis, for the Catholic chapel at Sunderland; the agreement is for 300*l*. It is said to be one of

this gentleman's best productions It is proposed to open it on the *Feast of All Saints*, with a grand high mass; on which occasion it is expected the congregation will be delighted with the excellent singing of Mr. Shephard, Master Bonomi, and the rest of the choir from Ushaw College. The greatest praise is due to this poor Catholic congregation, who have reared this fine organ by small weekly contributions collected among themselves.

Edinburgh.—At the request of a number of gentlemen, the Right Rev. Alex. Paterson, Bishop of Cybistra, and one of the Vicars Apostolic in Scotland, has been prevailed upon to sit for his portrait, which has been taken by Mr. G. A. Lutenor, of this place. It is a full length, and does great credit to this rising Catholic artist.

A petition, signed by nearly two thousand Catholics of the congregation in Edinburgh has been presented to Dr. Paterson, begging his lordship not to remove their two respected clergymen, the Rev. Messrs. Reid and Bremner, who have been their pastors so many years. The answer given by his lordship, was that "He was sorry he could not comply with their request on account of the new appointments, and the arrangements to be made in the new vicariate;" In consequence of this, a general meeting of the Catholics in this town has been called, and a general subscription entered into, for the purpose of presenting the reverend gentlemen with some substantial tokens of the affection and esteem with which they are regarded by them. Subscription papers for this purpose are now laying at Mr. Forrest's, Princes Street; Mr. Zenoni's, Calton Street: Mr. Begley's, Bank Street: Mr. Kane's, St. Mary's Wynd, and Mr. O'Donnel's, Broughton Street, Edinburgh.

North Shields.—On Sunday, Oct. 12, at the Catholic Chapel, after an excellent sermon by the Rev. Thomas Gillow, a collection—the amount of which we have not ascertained—was made in aid of the funds of the North Shields and Tynemouth Dispensary.

Aberdeen.—On Sunday, the 5th of Oct. the consecration of the Rev. James Kyle, D.D. late president of the lowland College of Aquherties, took place at the Rev. Charles Gordon's Chapel, Aberdeen. The Right Rev. Doctors Paterson, M'Donald, and Penswick, assisted at the ceremony. The Right Rev. Andrew Scott, D.D. was also present. The Rev. John Murdock, of Glasgow, preached a most able sermon on the occasion. The ceremonies of the day were splendid and imposing.

New Catholic Mission, Gateshead.—We understand it is in contemplation to repair the old Catholic chapel of St. Edmunds, Gateshead, in the county of Durham; the venerable ruins of which have been so much admired by all travellers passing on the great North Road; a view and account of which appeared in the "Catholic Ladies' and Gentleman's Remembrancer for 1827."

History of England.—An abridgment of Dr. Lingard's "History of England" is in great forwardness, from the pen of a Catholic lady of great literary attainments.

BIRTHS.

On the 11th of Oct. at Swinburne Castle, in the county of Northumberland, the lady of Thomas Riddell, Esq. of a son and heir.

On the 6th of October, in Dean Street, Newcastle, the wife of Mr. Anthony Tarrelli, of a son.

On the 6th of October, Stowell Street, Newcastle, the wife of Mr. John Fenton, of a daughter.

MARRIED.

On the 5th of October, at Rothbury, in the county of Northumberland, Mr. John Snowdon, of Debdon Mill, to Miss Coxon, eldest daughter of Mr. Coxon, Thrum Mill.

On Wednesday, the 15th of October, at the Catholic chapel, Newcastle upon Tyne, by the Rev. James Worswick, and afterwards at the church, Gosforth, Mr. Thomas Reaveley, of Newcastle, merchant, to Miss Sands, daughter of the late Mr. Sands, Morpeth, surgeon.

OBITUARY.

On the 15th of October, Mrs. Teresa Ann M'Stay, aged 31.

On the 3d of October, suddenly, Mrs. Mary Wingate, wife of Mr. Richard Wingate, Percy Street, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

THE

CATHOLIC MISCELLANY.

DECEMBER, 1828.

NOTES ON THE NETHERLANDS.

In that general love of wandering which latterly has become so fashionable, most tourists are governed, either by a desire of getting rid of their leisure in a manner that will afford the least time for *ennui*, and the most for seeming occupation, or by a certain ambition of being able to affirm that they have *seen* certain countries and cities; or, perhaps, even excited by the more laudable pursuit of intellectual improvement, seeking to examine into the political and moral condition of the different kingdoms,—to contrast the defects and superiority of their governments with that of our own—and to extend their information and moderate their opinions by a more enlarged acquaintance with mankind. To those who travel from the latter motives, few countries will be found to possess more useful interest than Belgium; and, from the same reasons which would render this country attractive to a mere citizen of the world, it will be found to have more particular claims on the attention of an Irish Catholic. For many centuries, the condition of its inhabitants was analogous to that of the Irish: oppressed and proscribed by the tyranny of Spain, the system of national exclusion by which they were governed strongly resembled that under which the Irish people were coerced; although the spirit, which frequently impelled them into a resistance of the power under which they succumbed, was far different from that spirit of quiescence and patient endurance, by which the Catholic Irish permitted themselves to be swayed. The Irish did not look upon the philosophy of government in the same light as the Belgians; and they continued the play-things of their conquerors. Happily for the history of the world, the similarity soon began to grow more indistinct. Circumstances favouring the Fleming, enabled him to shake off the thraldom of Spain, and win a little breath of civil sunshine and peace. The government of Spain was exchanged for that of France; and, in the march of events, that mighty Revolution, to which, although frightful and bloody in its progress, mankind are debtors for a more diffused knowledge of their rights and a more general respect for popular liberty, proudly lifted them up from their prostration; and, assisted by the valour of her own sons, Belgium assumed a place among the kingdoms of the earth. Would to Heaven that the analogy which exists between the early history of both countries, had not ceased at the period of Belgian emancipation.

To the eye of the most indifferent traveller, the Netherlands present a variety of interest. There is not a city, I had almost said not a division of land, which is not associated with some stirring recollection of past ages:—the struggles of a brave and spirited people—the exertions of a nation bounding into freedom—and the improvements and successes of commerce and the arts. The present political existence of the Fleming comes into contrast with that of the Irish helot, in a point of view, that forcibly reflects the disadvantages and injustices of our

position. Both kingdoms are governed by a Protestant King, and the religion of the majority in both is Catholic, and yet how opposite is the policy that has been observed towards either nation. In one, the monarch has acted upon the dictates of common reason and sound legislation; he has conceded an equal participation of immunity and privilege to every class and sect within his realm; and, instead of teaching his subjects to be discontented and complaining, he has made it their interest to be good and industrious citizens. In the other, it would appear that common sense had no voice in the enactments of the legislature; it has become a part of its constitution to harass and degrade a large proportion of its people; and, instead of cementing the power of the throne by an amalgamation of every rank and creed in a national rivalry of fair emulation, they refuse to remove that line of odious distinction, which keeps alive a hateful and factitious ascendancy of wealth and religion over industry and talent. The doctrines professed by the majority of both countries are the same; and yet, while the king of the Netherlands can discover no insecurity in extending universal toleration to all grades of his subjects, the sovereign of Great Britain is told that the ruin of his power and the overthrow of his authority would be the consequence of conceding the entire enjoyment of their chartered rights to seven millions of devoted subjects. One country has passed through the fire of tribulation, and is at rest. The sword of persecution is still suspended over the other, and her peace is violated and the homes of her children insecure. In the *Pays Bas*, they are all Belgians and Christians; they are acquainted with no distinction of creed; and while they all worship the Deity in the ardour and sincerity of their souls, the rancour and heart-burning of faction are silent among them. In Ireland, the character of Irishman becomes lost in the odious distinctions of political party; for, after all, religious differences finally resolve themselves into that; and, instead of uniting for the advancement of their mutual benefit, the strong seek to grind down the weak, and the few to ride rough-shod over the many. This is a painful contrast, I will allow; but one which constantly forces itself upon the mind; and which, in visiting the Netherlands, must unavoidably occur to every thinking patriot.

As the birth-place of Vandyke and Reubens, the Low Countries will have another charm for the lover of the arts; and its numerous collections of paintings, comprising most of the *chef d'œuvres* of their celebrated masters, give a very attractive addition to the curiosities of its cities. Indeed, the history of the middle ages is replete with Flemish names; and there are few towns that do not possess some thing calculated to remind us of these facts and awaken the reflections attached to them. The people are a light-hearted and a kind race, made for quiet enjoyment; and, by no means inferior to Englishmen in point of comfort and external civilization. But I anticipate.

It was late in the past summer, when I adopted the resolution of paying a short visit to the continent. Some months lay at my disposal, and as I felt willing to relax a mind, which, for some time, had been considerably on the stretch, it seemed to me that I could not employ my leisure to more advantage than in a tour through the Pays Bas. Full of the impressions which I have expressed above, I communicated my intention to two of my *compatriots*, and having ascertained that they

were inclined to bear me company, we left London on a bright and sparkling morning, having previously fortified ourselves with passports from his Excellency, at Bryanstone Square. The next morning saw us on board the "Fury," government packet, at Margate, bound for Ostend. It was a clear and sunny day; the green sea rolled around us, and as the paddles of the steamer foamed and rioted with the wanton spray, the coast of England rapidly withdrew into the blue distance;—fair and beautiful, notwithstanding all the faults and injustices of her masters. Though sailing in the wind's eye, we were fortunate in having a tranquil sea; and after a monotonous day, with the exception of an occasional vessel dipping on the horizon, we got a glimpse of the Belgian shore, as evening began to thicken upon us. A few turrets scattered along the coast gleamed before us, then a long ridge of flat, though banked up country, and lastly the fortifications extending along the town.

It was low water as we approached the harbour, the entrance to which is protected by a large and dangerous sand-bar. However, as the waves slept calmly and the winds lay hushed, the captain had the lead thrown out, determined on attempting a passage, which, in more tempestuous weather, would have been eminently hazardous. But a few moments of experiment convinced him of its impracticability. The vessel touched, and then heaved from side to side, as if she would momentarily dip in the gulph beneath. It was a thoughtful hour, the stars were out and night was over the earth; and while the vessel continued to rock along that immense surf, a dead and gloomy silence reigned on board—deeply awful, notwithstanding the frequent assurance of the impossibility of danger. A few female hearts were beating heavily, nor did they resume their proper pulsation, until the ship was again rolling in the wide and gentle sea. Learning that the tide would not be sufficient to float us to the quay until a much later hour, we stepped into a boat that had come to receive the mail, and felt ourselves, for the first time, in the company and territory of a people, utterly foreign. We were some distance from the place of landing; there was a timid undulation on the surface of the bay, the night stars shone in their reflected brightness, on the beautiful mirror of the waters; and, although wearied from the sickening fatigue of the voyage, we possessed sufficient animation to enjoy the foreign dialect of the boatmen, and the regular and not unmusical plashing of their oars, as they flashed on the wave. On landing, however, all our poetry was put to flight by the querulous supplications of some half-dozen satellites of the different hotels, who, in a confused jargon of English, French and Flemish, were earnest in recommending their respective establishments. A little patience will soon inform these gentry of the inutility of their claims; at least, we discovered it to be the case; and after depositing our passports with the chief of police—a handsome, military looking personage—we were glad to seat ourselves down at the Hotel d' Angleterre,—an old, heavily constructed building of the last century, with massive oaken window-frames and door posts, and lofty, venerable looking apartments; but where good accommodation, on moderate terms, is afforded by the English proprietor.

The next day being Sunday, we remained at Ostend, which amply repaid us for the delay. As we rose in the morning, and heard the bells tolling from the cathedral, and saw the people hastening to "prevent the sun," in paying their homage to the God of mercies, it was a proud sen-

sation to think that we were among a people essentially Catholic. The faith of the apostles had remained to them, in its pomp and glory; and while many of the surrounding kingdoms were bending the knee to Baal, they had preserved their truth and allegiance, unviolated and inviolable. We heard mass at the cathedral, an old yet simple structure;—imposing, when contrasted with those of our own land, but inferior, when placed by the side of the magnificent temples, with which the Low Countries are studded. The aisles and body of the building were filled; and the pervading piety and abstracted devotion, which all evinced,—the young and the old, the gay and the serious—stood forward in strong evidence of the sincerity and sanctity of their religion. Outside the church, is a curious representation of purgatory, worked in rude and tasteless carving. I have observed many such accompaniments of Catholicism throughout the Netherlands; and however they may occasionally assist in rivetting the attention or rousing the devotion, it seems to me that they form a method of preaching, that would be "more honoured in the breach than the observance." At least, such representations and figures may be the subject of some abuse, while they can do little for any real purpose of edification; and, therefore, it appears more advisable, that, where the liability of abuse exists, the cause should not be allowed to continue. Such figures often furnish occasion to the ignorance of Protestants to cavil and condemn. They see the outward symbol; they do not enquire into its references or bearings, and thus, without knowing the reason of their condemnations, they return to England with their prejudices encreased, and their ignorance more inveterate. Whereas, were they to give themselves the trouble of examination; were they to learn from the people themselves, what were the feelings attached to the veneration of these figures, instead of drawing their conclusions from their own misconceptions, they would soon begin to regard the creed and its appendages, in a different and more rational light. I have often adopted such a plan; I have interrogated the lowest, and those who seemed the least instructed, on various points of their belief, and their answers invariably have been such as to satisfy me, that they knew "the faith which was in them." Seated in the *coupé* of the diligence between Viviers and Aix-la-Chapelle, I commenced conversation with the *conducteur*. He was a German, an elderly man, with a finely marked countenance, and had served during greater part of the continental campaigns under Napoleon. He showed a sabre cut on his thumb, which he had received at Waterloo, under the banners of Blucher, and told tales of the Pyrenees and the Alps, Italy and Spain. During our journey, we passed several crosses, which stood at intervals on the road, to remind the passenger of the sufferings and love of his Saviour. And this, I thought, was a good opportunity of ascertaining the principle on which the lower orders respected these figures; and, in a tone of doubt, almost of sarcasm, I asked him what was the meaning of the crosses which we so frequently passed? From a gay and lively tune which he was humming, he immediately altered the expression of his countenance, and with befitting solemnity, said, that they were placed there to bring to the recollection of "all, who passed that way," the mercy and goodness of the redeemer, and excite them to stop and offer an orison to the throne of their maker. "And do you," I demanded, "say your prayers every time that you pass one of these crosses?" "Not every time," he replied, "but I never pass them without thinking!" This is the literal

translation of the circumstance, and similar were the answers always given to similar questions. Thus, at Maestricht, I was both gratified and edified by reading the inscription which is appended to a crucifix that is situated in the front of the cathedral, facing the superb *Place d'Armes*.

"Effigiem Christi, dum transis, pronus adora,
Non tamen effigiem, sed quem designat, adora."

That the sentiment should lose none of its efficacy, it was translated into Flemish; but to return.

Ostend is an ancient town with little commerce, and having the grass growing luxuriantly in many of its streets. We read of its existence so early as 810; and there is a charter bestowing several privileges upon it, bearing date 1072. In the time of the Spaniards it underwent a siege of three years and three months, during which 50,000 of the garrison and 80,000 of the besiegers perished. This occurred between the years 1601-4. The streets are well paved with broad stones, like those used at Bristol, and the houses built for enduring. It has a pretty square, with a Hotel de Ville, not unworthy of inspection. The costume of the female part of the community is singular; perhaps the more apparent, as being the place where we first become introduced to Flemish habits. Every class roam about with a certain simplicity of dress and quietness of manner, that strikes the stranger as something to which he has been unaccustomed; and so unaffected is the fashion of their toilet, that a foreigner will sometimes be at a loss to distinguish between those of gentle blood and those of the more unpretending order. Yet, many a soft eye, and rosy cheek, and pretty mouth, well compensate for the absence of these distinctions which mistaken vanity often suggests. The fortifications at Ostend are superb, built in a very elegant and finished style, with the waves eternally breaking in and chafing with the barriers that chide their impatience, and command an extensive sea prospect. They form a favourite promenade for the inhabitants; and when crowded on a Sunday, with the military lounging about, and the belles of the neighbourhood giving their charms to be freshened by the breeze, constitute a pretty scene.

In all the Flemish towns there is a place of public resort for the middling classes, yclept "Estaminet," where they smoke their pipes, drink, "un grand verre de Skedam," or, more generally, a glass of weak beer, and chat for a couple of hours. They are frequented by the independent shop-keepers and tradesmen, and afford a very popular retreat for the evening. Into one of these we sometimes ventured; and never could we refrain from admiring the feeling and the industry which permitted the people to appropriate a few hours to quiet enjoyment—far removed from riot or debauchery. When the business of the day has been accomplished, these houses begin to fill; the people flock together. Some of them indulge in a game of billiards,—for a billiard table is an indispensable acquisition of such places—others talk over their successes and their projects, discuss the little scandal of their society, and never exceed two or three glasses of *Faro*. I acknowledge no principle which can supply argument against the social recreations of the more humble ranks of society; nothing that should militate against their participating in the hour of amusement and pleasure; while they do not trespass on the prescriptions of moderation, they are as much entitled to the indul-

gence of the ale-house, as their more elevated fellow mortals are to that of the ball-room or the supper-table. To one who can be glad to witness the happiness of his brother men, a Flemish estaminet unfolds an agreeable and congenial picture. Occasionally, an itinerant minstrel will enter the room, and flinging his fingers across a well-toned harp, chaunt one of their lively songs; which, although the Flemish is but little the language of poetry, are not disagreeable nor unmusical.

On the day that we spent at Ostend, was the celebration of an annual *fête*, denominated the *Karemesse*, at a little village, within three miles of the town. Thither we repaired, as the novelty suggested a pleasing mode of beguiling the evening. Our way was along a splendid canal, well banked, and peopled with a variety of hamlets, whose variegated cottages, smiling in the distance, gave a picturesque and beautiful colouring to the scene. The road was swarming with the multitude, "in their holiday clothes;" and on arriving at *Saar*, the soul of gaiety and merriment seemed to have infused itself into the hearts and limbs of all. Attached to the houses of entertainment, were gardens neatly laid out and disposed for the accommodation of the many, who had come to mingle in the pleasures of the season. Through these we loitered for an hour; many of them were engaged by the military and individuals of the most respectable station, and all appeared to be governed by one impulse of harmless and happy revelry. From an upper room the sounds of music broke in quick and merry time, for here the dancers were performing their duties with inconceivable good-will and activity. We visited two of these apartments, but the heat and crowd were so oppressive, that we hurried into the open air as soon as possible. The *Karemesse* is a description of festival very generally observed on the continent. It continues during three days, and is held sacred with religious punctuality.

In this article I have dwelt longer on abstract principles and general customs than I shall consider it necessary to do in my future communications under the same head. My note-book warns me that there is something of interest to be detailed; yet, as I do not propose to enter into all the minutiæ that former travellers have recounted, and which may be detected in any modern itinerary, I shall make my papers rather a vehicle for observation on the political and moral condition of the places which I have visited, than a means for exhibiting to the public, the filled-up skeleton of my journal. There are many questions of such a nature, connected with Belgium, the examination of which may be productive of some amusement and much advantage. We were fortunate in having had many opportunities of inquiring into the nature and effects of the concordat lately entered into between his Holiness and William I.; and as this is a matter not devoid of interest to the generality of my readers, I hope to be able to afford some information thereupon that may not be altogether unimportant. We are now about to start for Bruges, but as my foolscap is at its close, and my pen aches from this unwonted exercise, I must defer that part of my tale for another number.

My pen is at the bottom of a page,
Which being finished, here the story ends,
'Tis to be wished it had been sooner done,
But stories somehow lengthen when begun. D. S. L.

LINES

WRITTEN FROM THE RECOLLECTION OF THE LATTER MOMENTS, PREVIOUS TO MY LAST DEPARTURE FROM HOME.

'Twas a fair morning, and the day
In crimson curled upon the wave,
Giving its glory to the gay
Fond things of earth, the good, the brave,
Mountain and valley, hill and glen,
Put on their robe of light again,
And green and fresh they looked, as though
Years had not pressed upon their brow.

The calm lake was before me, and
No wild breeze stirred its sleepy breast,
Gentle and still, as if the hand
Of storm, had never woke its rest.
I looked upon it; 'twas an hour
To feel and worship Nature's power,
At altars God himself hath made—
Shrines that should never fall nor fade!

And I did kneel and worship there,
With all intensity of heart,
Making to Heaven my farewell prayer,
Ere I, from this loved land should part.
Before me, spread the Abbey's shade,
Where slept and sleep my kindred dead,
And round me was a rush of thought,
Which the dark past about me brought.

'Twas placid all in Heaven, and earth
Dreamed on a couch of quiet too,
And the far mountains of my birth
Smiled in their drapery of blue;
And yet a weight of darkness clung
Unto my heart——I stood among,
That elfin scene, the only one,
Who did not bless the genial sun!

Green hills and still more lovely lake,
'Tis long since I have said farewell!
When next I mark the morning break
Over each haunted isle and dell,
An altered, yet a wayward thing,
I still shall love thee, still shall cling
With all a poet's love, and woo
The world to do, the very worst that world can do.

Within my father's halls there are
Glad faces that will brighten all,
And hearts, whose thrilling pulses were,
Aye true to Nature's fondest call;
A mother's love—the truest, best,
That ever warmed a mother's breast—
A sister's virtues—still remain,
As then they were, to bid me welcome once again!

Frankfort, Sur-Mayne. D. S. L.
Oct. 9, 1828.

THE LAST DAYS.*

However awful the title which we encountered on opening this volume, it produced a less solemn effect upon us than the appearance of the athletic author the first time we had the curiosity to see him mount the sacred rostrum from which he is in the habit of dealing "damnation round the land." It is not necessary now to furnish the reader with his portrait; it is universally known that he has got an obliquity of vision which enables him to keep at the same time an eye upon both worlds;—heaven and earth have an equal share of his attention; and though he appears indifferent, if you take his own word for it, about the creature-comforts, he is most solicitous regarding his personal appearance. A studied neglect gives him that Calvinistic cast of countenance which did such wonders for John Knox, and no coquette ever did so much execution by the artful disposition of her hair. His flowing locks, black as the raven's wing, descend in puritanic regularity; and the shake of his head which arranges them, when they obtrude on his eyes, adds to that sanctified ferocity of his manner which inflames the piety of the Anglo-Caledonians. He is a holy lion aroused into indignation at the iniquities of an abominable world. His sacred oratory is part and parcel of himself, it is affectation, and the matter is in perfect keeping with the manner. Words, words, words, constitute the beginning, middle, and end; and if a gleam of common sense breaks now and then upon the dull monotony of the discourse, it comes as it were to assure us that Mr. Irving could do better if he would condescend to be rational. We have no doubt whatever of his sanity; but he will excuse if we are less explicit respecting his sincerity.

The world, no doubt, is extremely anxious to know the particulars of the private life of such a man; and, for the purpose we are sure of gratifying so laudable a curiosity, Mr. Irving has insinuated a piece of autobiography into the dedication. "Now for as much," he says, "as we (Rev. Edward Irving, William Dinwiddie, and William Hamilton) have endured together much grievous misrepresentation of our enemies, for these six years, I count it good to put upon record in this place, and under the sanction of those to whom the truth of what I am to state is so well known, certain facts connected with my coming to this city; because, I think, they form another testimony to God's faithfulness, and another encouragement for all devoted ministers, and for all dispersed flocks, to put their trust in the great head of the church."

Preferring the honourable calling of a missionary to even the bishopric of Canterbury were it offered him ("sour grapes,") he heard with delight that he could be of use to the souls of all the presbyterians in the metropolis. "The merchant shepherds—the hireling pastors" scorned him "when he laid down the spirit of the apostolic missionary (?)" but the result is "a justification of God's Providence, and a refutation of my most calumnious enemies."

Before proceeding to London, he thought proper to qualify himself for the duties of a preacher, by making a journey to—the Highlands. He

* "The Last Days:" a discourse on the evil character of these our times: proving them to be the "Perilous Times" of the "Last Days." By the Rev. Edward Irving, A. M. minister of the National Scotch Church, Regent Square. London, 1828. Seeley.

wished to acquire a knowledge of the Erse, but how that ancient tongue could be useful to him in London is somewhat difficult to conjecture. The Vicar of Wakefield's son went to Holland for the purpose of teaching Dutchmen English, and did not discover until he reached the Hague that a knowledge of the Dutch would greatly facilitate his labours. Mr. Irving did not commit quite so palpable a blunder; but we question if he has found since his arrival that Cockneys are in the habit of saying their prayers in the Celtic tongue. Expatriated Donalds, do not trouble the Caledonian chapel with their presence; broad Scotch being, according to a veracious authority, the language of Paradise, is the only dialect familiar to Mr. Irving's flock. If he has not found the Erse useful, his visit to Sunderland was not unproductive of benefit; for, we suspect, it was in these sublime wildernesses that he acquired that gift of the second sight which has enabled him to forewarn a thoughtless world of the rapid approach of "The last days."

It ought to be more generally known that he "came up on the day before the Christmas of 1821, to make trial and proof of his gifts."—"Wherewith being satisfied, I took my journey homewards, waiting the good pleasure of the great head of the church. Many were the difficulties and obstacles which Satan threw in the way." The trial of his gifts but ill accorded, we should think with one whose views were so spiritualised; but he does not appear to have considered it any degradation to submit a specimen of his *work*—after the manner of a blacksmith. He was accepted however, and "For one year, or nearly so, beginning with the second Sabbath of July 1822, our union went on cementing itself, by mutual acts of kindness, in the shade of that happy obscurity which we then enjoyed. And I delight to remember that season of our mutual love and confidence; because the noisy tongues of men and their envious eyes were not upon us. And you know, and can bear testimony, whether the public opinion, or the desire of it, had any thing to do with the nature of my pulpit discourses or private ministrations. I can say with a safe conscience, that to this hour it never cost me a thought to gain it, nor to keep it, nor to lose it. I count it so volatile and so wicked, that, upon the whole, I would rather have it against me than with me. Yet can I not look back, upon the second, and third, and fourth years of my ministry, without astonishment and amazement, that God should have honoured a man unknown, despised, and almost outcast (save by you and a small, small remnant of my native church), to preach his gospel to every rank and degree of men, from the lowest, basest of our press hirelings, up to the right hand of royalty itself. Of this honour I will boast, and none shall prevent me boasting of it, in that spirit, I trust, of foolishness for Christ's sake in which Paul boasted before the churches of Achaia. My God honoured his servant, whom the religious world despised. By a man spoken against, reviled, suspected, and avoided, by those who usurp the Evangelical name as if it were all their own, my God did speak unto the heads and representatives and nobles and princes of this nation. In the review of which high and honourable distinction, I desire again to humble myself before God, as his most unworthy servant; and especially to acknowledge that power which he gave me to speak, without fear or dread, his holy word unto princes."

Mr. Irving's modesty does him great honour; but who were the princes who listened to his preaching in Hatton Garden? The audience however increased; and a new tabernacle arose near Regent Square. "They

who have given of their substance in its behalf, will know themselves no poorer." This is a comfortable assurance, and coming from one who foresees the immediate approach of the "last days," is the more worthy of credit. They have too the consolation to know that they have opposed a barrier to the flood of iniquity that deluges the land. "My conviction is, dearly beloved brethren, that many trials and many sacrifices abide us. The spirit of the church, and the spirit of the nation, grows worse and worse. The times are both perilous and evil. This city is the place in which the church will have to abide a fearful struggle. We are not unknown, nor unnoticed, by the enemies of Christ. Satan owes us many a grudge; and he will come; and whatever he hath in us he will wrench away from us."

We live, if Mr. Irving be correct, and he speaks positively, in "The Last Days;" for "After Christ, for it is no other, had revealed all the mysteries up to the resurrection of the saints, Daniel heard (ver. 6) a questioner ask further information as to the time, 'how long it should be to the end of these wonders.' Who received for answer, that it should be for 'a time, times, and a half;' that is, the period of the little horn's tyranny over the saints: but how much longer he saith not, but signifieth that it should be for a season longer, until God should have accomplished to scatter (that is, should be done or finished with scattering) the power of the holy people; then all these things should be finished. That is to say, they would run through the papal period, and continue till the restoration of the Jews. Daniel, not understanding this, because it was sealed till the times of the end, and hath only lately been opened, did inquire at one of the questioners, 'What shall be the end of these things?' and in answer received this information (ver. 11): 'From the time that the daily sacrifice shall be taken away, and the abomination which maketh desolate set up, there shall be a thousand two hundred and ninety days. Blessed is he that watcheth, and cometh to the thousand three hundred and thirty days.' All the time up to the conclusion of the papal usurpation is reckoned by times, being one thousand two hundred and sixty days; but all beyond it is reckoned by days, being thirty days and forty-five days, these being the odd days over the three times and a half; a time or year being three hundred and sixty of these days, as we learn from the Apocalypse. (Compare xi. 2, 3, with xii. 6, 14.) The times and the fulness of the times, so often mentioned in the New Testament, I consider as referring to the great period numbered by times; the days, to the thirty and the forty-five days by which the course of the Lord's purposes overwent the three times and a half. Of these days, I should consider the forty-five days to be the last of the days in which these great events are to be revealed. Now if this reasoning be correct, as there can be little doubt that the one thousand two hundred and sixty days concluded in the year 1792, and the thirty additional days in the year 1823, we are already entered upon the last days, and the ordinary life of a man will carry many of us to the end of them. If this be so, it gives to the subject with which we have introduced this year's ministry, a very great importance indeed. Further, if you will look to the opening of this vision (x. 14), you will see a great confirmation of this our conclusion; for it is there said, that this vision was expressly given to show him 'what should befal his people in the latter days.' Now in all the vision the Jewish people are not once mentioned till xii. 1, when they are delivered immediately upon the fall of Anti-

christ; which is not yet happened, and is, as we believe, just about to arrive."

This is very intelligible, and forcibly reminds us of the observation of a learned Abbé, which is by no means very complimentary to those who familiarise themselves with the mysteries of the Apocalypse, a strait-waistcoat being necessary either before or after the commencement of their studies. Mr. Irving, however, has some misgivings on the subject; but to make assurance doubly sure, he proceeds to justify *his* interpretation by adducing testimonies from the iniquities of the age. In the first place men do not pay that reverence which they ought to do to a sermon, even though it be delivered in the Caledonian chapel; they speak of it "with the same gesture of the hand, smiting the body in the same place with which they speak of a dinner," (below the pit of the stomach—the gourmands!) "It did me good, sir,—I felt the better for it!" Blasphemous!

Besides this is an age of covetousness, "And whether this be not the character of trade and merchandize, and traffic of every kind, the great source of those evils of over-trading which are every where complained of, I refer to the judgment of the men around me, who are engaged in the commerce and business of life. Compared with the regular and quiet diligence of our fathers, and their contentment with small but sure returns, the wild and wide-spread speculation for great gains, the rash and hasty adventures which are daily made, and the desperate gamester-like risks which are run, do reveal full surely that a spirit of covetousness hath been poured out upon men within the last thirty or forty years." Our fears we confess here begin to subside. The "Oracle of God," as Mr. Irving, with holy familiarity calls himself or his book, is here at fault; the interpreter is hard to be understood at all times, but here he is evidently in error, in a mere matter of fact. It is well known, on the Royal Exchange, that the dangers of commercial enterprise have latterly greatly diminished, notwithstanding the flood of cant with which newspaper men have deluged the reading public. Storms no longer alarm the merchant—Lloyd's provide all accidents of the weather; and the frequency of intercourse has enabled the speculator to calculate the amount of risk before he ships his goods. As for profits, it is well known our forefathers—good men as they were—would have lifted up their eyes in wonder, could they have contemplated the miserable per centage with which their degenerate children of the city are obliged to be content. But these are questions of political economy, and what cares the Rev. Edward Irving for political economy—that science he is convinced is the harbinger of Antichrist!

Commercial men, however, are not the only worshippers of mammon, the religious world have grievous sins to answer for on this head. "You have only to be present and hear what is the first subject of conversation in all their meetings, and the great theme of their delight: is it not the state of their funds? What the great end of their speeches? the increase of donations and subscriptions: What the great labour of their travellers, and what the proof of their success? the amount of their in-gatherings. What the qualification for honourable office? the amount of your contributions. What the great fear and apprehension? lest the funds should fall off. What, in short, the bulwark of their strength, and the anchor of their hope, and the assurance of their faith? If these things do not

betray a covetous spirit in this religious world, I know not where it is to be met with elsewhere.

"And I must say, that the art of raising money hath been carried to a refinement in the religious world, which I have never seen any thing equal to elsewhere. They say, for the end of doing good with it; so would the merchants say. They say, for the spreading of the gospel; I have shown that it is never contemplated by our Lord in his instructions, as at all a means of spreading the gospel. But if it be as a means to a most excellent end they seek it, why hear we little or nothing comparatively of the glorious end; nothing about the other means, but all, or almost all, about this one paltry means? And no one who hath an eye to observe, or an ear to hear, but will justify me in saying, that in comparison with any former age of the Protestant church, the covetousness of the religious societies of the religious world passeth all bounds.

They are as covetous, he says, as the begging friars, but the comparison, we suspect, will not reconcile the Bible Society to the candour of the Reverend Oracle. We happen, however, to recollect being present at a religious, tax-levying meeting some one or two years since, at which our author played a "fantastic trick"—that of depositing his watch in the hands of the chairman until he should be able to release it by the proceeds, we think, of the work before us. But that was merely gaining *time* by parting with his repeater.

The religious world is no longer characterised by holiness; every one is a boaster. "Our charities are written down and published with our names and sirnames; our acts are set forth in public reports and proclaimed at market crosses. And, in short, there wanteth nothing to complete the parallel between us and the ancient Pharisees; yet are we boastful of the age. * * And I warn you, above all, against boasting of the enlightened age, which is nothing short of advancing Satan's glory, as the bright archangel of liberality, above Christ the bright and the morning star. For any one to say that we are more enlightened than our fathers in divine, moral, and political truth, is to say that the age of infidelity is more bright and glorious than the age of religion." To this we willingly subscribe, and we are glad to find the contemplation of it has inspired Mr. Irving with a spirit of penitence, "Oh!" he exclaims, "how glad were I that God would yield to us among the churches the distinction of being continually girded with sackcloth and covered with ashes!" We have some hopes that Mr. Irving may one day become a convert to that church which he loaths so much. "There is," he says, "another fruit of self-love, consisting in the conceit of those distinctions which God hath bestowed on us, and the use of them to our own and not unto his glory, and whether this, also, be not a character of the times in which we live, I refer to your own observation and honest judgment. Cast your eyes backward, and remember the character of the various ranks and distinctions of life; how much more condescension there was of the higher to the lower; how much more obligation was felt from the rich to the poor; how much more devotedness unto God shown forth in the charitable foundations, for the advancement of education, for the bringing forward of the gifted youth in humble life, for lectureships in churches, and for the erection of churches themselves!" This surely must refer to anti-reformation times; for we cannot discover any means of applying it to subsequent ages.

Among the other indication of the approach of "The Last Days." *Pride* ought not to be omitted.

"If pride be the comparing of ourselves with others, and the casting of the scale in favour of ourselves, then know I where it is to be found. Nor because it is spiritual pride is it the less, but as I judge the more, hateful in the sight of God. To see no faults in ourselves, to bear the mention of none, to allow of no passing beyond our condition, and to hold all which is higher than we as wicked Antinomianism; to take lessons from no one, and to give lessons to every one; to regard all things according to their bearing upon us, and to favour them according as they favour us; if these be the marks and signs of pride, I know where to find it most triumphant, in these times, even amongst those who are continually speaking of humility. But true humility doth not speak much of itself, but sitteth still and listeneth and learneth. It is generally held that sectarian pride is greatly diminished in these times. I believe the very reverse, that it never raged with more virulence, but that the thick cloak of hypocrisy and expediency hath covered it from our view. There is an universal appearance of charity amongst the sects of the church; but I know that, at bottom, there is little or none. There is, indeed, a great ignorance of those things for which our fathers contended in open controversy, concerning which of course there can be no controversy. And there is a most culpable indifference towards things which our fathers would have given up twenty lives rather than have surrendered. If such ignorance of points of controversy, and such indifference to points of orthodox faith, are to be accounted as signs of humility, then I will admit the claim of the religious world to humility; but if they be the signs of what they really are—that is, of ignorance and indifference—then will I allow these to be no signs of humility whatever. I am not to be hindered by outward appearances from feeling the pulse, and discovering the state of the circulating life; and I have not found any ground upon which the religious world should be exempted from the wholesome inspection of the ministers of the chief physician; and after looking upon it for many years, and having close intercourse with it, I give it freely as my opinion, that covetousness of much money, that boasting of many doings, and that pride in what they are able to do, are as plentiful and even redundant there as in the great body of the church, whom they by implication consider as the irreligious world."

It is no business of ours to pronounce upon the truth of all this,—it is drawn by a Bible distributor, a furious opponent of the "Scarlet Lady." But what follows is not less worthy of attention.

"This is Satan's trick with the religious world, to get them to undervalue the outward visible ordinances, offices, and canons of their several churches, under the fond conceit that they are thereby honouring the one invisible church the more; as if one should honour the whole human race the more by trampling under foot the body of his mother; as if that invisible church could for a century exist, or were intended for a single day to exist, without the outward and visible signs of its existence. And so Satan having got them to undervalue and neglect the orders of their several communions, hath them in this fine dilemma, either of submitting and professing adherence to that which they understand and value not,—which is hypocrisy; or else to deliver themselves from subjection and subordination into the wildness of their own opinions and inclinations, which is the sure way to pride and destruction. * * Nor is it good for us to be without sister churches, whom we may love; nor to be without superior authorities in the church, to whom we may yield subjection; the opposite condition is the inlet to all sectarianism, schism, and dissolution. Therefore be in subjection, studiously strive to be in subjection, to the ordinances of the church; to attain unto her doctrines, to practise her discipline, to enter into her worship. And then shall you be more effectually guarded against

the spirit of pride, than if I were every month or every week to read you a lecture on humility. Pride is the refusal of a superior power; and to acknowledge a superior power is to do away with pride. And what superior power hath a Christian, as a member of the church, to acknowledge but the government which Christ hath placed in his church?"

Were our author consistent, he should be a Catholic.

Another proof of the approach of "The Last Days" is the unsteadiness of the religious world.

"A father formerly durst not, upon his responsibility, have permitted his children to go and hear the word where it pleased them. If the ministry was insufficient, they felt that as a family they ought to mourn over it, but as to breaking up and going their several ways, it never was dreamt of. But if there be a characteristic of the present religious world, it is the very reverse of this; a complete breaking up of every obligation, under the powerful acting of that spirit of selfishness, which is the key to the religious as well as the irreligious peculiarities of these times, every one saying, I will go there where I derive the most edification. Would to God it were edification! but how much better were it to substitute the word entertainment. . . .

"And I am sure every man capable of judging, will grant there never was a time when the knowledge of the person and work of Christ, or the capacity of discoursing thereof, was at so low an ebb in the church."

In other times there was a greater abundance of Christian zeal.

"In former times, ere the age of selfishness came in, men, being full of the eucharistical spirit, would devote of their substance to build a church, offering it in faith that the Lord would assemble a people, and set his name therein; or they would found a lectureship in a church already built, in the faith of the ordinance of preaching; or taking pity upon the poor of Christ's church, they would build almshouses, or mortify sums of money, or otherwise present of their substance to the house of God, which is the church of Christ. I know that these things went often to excess, and were by satan converted to superstitious uses; but the very abuse is a proof of the superabundance of the spirit out of which it rose."

This spirit, however, has passed away.

"The spirit of bargaining, of doing every thing upon the principle of justice, hath every where supplanted the spirit of gift, or doing it upon the principle of grace. There are plenty of contributions, but eucharistical offerings are exceedingly few. If against all these things they set in order before me the contributions to religious societies, and the exertions for spreading the gospel in foreign parts, I lament to say how little of the true free-will offering of grace there is in them all; how few of those who conduct these affairs, do it of grace; how few of those who go forth to the heathen, do it of grace. And, alas! how little of the collections which are made are made of grace, but rather obtained by dunning requisitions, and various arts of eloquence, into which it is not pleasant nor perhaps profitable to enter. Suffice it is to say, that there is exceedingly little of grace, and very much of debt in their administration."

To this we most willingly subscribe. The Reformed Churches are in a very deplorable way. Protestants care very little for baptism, and the dissenters dispense altogether with sponsors. (135.) He has never found one amongst them who "hath even an idea of what is meant by this most excellent service of the church!" This he justly considers another proof of the unholiness of the age.

"Of our own church, which it chiefly concerneth us to watch over, how many thousands of the baptized go without the comfort and edification of

the table which the Lord hath covered with the symbols of his own holy humanity, let the pastoral letter which the Presbytery hath issued bear witness. . . .

"Alas! alas! how is that Genevan church fallen, which hath proscribed all preaching upon the most essential and capital points of the Christian faith; such as the divinity of Christ, the work of the spirit, and justification by faith! And, I may say, how far fallen along with it are all the churches which follow the same model and platform of polity! For, though we have reason to bless God, that our forms of doctrine are Calvinistic still, our forms of polity purely Presbyterian and primitive still, how far we are relaxed in the preaching of the one, and the practice of the other, it needeth not that I should further discourse. And if from home we look to the churches which have followed the corrupt way of diocesan episcopacy, the Lütherans abroad, into whose churches the worst abuses of the apostacy are fast creeping, and the established church in these lands, where the very form of discipline is abolished, and excellent men shrink even from the idea of reviving it; how the sacraments are, without knowledge of the parties, or any certificate whatever of their fair and inoffensive character, administered to all comers, and not withheld from the most profane violator of the laws; given, oh most horrible to be told! to the very murderer, when with all hardihood and impenitency he is about to mount the scaffold, to atone for his guilt to his country's offended laws. Much of the odium of this profanation of the sacraments is attributed to the state, which is perfectly innocent, and most praise-worthy, because it hath said no one shall fill any office in the government, or in the fleets and armies of the king who hath not taken the sacrament."

Blessed effects of the Reformation! Another reason why we may expect the coming of the last days, is the habit people have got of inviting no one to dinner, (a custom which *we* dislike exceedingly) but such as are likely to give one in return! The turning away of servants too, when people are about breaking up their establishments, is a prognostic of Antichrist! Among the religious world, however, the signs of the times are most visible.

"I speak not in particular of the broken vows of baptism, which have become almost or altogether despised and rejected of men. I speak not of the vows of the priest's ordination, which the spirit of liberality hath completely broken down; so that a Presbyterian is not a Presbyterian, nor an Episcopalian an Episcopalian, nor a Protestant a Protestant, though most solemnly bound thereto. . . .

"But if I were to come to speak of unchasteness—from which I have forborne, lest I should offend modest and delicate minds—I believe in my heart that the cities of the north and south of this island were never so deluged with the sin of fornication and adultery as they are at this present time. And with respect to other crimes, of a still deeper dye, I need not say with what difficulty the incontinent disposition to them are kept in check by the terrors of law. . . .

"Is the church peaceable within itself? Let the greatest admirer of the time present answer me that question. First, there is the great division betwixt dissenters and the establishment, so bitter, that we look upon each other with jealousy, not to say hatred. . . .

"If I look into either division of Christ's body, where there should be no division—for example, into our own church—where shall we find meekness, where shall we find gentleness, any where, in the two great parties which divide it? Nor is it better in these parts. And, oh! if you look for any liberty of thinking or expounding your thoughts, which belongeth to the confidence of peace, every man, from whom you differ in your manner or in your matter, considers himself personally offended, and you are straightway assailed anonymously in all their organs of opinion, as if you were a perverter of the truth and an enemy of all souls. To allege

that there is any other way of handling the truth than that which each party patronizeth, is considered a direct insult. . . .

"You might within the compass of a page set down almost all the religious ideas out of which the periodical, yea, and what is thought the more substantial, divinity of the time is beaten out. I look for wisdom, but I can find none. . . .

"And of how many, calling themselves the church, are these the doctrines of their creed concerning God; each one shaping Him—awful thought!—and his worship, to the fashion of their own mind, and the conveniency of their own rank! . . .

But this is not all, your Bible Societies and Tract Societies are harbingers of mischief.

"I have seen good men rush into the arms of open reprobates; nay, sue them and woo them unto the unnatural and hideous alliance; entreat them to become their patrons, and the patrons of their societies, and the patrons of their seats of learning; for all which they should have looked out for good men, and accepted of good men only. You know, brethren, without my going about to enumerate the instances, to what an awful height this love, this endurance of unsanctified talent, hath arisen. For once I have been entreated to serve any society for the worth or integrity of my character, I have been a thousand times, without exaggeration, for the talents which they supposed me to possess, or for the popularity, the transient popularity, which I might chance to have at the time. It is notorious, it is the rebuke of the very wicked against the church, that she entreateth men according to their goodness. Such and such a one, they say, is worth the fishing for; without considering that it is the net of the gospel with which they are to fish."

What is the effect of this?

"A readiness to judge all points of holy doctrine by the hasty impressions of our own mind. . . .

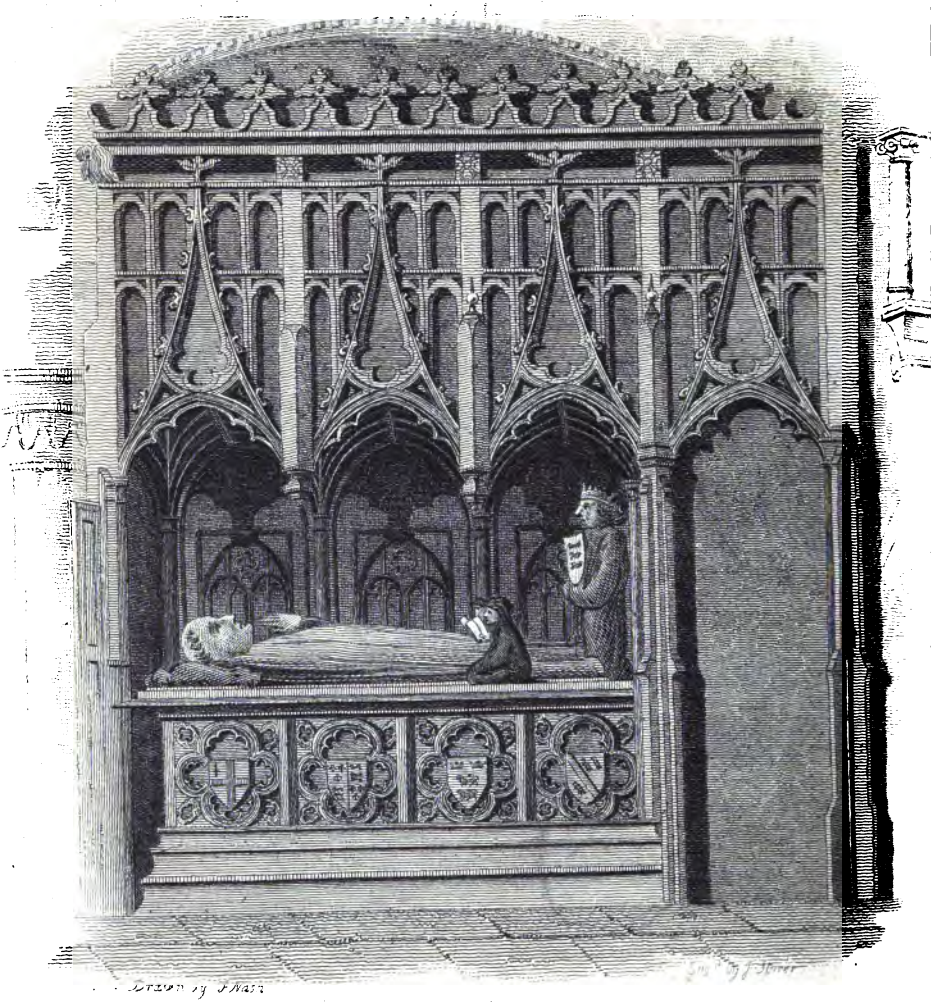
"These worshippers of the written word and despisers of all creeds, are then, after all, the greatest despoilers of the word; picking and culling what they can enter into a glance; and, with less concern than they would the word of a man, casting all the rest to the moles and to the bats—that is, to the dust of obscurity and the mist of darkness. After all, they turn out to be worshippers of themselves; hastily approving and hastily rejecting; heady and high-minded; deeming themselves to be worthy of more love and estimation than the most famous and venerable men of God's church, yea, than the scriptures themselves."

Inviting as the subject is, and eloquent as Mr. Irving really is upon upon the hypocrisy of the Protestant world. We can find room only for one extract more.

"In the Bible Society, to take another example, which assumeth such a holy, Catholic appearance; it is not long since it was applauded as the true doctrine, and perhaps may be so accounted still, that it really was not a religious society at all; and certes this seemeth to be the truth, when we know they contend to the uttermost against opening their meetings with prayer. . . .

"And so exceedingly overwhelming in its influence is this spirit become, that it seems to change the very aspect of womanhood itself; yea, even of tender-hearted mothers; who, when clubbed into a committee, I have known guilty of the cruellest things towards even the most deserving of their own sex."

These are the sentiments of one of the initiated; and we trust the extracts we have made will not be lost upon those who may have occasion to contend with the itinerant hypocrites of the age. On reflection, we are inclined to think Mr. Irving a man of sincerity; and capable of arriving at truth were he not blinded by the most outrageous fanaticism.



Tomb of Prior Rayhere.
Church of St. Bartholomew the Great.
LONDON.

CATHOLIC ANTIQUITIES.—NO. III.

THE TOMB OF PRIOR RAYHERE IN THE CHURCH OF SAINT BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT—THE HISTORY OF HOSPITALS—THE TOMB OF HENRY V., WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

"That tomb," says a writer who cannot be accused of flattering Catholics,* "the view of which can awaken some sentiment, and that has some history annexed to it, is worthy to be preserved."—"Man," he elsewhere observes, "is a creature, who depends for his feelings upon the operations of sense. The barely looking upon a bust, supposed to be the portrait of the real Alexander, gives a different tone to his annals. When I have visited the monuments of our English kings, I study their transactions in a graver spirit than before. Portraits may be imaginary; the scenes where great events have occurred are the scenes of those events no longer: but the dust that is covered by his tomb, is simply and literally the great man himself."

Speaking of the departed great, he says, "Let us mark the spot, whenever it can be ascertained, hallowed by the reception of all that was mortal of these glorious beings; let us erect a shrine to their memory; let us visit their tombs; let us indulge all the reality we can now have, of a sort of conference with these men, by repairing to the scene which, as far as they are at all on earth, they still inhabit! We are in no danger, in the present temper of European mind, of falling into idolatry toward them: but obdurate must be the mind of him, who will bring away no good feelings and no generous sentiments from such a visit. Though I should adopt the creed of Bishop Berkeley, and believe that the body of my friend, the vehicle through which the knowledge of these thoughts and virtues was conveyed to me, was nothing, yet I can never separate my idea of his peculiarities and his actions, from my idea of his person. I cannot love my friend, without loving his person. It is in this way that every thing which practically has been associated with my friend, acquires a value from that consideration; his ring, his watch, his books, and his habitation. The value of these as having been his, is not merely fictitious; they have an empire over my mind; they can make me happy or unhappy; they can torture, and they can tranquilize; they can purify my sentiments, and make me similar to the man I love; they possess the virtue which the Indian is said to attribute to the spoils of him he kills, and inspire me with the powers, the feelings and the heart of their preceding master. Death, the death of a friend, is a terrible thing; and it is rendered more terrible by all its accompaniments. Other good things, health, fortune, even character, if we lose, we ordinarily lose by degrees. But my friend who dies, I lose at once. But now, and he was all that I valued; and now, in a moment, to me, the living inhabitant of the earth, he is nothing.

"His form was pleasant to me; his motions were full of mind; his person was a little world; through every region of which thought, and will, and health, and vigour, and spirits cheerfully circulated. This form is all that is now left of him. But, oh, how changed! I would give all that I possess, to purchase the art of preserving the wholesome character and rosy hue of his form, that it might be my companion still. But by the law of nature it is subject to changes the most incompatible with this.

* Godwin's Essay on Sepulchres.

The dead body of a man, is reserved by the system of the universe to be the great example to us, of the degradation of our nature, and the humility of our origin. I therefore cast a heap of mould upon the person of my friend, and take the cold earth for its keeper.

"But my thoughts will not stop here. Where is my friend? As to the thinking principle which animated him, I can follow it, by the close deductions of reasoning, or by the suggestions of faith, through the vast regions of space, and see 'the spirit return to God that gave it.' But this is reasoning and faith; and I am, to a considerable degree, the creature of sense. It is impossible therefore that I should not follow by sense the last remains of my friend; and finding him no where above the surface of the earth, should not feel an attachment to the spot where his body has been deposited. His heart must be 'made of impenetrable stuff,' who does not attribute a certain sacredness to the grave of one he loved, and feel peculiar emotions stirring in his soul as he approaches it."

How eloquently can even the anti-christian plead the cause of Catholicism when honestly in pursuit of truth! The doctrine which refused to consign the soul, not immediately fit for Heaven, over to eternal torments strengthened all the best feelings of the human heart, while it offered the best of all consolations to the survivors of the deceased. "The doctrine of purgatory," says an Apostate,* "is very easily, nay consistently, embraced by such as believe in the expiatory nature of pain and suffering. The best feelings of our hearts are, besides, most ready to assist the imagination in devising means to keep up an intercourse with that invisible world, which either possesses already, or must soon possess, whatever has engaged our affections in this. Grief for a departed friend loses half its bitterness with a Catholic, who can firmly believe that not a day shall pass without repeated and effectual proofs of attachment, on his part, till he join the conscious object of his love in bliss. While other articles of the Catholic faith are too refined and abstract for children, their tender and benevolent minds eagerly seize on the idea of purgatory. A parent or a brother, still kind to them in another world, yet suffering excruciating pains that may be relieved, shortened, and perhaps put an end to by some privation or prayer, are notions perfectly adapted to their capacity and feelings. Every year brings round the day devoted by the church to the relief of the departed souls."

But it is not alone in the church that this doctrine operates beneficially; it sends the mourner to the grave—the tomb where the remains of a friend or relative—a brother or sister—a father or mother repose. According to Mr. Godwin, he cannot return from such a place without being a better man—a being of loftier sentiments. Catholicism, in this instance, as well as in a thousand others, proves herself the friend of humanity; her doctrines awaken the finer feelings of our nature and superinduces the practice of the kindlier virtues. They perpetuate affection, as it were, beyond the grave; and tend to subdue the fiercer passions of man. We must, if we reflect at all, love those with additional tenderness, who we know will send up ceaseless prayers for our welfare, when no longer capable of praying for ourselves.

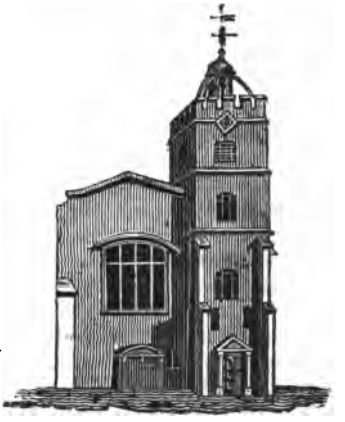
The rejection of this rational—for Johnson considered it rational—doctrine, has been attended with fearful consequences. It has been observed

* Rev. Blanco White. Doblado's Letters.

that the natural affections are less lively among Protestants than Catholics,* and Mr. M'Culloch, in his "Highlands," has observed, with an indignation that does him honour, that Calvinistic churches and church-yards are a disgrace to a civilized country. The house of prayer and the abode "appointed for all living" are alike neglected.

Death having been always active in reminding us of our mortality, the barbarian and the civilized man have been equally solicitous respecting the disposal of dead bodies. The Celts, it appears, burnt their corpses; and Zoroaster enjoined his followers to expose theirs on high places, that the flesh might be devoured by birds of prey.

The Goths, however, in general resorted to interment; and the mounds which they raised in honour of their leaders were, no doubt, the origin of sepulchral monuments. It is so consonant to human feelings to honour the virtuous dead, that all nations have had some mode of perpetuating the memory of those whose virtues ought not to be forgotten. These tendencies were strengthened by Christianity; and those shrines and tombs which the piety of Catholics erected, are still, notwithstanding puritanic zeal, numerous enough in reformed churches to reproach Protestantism with injustice and inconsistency. One of these is the tomb of Prior Rayhere. It stands in the church of St. Bartholomew the Great, the steeple of which may be seen through an alcove of houses on the east side of Smithfield. The engraving represents its appearance as seen from the pavement.



Of the founder but little is known. Honest Stow says:—"On the east side of this Ducke Lane, and also of Smithfield, lieth the late dissolved priory of St. Bartholomew, founded also by Rahere, a pleasant witted gentleman; and therefore in his time called the king's minstrell, about the yeere of Christ, 1102. He founded it in a part of the oft before named Moorish ground, which was therefore a common lay-stall of all filth, that was to be voided out of the city. He placed canons there; himselfe became their first prior, and so continued till his dying day, and was there buried in a faire monument, of late renewed by prior Bolton."

* See Letters from the Irish Highlands, a particular favourite with the writers in Blackwood's Magazine.

" Bolton," he continues, " was the last prior of this house, a great builder there: for hee repaired the priory church, with the parish church adjoyning, the offices and lodgings to the said priory belonging and neere adjoyning; he builded of new the mannor of Canonbury at Islington, which belonged to the canons of this house, and is situate in a low ground, somewhat north from the parish church there. To this priory King Henry the Second granted the priviledge of a faire to bee kept yeerly at Bartholomewtide, for three daies, to wit, the eve, the day, and the next to morrow, to the which the clothiers of England, and drapers of London repaired, and had their boothes and standings within the church-yard of this priory, closed in with wals and gates locked every night, and watched for safety of mens goods and wares; a court of piepowders was daily during the faire holden, for debts and contracts. But notwithstanding all proclamations of the prince, and also the act of parliament, in place of booths within this church-yard (only letten out in the faire time, and closed up all the yeere after) bee many large houses builded, and the north wall towards Long Lane, taken downe, a number of tenements are there erected, for such as will give great rents."

Dr. Hughson in his learned History and Description of London, says, " On the north side of the choir, is the tomb of the founder Rayhere, under a kind of alcove, his effigies lying straight with the face upward, and hands conjoined over his breast; three friars, one on each side, and the third at his feet, in a praying posture, with each a book opened before him. About the tomb are various shields, with armorial bearings.

" The tomb is thus inscribed:

" Hic Jacet Raherus, primus Canonicus et primus Prior hujus Ecclesiæ.

" The monuments and figures were repaired by Prior Bolton; and have been since several times beautified, and fenced with a strong iron rail."

Rayhere was a man not only of great piety but of active benevolence. " On the south side (of Smithfield,)" says Stow, " standeth the large hospitall of Saint Bartholomew, founded by Rayhere, the first prior of St. Bartholomewes, thereto neere adjoyning, in the yeere 1102.

" Alfune, that had not long before builded the parish church of Saint Giles without Creplegate, became the first hospitelar, or proctor for the poore of this house, and went himselfe daily to the shambles and other markets, where he begged the charity of devout people for their reliefe, promising to the liberall givers (and that by alledging testimonies of the holy scripture) reward at the hands of God. Henry the third granted to Katherine, late wife to William Hardell, twenty foote of land in length and breadth in Smithfield, next to the chappell of St. Bartholomew, to build her a recluse or ankorage, commanding the maior and sheriffes of London, to assigne the said twenty foot to the said Katherine, Charta II. of Henry the third. The foundation of this hospitall for the poore and diseased, and their speciall sustentation was confirmed by Edward the third, the twenty-sixth of his reigne. It was governed by a master, and eight brethren, being priests, for the church; and foure sisters, to see the poore served.

" The executors of Richard Whitington, sometime Maior of London, of his goods repaired this hospitall, about the yeere 1423.

" Sir Iohn Wakering, priest, master of this house, in the yeere 1463, amongst other bookes, gave to their common library the fairest bible that I have seene, written in large vellum, by a brother of that house,

named Iohn Coke, at the age of sixty-eight yeeres, when hee had beene priest forty-three yeeres. Since the spoile of that library, I have seene this booke in the custody of my worshipfull friend, master Walter Cope."

Those institutions which have for their object the mitigation of human misery, whether it arises from sickness or poverty, were unknown in pagan times. The Greeks and Romans had neither hospitals nor alms-houses; and Christianity is the only religion ever propagated amongst men, which succeeded in inculcating maxims of active humanity. The divine precepts of our holy religion caused a total reformation in men's estimate of charity—they enforced its obligation—made the performance of deeds of mercy an imperative duty; and in establishing the great truth that merit and virtue are the only tests of inequality, they secured the poor the sympathy of the rich. The beggar was regarded as one possessed of an immortal soul; and was man to see the image of his maker—the abode of an undying spirit—disfigured by disease, or pining away from want without an effort to relieve it? This is one of those questions which suggest philosophical proofs of the divine nature of Christianity, and which collaterally establish the superiority of the Church of Rome. Her claims at least to the gratitude of mankind are unequivocal, and require only to be pointed out to obtain the reluctant approval of those who dissent from her doctrines. In the absence of these very doctrines so much decried and so badly understood, Europe had never been civilized.

The clergy, as Beckmann—no friend of Catholicism—says, whose first duty was to maintain "good order, discipline and *virtue*," endeavoured to supply the deficiency of the police of ancient kingdoms. The miserable, formerly might excite the compassion of individuals, but there was no institution to which they could retire. The public felt no pity for their sufferings, and religion did not enforce the advantages of private charity. The Catholic Church, however, no sooner breathed from persecution, than she put into operation those benevolent principles which ultimately attached to her all the civilized inhabitants of the world. Among the decrees of the earliest councils are to be found various regulations for the mitigation of human calamities. The establishment of the first houses for the reception of the sick is, says Beckmann,* "among the services rendered by the clergy; and to mention all the places of this kind, either founded by them or at their instigation, would form a very long list. The first, or at least one of the first houses for the reception of indigent sick was that built at Rome by Fabiola, a Roman lady, the friend of St. Jerome, consequently in the fifth century."

"The enemies of Christianity," he elsewhere observes, "during the first years of our æra, could not but observe the numerous means for alleviating human misfortunes which were introduced by the new religion. It was galling to the Emperor Julian to acknowledge this superiority; and in order to banish it, he caused his priests to provide for the poor, and to establish for them inns (*Xenodochia*), into which they could be received; and he assigned to them the funds necessary for that purpose. Into these were admitted not only persons of his own religion but of every other, in imitation of the Christians, who, besides supporting their own poor, maintained those of the pagans also. How much he interested himself to weaken this mean, by which the impious Galilæans procured respect, love, and attachment, may be seen by an oration

* History of Inventions, vol. iv. p. 470.

wherein he inculcated the Christian morality as his own. This imitation of the new religion, which contributed more perhaps to recommend it than to bring it into discredit, is ridiculed by Gregory Nazianzenus in his third oration."

Pilgrimage found an advocate in Dr. Johnson, but he was not aware of the many temporal benefits which resulted from this Christian practice of the early Christians. The pilgrim gave the first impulse to geographical curiosity; he provoked a spirit of enquiry and brought the less cultivated nations acquainted with the useful habits of those more advanced on the road of refinement. More than this pilgrimage begat charitable habits among men, and the utility of this habit has been ably stated by Paley. Another Protestant—for we prefer, for obvious reasons, Protestant authorities—says, "when pilgrimages to holy places, as they were called, and often from very distant countries, came to be considered as a part of religion, the number of these houses was much increased. Taverns, in which pilgrims could procure proper care and attention for payment, were not then to be found; and most people travelled without money, in the full confidence of meeting with gratuitous assistance. When the clergy wished to maintain and increase the number of pilgrims, which their own advantage induced them to do, it was necessary that they should afford them every facility of travelling, and consequently provide for the wants of indigent pilgrims; and it was impossible that among these there should not be some sick, especially as the inconvenience, fatigue, and dangers of the journey were much increased by many things injurious to the health.

"But as the principal and most dangerous pilgrimages were made to Palestine, which is situated beyond the boundaries of Europe, where no countrymen, and not even Christians, one of whose religious duties is to be compassionate, could be expected, institutions for the reception of sound as well as of sick pilgrims were erected by the clergy at a very early period on the road thither, and also at the holy places. Thus Jerome built an hospital at Bethlem;* and his friend Paula caused several to be erected on the road to that village, in order that the devout idlers, as she says, might fare better than the mother of God, who, on her necessary journey thither, could find no inn.† In the like manner, the Scots and Irish erected hospitals in France for the use of their countrymen, who, on their pilgrimage to Rome, might be desirous of passing through that kingdom.‡

"But hospitals were most necessary in wild and desert parts, where human habitations were not to be expected; and particularly in woody, mountainous districts, and on the banks of broad rivers, where travellers were stopped for the want of bridges, and collected together in great numbers. It is probable, that many of these hospitals may have given rise to the villages which are still found in such situations.

"Pope Adrian I. recommended to the notice of Charlemagne § the hospitals built in the Alps; and in the year 855, the Emperor Louis II. caused those situated on mountains to be visited and repaired.‖ The ruins of many of these edifices still exist."

The Scots and Irish, mentioned in this extract were one people—the

* Epist. ad Pamachium. † Hieron. Epitaph. Paulæ.

‡ Baronii Annal. ad an. 845. xxxvi. ed. Mansii. Lucæ 1743, tom. xiv. p. 325.

§ Epist. 74, codicis Corolin. Muratori antiquitat. Ital. med. ævi, iñ. p. 581.

‖ Capitulare ad an. 85. in Muratori rerum Italic. ii. 1; et Antiquitat. Ital. med. ævi, iii. p. 581.

Irish of the sixth and seventh century. In fact, Beckmann ought to have written the Scots *or* Irish, and when he states that it was the interest of the clergy to encourage pilgrimage, he should have adduced his proofs, but he had none—for, in fact, the reverse was the case, but this is ever the way with Protestants. When they are compelled to bear testimony to the superior claims of the Catholic Church, they endeavour to neutralise their statement by unsupported assertions adverse to the fact which they have established.

The labours of the monks and clergy literally made the "desert smile," and it must be unnecessary to say a word respecting the influence which these institutions must have had on the manners of the people. Commerce must have been thereby facilitated, and population must have been increased by bringing into cultivation the most neglected parts of every country. The first hospitals served for the reception of travellers as well as for the sick and infirm. St. Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury in 1070, appears to have been the first in this country who erected an hospital solely for the sick. It is certain that this was after the model of similar institutions which the prelate had seen in his native country, Italy. The first hospitals were built in general adjoining cathedrals and monasteries, and the bishops, it appears, had the inspection of them. They were released from all taxes, and seldom suffered in times of hostilities. The most ferocious Christian learned to respect the miserable and the pious.

"Towards the end of the eleventh century," says the author already quoted "brotherhoods, which undertook to provide for the wants of sick pilgrims, were formed in the Holy Land; and these became richer and more numerous as the crusades increased. It was not uncommon for opulent persons, when dying, to bequeath their property to establishments in which they had found consolation and relief; and very often, those who had experienced a cure gave their money and effects, or a considerable part of them, to some brotherhood, either in consequence of a vow, or in order to show their gratitude. On this account the hospitals in Palestine could be constructed on a larger scale, and provided with better accommodations, than any before seen in Europe. They were therefore considered as models; and princes and rich persons, on returning safe from their pilgrimages, caused similar ones to be established in their own countries. Many princes even brought with them to Europe members of these brotherhoods, which in the course of time were converted into orders of knighthood, that they might employ them in the erection of hospitals. Instances of this circumstance have been given by Mohsen, in his History of the Sciences in the Mark of Brandenburg, and these might be easily increased. In the same author may be seen an account of the establishment of houses for the reception of persons afflicted with cutaneous disorders, and of their conversion into pest-houses. I shall here only remark, that these inns and hospitals contributed, in no small degree, to facilitate the travelling of mercantile people, who, in the infancy of trade, when the roads were insecure and no means of conveyance, established, were obliged to accompany their merchandise themselves."

Among modern institutions for the relief of the diseased, few are more capacious than St. Bartholomew's. The architect of the modern edifice, and the governors of the hospital, appear to have been solicitous to show their gratitude for royal favours and individual benefactions. Statues and portraits of kings, adorn the exterior and interior of the building;

nor have municipal officers and eminent surgeons been forgotten. The venerable founder seems to have been the only one considered unworthy of notice. They exclude all memorial of the benevolent prior. Struck with the omission, Hogarth, when he volunteered to paint the staircase which leads to the hall, resolved to commemorate the virtues of Rayhere. He represents the holy man laying the foundation stone of the original hospital, while a sick man carried on a bier, attended by monks, is seen approaching.

Our embellishment for the present month is a delineation of the tomb of Henry V. It almost fills the chapel which bears that monarch's name; and which is divided from the chapel of Edward the Confessor by a grand iron gate of open work. The gate is bounded by two Gothic towers, containing winding stairs round octagon pillars, whose capitals are praying angels. Over the doors are statues as large as life; they represent saints in speaking attitudes; behind them are pointed windows, with three mullions. On the other side, nearest to the gate, are two prelates, on pedestals, and on their canopies two kings, probably Henry V. and Edward the Confessor; the first, however, Mr. Malcolm takes for Henry III. On the north-west and south-west sides are two priests and two monarchs. On each corner are buttresses; and over the windows semi-sexagon projections on every side, each containing three beautiful niches, once all filled by statues, but some of the statues are gone.

"The tomb itself," says Nightingale, "is very plain; and the effigies is without a head, which was supposed to have been of massy silver; and therefore to have excited the cupidity of the infamous rebel Cromwell. The thieving and sacrilegious saint was, however, probably disappointed, as it is likely that this head was only plated or silvered over. The rough unornamented cushion still remains. The exterior of this little chapel would indicate a much more elegant effigies, which is extremely plain, though well executed."

FLODDEN FIELD.

THE battle of Flodden is ended,
The battle of Flodden is lost;
And the darkness of night has descended
On the prostrate and perishing host;
The clans that came forth like the shadow
Of cloud over mountain and plain,
Are scatter'd like drops on the meadow,
That ne'er can be gathered again.

The milk-maid no longer is singing,
To the fold she wanders forlorn,
And the hill-rocks no longer are ringing
To the pipe of the shepherd at morn;
The lips of the orphan are calling
On the sire it can never behold,
And the tears of the widow are falling
For the conjugal heart that is cold.

Alas for the battle of Flodden,
Where fell the brave people and king!
Where the flowers that they lately have trodden.
Now over their bosoms shall spring;
Where the pilgrim, in time that is coming,
Shall weep o'er the slaughtered alone,
While the wild-bee is placidly humming,
Where the trumpet of battle was blown.

S.

The Tomb of Henry 5th

Westminster Abbey.

CATHOLIC COUNTRIES DESCRIBED BY PROTESTANT TRAVELLERS.

II.—SPAIN.

SPAIN has long been the spiritual arsenal to which our adversaries resort when they want to procure weapons for the purpose of wounding Catholicism. The most wonderful effects are imputed to inadequate causes; and, whatever our virtues and practices may be at home, our religion must be condemned because the Spaniard has customs and habits of his own—because he does not enjoy as much civil liberty as some of his neighbours, and because his country has been cursed with political institutions which counteracted the temporal tendency of his creed. Protestants have here, however, taken, as they usually do, too much for granted; they have ascribed to Catholicism that which proceeded from the Reformation; and imputed to the church of Rome those evils which never would have had an existence had Luther been more pious or less profligate.

Catholicism can exist, and has existed under every form of government. Where political institutions are inimical to the interests of society, it, in a great measure, neutralises their evil tendency; and where they are the result of sound and liberal principles it helps to strengthen and support them. We have abundant proofs of this without travelling beyond the boundaries of Spain. In the "dark and middle ages," the Spanish people were amongst the freest nations of Europe.* "The crown," says Mr. Hallam, "was less hereditary [than that of France.] The *prelates had a still more commanding influence in temporal government.* The distinction of Romans and barbarians was less marked, the laws more uniform, and approaching more nearly to the imperial code. The power of the sovereign was perhaps more limited by an aristocratical council than in France, but it never yielded to the dangerous influence of mayors of the palace. Civil wars and disputed successions were very frequent, but the integrity of the kingdom was not violated by the custom of partition. But," he adds, "the civil rights of rich and poor, in courts of justice, were as equal as in England."

Another fact connected with Spanish history deserves to be better known. Were it not for the religious orders of Spain the cities of Europe would now be crowded with Moslem minarets glistening with the crescent; and, instead of disputing about points of Christian faith, and circulating the Bible, we should be listening to verses from the Koran, and humbling ourselves before the sovereign majesty of a sanguinary mufti. "The progress of the Christian armies in Spain," says the author of the "History of the Middle Ages," "may in part be ascribed to another remarkable feature in the constitution of that country, the military orders. These had already been tried with signal effect in Palestine; and the similar circumstances of Spain easily led to an adoption of the same policy. In a very few years after the first institution of the Knights Templars, they were endowed with great estates, or rather districts, won from the Moors, on condition of defending their own, and the national territory. These lay chiefly in the parts of Aragon beyond the Ebro, the conquest of which was then recent

* See an admirable article on the subject in the Edinburgh Review, No. 43.

and insecure. So extraordinary was the respect for this order, and that of St. John, and so powerful the conviction that the hope of Christendom rested upon their valour, that Alphonso the First, King of Aragon, dying childless, bequeathed to them his whole kingdom; an example of liberality, says Mariana, to surprise future times, and displease his own. In imitation of these great military orders common to all Christendom, there arose three Spanish institutions of a similar kind, the orders of Calatrava, Santiago, and Alcantara. The first of these was established in 1158; the second and most famous had its charter from the pope in 1175, though it seems to have existed previously; the third branched off from that of Calatrava at a subsequent time. These were military colleges, having their walled towns in different parts of Castile, and governed by an elective grand master, whose influence in the state was at least equal to that of any of the nobility. Happily that it was so: the nobility were in general base and undeserving; they deserted, when it served their purposes, the cross for the crescent. "A very few families composed an oligarchy, the worst and most ruinous condition of political society, alternately the favourites and ministers of the prince, or in arms against him."*

During the pressure of the Moors, religion continued to be the 'soft green of the soul,' where the people found refuge and repose. It inspired them with resolution to expel the invaders, and served to give a tone and character to their proceedings which ultimately prevailed over the desperate courage of the infidel. When freed from foreign assailants did the Spaniard surrender the liberty which he had so dearly won into the hands of designing hypocrites, as the Catholic clergy are described to have been? or did he invite, by dastardly submission, the despotism of kings, by "divine right?" No such thing; the national council was better adapted than even that of England for promoting the prosperity of the country; and certainly did not yield to our parliament in the popular mode of election,† or the liberality of its proceedings. "In the original Gothic monarchy of Spain," says Mr. Hallam, "civil as well as ecclesiastical affairs were decided in national councils, the acts of many of which are still extant, and have been published in ecclesiastical collections. To these assemblies the dukes and other provincial governors, and in general the principal individuals of the realm, were summoned along with spiritual persons. This double aristocracy of church and state continued to form the great council of advice and consent in the first ages of the new kingdoms of Leon and Castile. The prelates and nobility, or rather some of the more distinguished nobility, appear to have concurred in all general measures of legislation, as we infer from the preambles of their statutes. It would be against analogy, as well as without evidence, to suppose that any representation of the commons had been formed in the earlier period of the monarchy. In the preamble of laws passed in 1020, and at several subsequent times during that and the ensuing century, we find only the bishops and magnates recited as present. According to the General Chronicle of Spain, deputies from the Castilian towns formed a part of the cortes in 1169; a date not to be rejected as incompatible with their absence in

* Hallam, Vol. II. p. 19.

† In 1390, forty-eight towns sent one hundred and twenty-seven deputies to the Cortes. Geddes's Miscellaneous Tracts.

1178. However, in 1188, the first year of the reign of Alphonso IX., they are expressly mentioned; and from that æra were constant and necessary parts of those general assemblies. * * * Experience proved, as several instances in these pages will show, that the deputies of Castile were not deficient in zeal for their country and its liberties. But it must be confessed, that a small body of electors is always liable to corrupt influence and to intimidation. John II. and Henry IV. often invaded the freedom of election; the latter even named some of the deputies. Several energetic remonstrances were made in cortes against this flagrant grievance. Laws were enacted and other precautions devised to secure the due return of deputies. In the sixteenth century, the evil of course was aggravated. Charles and Philip corrupted the members by bribery. Even in 1673 the cortes was bold enough to complain, that creatures of government were sent thither, 'who are always held for suspected by the other deputies, and cause disagreement among them.'

It is a singular fact that the cortes was more liberal and popular during the attendance of the prelates than after their rejection; for it appears they were not summoned in the latter days of its existence. "It is admitted," says Mr. Hallam, "that down to the latter part of the thirteenth century, and especially before the introduction of representatives from the commons, they were summoned in considerable numbers. But the writer, to whom I must almost exclusively refer for the constitutional history of Castile, contends, that from the reign of Sancho IX. they took much less share, and retained much less influence, in the deliberations of cortes. There is a remarkable protest of the archbishop of Toledo in 1295 against the acts done in cortes, because neither he nor the other prelates had been admitted to their discussions, nor given any consent to their resolutions, although such consent was falsely recited in the laws enacted therein. This protestation is at least a testimony to the constitutional rights of the prelacy, which indeed all the early history of Castile, as well as the analogy of other governments, conspires to demonstrate. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, however, they were more and more excluded. None of the prelates were summoned to the cortes of 1299 and 1301; none either of the prelates or nobles to those of 1370 and 1373, of 1480 and 1505. In all the latter cases, indeed, such members of both orders as happened to be present in the court attended the cortes; a fact, which seems to be established by the language of the statutes."

In a subsequent page he admits that the great principle of political justice which forbids any man to be taxed without his own consent was fully recognized in Spain. "This principle," he says, "was thoroughly established in Castile; and the statutes which enforce it, and remonstrances which protest against its violation, bear a lively analogy to corresponding circumstances in the history of our constitution. The free assent of the people by their representatives to grants of money was by no means a mere matter of form. It was connected with other essential rights, indispensable to its effectual exercise; those of examining public accounts and checking the expenditure. The cortes, in the best times at least, were careful to grant no money, until they were assured that what had been already levied on their constituents had been properly employed. They refused a subsidy in 1390, because they had already given so much, and 'not knowing how so great a sum had been

expended, it would be a great dishonour and mischief to promise any more.' In 1406 they stood out a long time, and at length gave only half of what was demanded. Charles I. attempted to obtain money in 1527 from the nobility, as well as commons. But the former protested, that their obligation was to follow the king in war, wherefore to contribute money was totally against their privilege, and for that reason they could not acquiesce in his majesty's request.' The commons also refused upon this occasion. In 1538, on a similar proposition, the superior and lower nobility (los grandes y caballeros) 'begged with all humility that they might never hear any more of that matter.' The cortes did not consider it beyond the line of their duty, notwithstanding the respectful manner in which they always addressed the sovereign, to remonstrate against profuse expenditure even in his own household. They told Alfonso X. in 1258, in the homely style of that age, that they thought it fitting that the king and his wife should eat at the rate of a hundred and fifty maravedis a day, and no more; and that the king should order his attendants to eat more moderately than they did. They remonstrated more forcibly against the prodigality of John II. Even in 1559, they spoke with an undaunted Castilian spirit to Philip II.: 'Sir, the expenses of your royal establishment and household are much increased; and we conceive it would redound to the good of these kingdoms, that your majesty should direct them to be lowered, both as a relief to your wants and that all the great men and other subjects of your majesty may take example therefrom to restrain the great disorder and excess they commit in that respect.' The forms of the cortes bore a close analogy to those of the English parliament; and it was an established principle that laws could neither be made nor annulled except in cortes; and when the king, in imitation of our own, adopted the practice of dispensing with statutes by a non obstante clause, the Spanish parliament remonstrated against the abuse more frequently and more earnestly than that of England. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries," according to the learned authority to whom we refer, "they claimed and exercised far more ample powers than our own parliament ever enjoyed. They assumed the right, when questions of regency occurred, to limit the prerogative, as well as to designate the persons who were to use it. And the frequent minorities of Castilian kings, which were unfavourable enough to tranquillity and subordination, served to confirm these parliamentary privileges. The cortes were usually consulted upon all material business." Blancas quotes a noble passage from the acts of cortes in 1451. "We have always heard of old time, and it is found by experience, that seeing the great barrenness of this land, and the poverty of the realm, if it were not for the liberties thereof, the folk would go hence to live and abide in other realms, and lands more fruitful."

We have preferred being somewhat tedious rather than abridge the matter which we have found so luminously detailed in the "History of the Middle Ages." Mr. Hallam is a man of acknowledged talents; his candour is unimpeached; and his learning extensive. His work has now gone through four large editions, and yet some of the nobles of the land are not ashamed to refer to Spain as a proof of the slavish tendency of Catholicism. But Mr. Hallam is not the only Protestant author—and, by the bye, he is no friend to the church of Rome—who has written on the constitutional history of Spain. Such of them as merit attention

have acknowledged that the Catholic Spaniard was *once* one of the freest amongst the free; and the enjoyment of his civil rights was not limited to a century; it endured for more than seven hundred years; constitutional liberty prevailed in Spain even at the period of the Reformation; and were it not for that event, she would, in all probability, still rank amongst the freest nations of the earth. Before a discontented monk or two had discovered that unity in ecclesiastical matters was not desirable, the Spaniards had achieved greatness; they had expelled the greatest enemy that ever assailed the independence of European kingdoms from their soil, and had called a new world into existence. The men who accomplished all this were extremely pious; religion stimulated their courage and awakened their spirit of enterprise; their faith did not enfeeble their arms, or deter them from encountering danger.

The circumstances which every where interfered with the rights of the people in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, were also felt in Spain; but they met with a determined opposition, and were on the point of being defeated, when a moral and religious blight fell upon Europe. The Reformation rapidly unfolded itself; and it had scarcely been recognized when it was baptized in blood. Civil dissension marked its progress; its abettors, like Mahomet, sought to disseminate their principles by the merciful persuasion of the sword; and the consequence was, that those nations into which they have insinuated themselves were disgraced by scenes of carnage. We hear a great deal about the spirit of independence which it begot—about the mental freedom which it developed—and about the shackles which it burst asunder. But when we turn from the unsupported declamation of polemics, and inquire what were the benefits which resulted from that great spiritual revolt, we can find no tangible good that it produced. Much has been imputed to it by its friends, and the claims of Protestants in this respect have never been, in our opinion, properly met, because if they were, so many proofs to the contrary exist, we think that even the modesty of his Grace of Newcastle would prevent him from making allusion to it.

History tells us that the spirit of independence walked the earth before the fifteenth century; its light was not a fitful coruscation that dazzled and vanished, but an enduring brightness appreciated generally. We even think that it burnt with greater brilliancy in Spain than in our own country! and that it was associated with nobler and more equitable sentiments than animated the most patriotic of the Greeks or Romans. In reading the older chronicles we are struck with the correctness of their political notions: their opinions were not individual; they develop themselves in a manner which testifies their universality; and Philip de Comines gave utterance to sentiments the delivery of which has deservedly secured immortality to Fox. They were, however, only the simple expression of those feelings which he shared in common with the million.

Yet Protestant noblemen and Protestant clergymen still talk of the slavish tendency of Catholicism!

We know that in modern times the majority of kingdoms purely Protestant are in a state but little removed from slavery. The map of Europe is our authority; and a moment's reflection will convince the unprejudiced that despotism obtained a footing in those Catholic countries which do not now possess liberal institutions, solely in conse-

quence of the Reformation. One fact is sufficient to show that Protestantism operated injuriously in respect to civil liberty: it was every where accompanied by civil commotions; and those who have studied history need not be told that unsuccessful rebellion and religious wars are the hot beds which call prematurely into existence that specious exotic—arbitrary power. In times of revolt the executive only is recognized; those who support the throne naturally, in moments of alarm, are eager to strengthen its supports; and what is gained by the crown at periods of national calamity is not always freely surrendered when the danger has passed away. The executive has always endeavoured to diminish the privileges of the legislative department of the state; and the kings of Europe were never more successful in this way than at the times which immediately succeeded the Reformation. Subsequent events led to different results in England; but it should not be forgotten that these were not in accordance with the spirit of Protestantism, they were in direct opposition to the wishes of the established church.

The first movement of the reformers was, therefore, detrimental to the interests of civil liberty; and, although Spain was partially secured from the exhibition of those fantastic tricks which they played before high heaven, their proceedings materially affected the political state of that country. The people viewed with alarm the horrors which the reformers perpetrated in those nations where they obtained a footing; and the distance from which their deeds were viewed perhaps helped to exaggerate the enormities which attended their progress. The government very naturally encouraged the feeling of dislike which the insurrectionary sects inspired; and in a short time the man who urged reforms or innovations, however innocent or useful, subjected himself to the charge of bad intentions. He was looked upon not only by the rulers but by the people as a political incendiary; and, as the misconduct of the reformers in the other nations of Europe served to strengthen these opinions, patriotism was supposed to consist, in the emergency, in strengthening the power of the executive, and suppressing those popular agitations which experience tells us are necessary to the maintenance of popular rights. Public opinion was hushed or directed into a channel of feverish excitement; the pious and the worldly felt themselves interested in excluding the new religion from the country; and, as this measure depended almost solely on the government, the legislature did not hesitate to arm it with ample power. From the moment of the Reformation must be dated the humiliation of the Spanish cortes. The crown, for the reasons already stated, abridged its privileges, and it henceforth continued gradually to decline in independence and usefulness until it totally disappeared. These facts are obvious, and their application and cogency will be, at once, admitted. The present political degradation of Spain must therefore, in fairness, be ascribed to the Protestant Reformation. It was the source from which arbitrary power sprung; for we have no right to conclude that the cortes would not have continued to preserve its independence, were it not for the odium which the reformers brought upon every measure which purposed interfering with things as they were.

We are amongst those who think badly of the Spanish government, and we confess the Spanish nobility have little of our admiration. The institutions of that country have not been of a nature to advance the

public good; and amongst them we know none which has operated more injuriously on the cause of religious truth than the inquisition. Many learned and amiable men have endeavoured to palliate, if not to defend, this instrument of the worst species of tyranny—secret tribunals, but their arguments have always appeared to us to make against their conclusions. There is a simple axiom which says, "what is morally wrong can never be politically right," and the Catholics above all men should not countenance principles which militate against so obvious a truth. Protestants, however, are agreed that the Spaniards have been an ill-used people; they admit that the Spanish government was neither liberal nor wise; and that the Inquisition was not calculated to serve the morality of the country. We subscribe most willingly to all this; and, when such political instruments of mischief have been in operation, we ought to be prepared to find a degraded, an immoral people. If the Spaniards be not so, what prevented such natural results? Is that religion inimical to the best interests of man which counteracted the tendency of such hurtful institutions? The Spanish character had always something chivalrous and noble in it; and, although the aristocracy of the country have sadly degenerated, the great body of the people are still entitled to our regard if not to our admiration. Mr. Huggins* says:—

"The countenance of the Spaniard is noble, his stature tall, his walk erect, his deportment haughty: his manner of speaking varies greatly; it is generally grave and solemn, but on points of *deep interest* and feeling, is animated beyond expression. There is very great variety in the costume of Spaniards, for the natives of each province are readily distinguished by their dress, and, when you see an assemblage of men from various parts of Spain, the effect is very striking. The market-place of Badajos, which, at the time I saw it, was crowded with strangers, had all the appearance of a picturesque, and well-arranged masquerade. The different modes of dress, ancient, and not liable to daily changes, are, no doubt, the same they were four centuries ago.

"They are people of the most primitive, and uncorrupted singleness of heart; a people, whose national character is very ill understood, and has been very often, and very cruelly misrepresented. Shut out from the rest of Europe by their geographical position, having long since ceased to be a commercial people, and their country, grand and beautiful as are its features, being little visited, from its utter want of convenience and accommodation for travellers, the Spaniards, until the late contest, had been long lost sight of. The rays of science and of truth, which had enlightened other nations, shone not on wretched Spain; the institutions for civil and religious liberty, which had given new dignity and value to existence, over half Europe, were there unknown, and the Spaniards themselves trembled at the march of improvement, of which they heard only, as of a spirit of destruction, from whose wrathful, though salutary visitations, they were happy to be spared. Such apathy was appalling, but it was not incurable; their energies lay dormant, but were not dead."

Our author is evidently wrong in attributing, as he does, the depressed state of trade and agriculture to the influx of wealth from the New World. Nothing more common, and yet nothing more fallacious, than the notion that wealth now enervates the energies of a nation. It has become trite from repetition, and is supposed not to need either facts or arguments in its support. The truth is, however, that it is a mere

* "Recollections of the Peninsula."

common-place observation, and is contradicted by the history of every Christian nation in the world. A sudden accession of unexpected wealth is always of momentary detriment to the very poor. Provisions rise, whilst the rate of wages remain stationary: but the evil was only temporary in Spain; for, ultimately, the great faculties of the country were put into operation by the addition which American gold made to its capital. But unwise legislation marred the fair prospect; commercial codes of an arbitrary nature banished or benumbed enterprise; and the human mind was subsequently put under restraint, interdicted from the exercise of its noblest attributes, in consequence of that moral mildew—the Protestant Reformation. But are the Spaniards averse to industry? Are they slavishly enamoured of their condition? We think not, and the intelligent author to whom we have already referred is of our opinion.

"Let us briefly examine the common charges now preferred against them. They are accused of being indolent, and it is true that they are not very laborious, for their wants are few, and these, by the fruitfulness of their soil, are readily supplied; but they are not half so indolent, as prejudiced travellers would pretend. It is objected, that, in many of their provinces, there are spacious tracts of land uncultivated. On inquiry you will find, that there is no water to assist in fertilizing many of these deserts, while others have been set apart as public sheep walks, by the authority of the government, for whose impolicy in sanctioning so absurd a custom, the wretched and powerless inhabitants must not be condemned. If, however, an appearance of cultivation is the true criterion of industry, in many of their mountainous districts well supplied with water, we see vines and fruit trees on the steepest cliffs, and corn produced in small plots of ground, on the summits of precipitous and rocky mountains, inaccessible save to the active goat, and the laborious peasant."

Neither are the Spaniards so very ignorant.

"The Spaniards are often despised for their ignorance. It is true, that, in the philosophy of nature and metaphysical inquiry, they are far behind most other nations in Europe: but, in such principles of moral ethics, as should regulate human conduct, they are well versed, and their practice keeps pace with their knowledge. On such subjects they have a dignified and forceful eloquence, which would confound the mere scholar. Unpractised in schools, and little acquainted with books, experience and observation form them, and they can boast of solid characters, and sound judgments."

Mr. Jacob, whose report on the external corn trade has won him so much deserved applause, visited Spain some years ago: he was then a British merchant; and, as he travelled on commercial business, he had many opportunities of appreciating the character of the Spanish peasantry. Although decidedly adverse to the Catholic religion, he does not withhold his admiration of this interesting people. In every particular he confirms the accounts furnished by the author of "Recollections in the Peninsula." Speaking of the peasantry, he says:—

"The inhabitants of Ronda have peculiarities common to themselves and the other people in the mountainous districts, and obviously differ from the people on the plains. The dress both of the males and females varies as well in the colour and shape of the garments, as in the materials of which they are composed, and is peculiarly calculated for cold weather. Their countenances, as I have before noticed, are very expressive, and, in my judgment, superior to those of any race of people I have seen. The men are remarkably well-formed, robust, and active, with a flexibility of

well-turned limbs, which, doubtless, contributes to that agility for which they are celebrated: but the females in general are of short stature; and the cumbersome dress which they wear so conceals the figure, that it is difficult to determine whether they are well or ill formed; but there is an expression of sensibility in their countenances, and a peculiar grace in all their movements, which is extremely fascinating. In walking the streets the women wear veils, to cover their heads, as a substitute for caps and hats, neither of which are worn. These veils are frequently made of a pink or pale blue flannel; and, with a petticoat of black stuff, form their principal dress. The men wear no hats; but, instead of them, what are called montero caps, made of black velvet or silk, abundantly adorned with tassels and fringe; and a short jacket, with gold or silver buttons, and sometimes ornamented with embroidery, is worn just sufficiently open to display a very highly-finished waistcoat; they wear leather or velvet breeches, with gaiters; so that the whole of the figure, which is generally extremely good, is distinctly seen."

And again,

"Having observed much of the manners and character of the Spanish peasantry, more especially within the last fourteen days, I feel I should not be doing them justice were I to abstain from speaking of them according to my impressions. I have given some account of their figures and countenances; and though both are good, I do not think them equal to their dispositions. There is a civility to strangers, and an easy style of behaviour, familiar to this class of Spanish society, which is very remote from the churlish and awkward manners of the English and German peasantry. Their sobriety and endurance of fatigue are very remarkable; and there is a constant cheerfulness in their demeanour, which strongly prepossesses a stranger in their favour. This cheerfulness is displayed in singing either ancient ballads, or songs which they compose as they sing, with all the facility of the Italian improvisatori.

"Though the Spanish peasantry treat every man they meet with politeness, they expect an equal return of civility; and to pass them without the usual expression, 'Vaja usted con Dios,' or saluting them without bestowing on them the title of Cabaleros, would be risking an insult from people who, though civil and even polite, are not a little jealous of their claims to reciprocal attentions. I have been informed, that most of the domestic virtues are strongly felt, and practised, by the peasantry; and that a degree of parental, filial, and fraternal affection is observed among them, which is exceeded in no other country. I have already said sufficient of their religion; it is a subject on which they feel the greatest pride. To suspect them of heresy, or of being descended from a Moor or a Jew, would be the most unpardonable of all offences; but their laxity with respect to matrimonial fidelity, it must be acknowledged, is a stain upon their character; which, though common, appears wholly irreconcileable with the general morality of the Spanish character. They are usually fair and honourable in their dealings; and a foreigner is less subject to imposition in Spain than in any other country I have visited.

"Their generosity is great, as far as their means extend; and many of our countrymen have experienced it in rather a singular way. I have been told that, after the Revolution, when Englishmen first began to travel in the Peninsula, many who had remained a few days at an inn, on asking for their bill, at their departure, learnt, to their great surprise, that some of the inhabitants, with friendly officiousness, had paid their reckoning, and forbidden the host to communicate to his guests the persons to whose civility they were indebted. I knew one party myself to whom this occurred at Malaga: they were hurt at the circumstance, and strenuously urged the host to take the amount of their bill, and give it to the person who had discharged it; but he resolutely refused, and protested he was ignorant of those who paid this compliment to Englishmen

It was common, if our countrymen went to a coffee-house, or an ice-house, to discover, when they rose to depart, that their refreshment had been paid for by some one who had disappeared, and with whom they had not even exchanged a word. I am aware that these circumstances may be attributed to the warm feelings towards our country, which were then excited by universal enthusiasm; but they are, nevertheless, the offspring of minds naturally generous and noble."

The author of "Recollections" confirms this statement.

"The Spaniards, I have often observed, however exalted their rank, are exceedingly kind and affable to their servants and inferiors. And, indeed, the lower classes have much natural politeness; nor is there any thing in their language, or manner, which disgusts or offends. They have no vulgarity in their freedom, no servility in their respect. I have often sat round the fire of a Posada, amid Spaniards of all classes, whom chance has assembled together; and have been quite charmed to mark the general good-humour, and the easy, unembarrassed propriety of behaviour of the common peasants."

Now for the religion of the Spaniards: the following extract is from Mr. Jacob's Travels; and the reader will see how solicitous he is to defeat the obvious meaning of his facts by vague surmises of his own.

"On Sunday I went to the cathedral, to see the ceremony of high mass. There is a pomp and splendour in the Catholic worship, when performed in a country where that religion is established, which, like any other pageant, dazzles for a moment, and confines the attention to the imposing spectacle; but it is so different from any of our feelings of religion, that the impression it makes upon us, differs little from that which the best scenes a theatre produce. On those, however, who, from early and repeated association, have connected these ceremonies with religious ideas, and with the strong feelings of adoration and gratitude, the effect produced must be very great, though I should suspect very transient.

"I have frequently visited this church before, and every time with such increased admiration, that I am afraid to attempt a description of it, from a consciousness of the difficulty to do justice to my own impressions. From the climate, it is necessary to exclude the heat, and of course the light; there are consequently but few windows, and those of painted glass, barely sufficient to give light enough to distinguish, on first entering, the various surrounding objects. This produces a solemn effect on the high altar, which is brilliantly illuminated with wax-tapers of an enormous size. The decorations of this altar are splendid and sumptuous beyond description; the quantity of gilding on the borders of the different compartments, filled with images and pictures; the massy silver and gold ornaments, and the rails of bronze, tastefully designed, compose a most impressive whole. The priests kneeling before the altar, and in silence offering up their devotions, the clouds of ascending incense, and the pious on their knees, in the most striking attitudes, altogether form a scene that at once captivates the imagination, and suspends the reasoning faculties; it is a scene to be felt, but not described; the sensations it produces may be indulged, but cannot long delude a reflecting mind.

"My English ideas were not to be seduced by this imposing spectacle; and I could not refrain, after a few minutes, from calculating what portion of all that is valuable in man, of moral rectitude, of benevolent propensity, and of patience in adversity, is produced by all this costly machinery. That some part of this machinery may be useful it would be unjust to doubt; and rash must that man be, who would hastily and inconsiderately level to the ground even these supports, feeble as they are, of the virtue and consolation of a whole people. The great distinction between the English clergy and those of the Catholic church, as well as some of our

English sectaries, is, that the former, in all their public services, strive chiefly to enforce practical virtue, while the latter lay the greatest stress on the adherence to their peculiar rites and doctrines.

"Religion in every country is calculated to produce an effect on manners as well as on morals. In England, among those who read but little or not at all, the effect is accomplished by public preaching; but in Spain, where preaching is by no means common, the knowledge of religion is kept alive by sensible representations of the events of the Gospel history. These are exhibited in the churches, or the calvarios, on the days set apart for celebrating the leading fasts of the Christian religion, or on days consecrated to the memory of particular saints. From these the people collect with tolerable accuracy the true accounts of the life and miracles of our Saviour and his apostles; but they receive with equal credit legends of saints, which, from the manner in which they are taught, they cannot distinguish from authentic facts: but virtue, which ought to form the ultimate object of all true religion, which elevates man to the highest rank of which he is susceptible, and assimilates him to a superior order of beings, is left to the confessor to be impressed on the mind of the penitent.

"Auricular confession is but a poor substitute for public preaching; or rather, public teaching, which the Reformation introduced, is an excellent substitute for auricular confession. The dignity of the pulpit makes reproof more severe, denunciations more alarming, advice more powerful, and consolation more soothing; while the intimacy, and sometimes the familiarity of auricular confession, makes the penitent feel but too forcibly that the spiritual guide has all the passions and weakness of those who rely on him.

"I should, however, be sorry to see this practice abolished till some better were introduced in its stead; for though it be obvious that the profligacy of the higher classes is not corrected by their religion, and whatever dominion they may allow their priests over their faith and their rituals, they allow them very little over their morals; yet, with the middle and lower ranks of society, who form the most virtuous and moral class of the people, they have a beneficial influence. With the higher order, the great struggle of the confessor is to keep the mind free from doubts, to enforce submission to the dogmas and ceremonies of the church, and prevent the inroads of heresy. With the other classes there is no such task; they never read books written by foreigners, nor ever converse with them; they have no doubts on points of faith, no scruples in matters of ceremony; and the task of the confessor is more directly addressed to the formation of the moral habits of sobriety, honesty, and veracity. On these points they have evidently been successful; for I have never been in any country where the mass of the people has approached the conduct of the Spaniards in these respects."

Respecting the alleged want of sermons in Spain, we are enabled to set Mr. Jacob right; our authority is the Rev. Blanco White. Mr. Jacob drew his picture of religion whilst at Seville, and it so happens that the author of "Doblado's Letters" dates his letter from that very town. "The most lucrative employment for friars," he says, "is preaching. I have not the means to ascertain the number of sermons delivered at Seville in the course of the year; but there is good reason to suppose that the average cannot be less than twelve a-day. One popular preacher, a clergyman, I know, who scarcely passes one day without mounting the pulpit, and reckons on three sermons every four-and-twenty hours during the last half of Lent." One of these preachers is thus drawn by the hand of this very *candid* painter of the Spanish character. "No man ever showed such assurance and c onsciousness o

heaven's delegated authority as Father Vega, in the Confessional. He reads the heart of his penitent—impresses the mind with the uselessness of disguise, and relieves shame by a strong feeling that he has anticipated disclosure. In preaching, his vehemence rivets the mind of the hearers; a wild luxuriance of style engages them with perpetual variety; expectation is kept alive by the unnumbered flashes of his wit; while the homely, and even coarse, expressions he allows himself, when he feels the whole audience already in his power, give him that air of superiority which seems to set no bounds to the freedom of manner.

"It is, however, in his private chapel that Father Vega has prepared the grand scene of his triumphs over the hearts of his audience. Twice every day, during the exercises, he kneels for the space of one hour, surrounded by his congregation. Daylight is excluded, and a candle is so disposed in a shade that, without breaking the gloom of the chapel, it shines on a full-length sculpture of Christ nailed to the cross, who, with a countenance where exquisite suffering is blended with the most lovely patience, seems to be on the point of moving his lips to say—"Father, forgive them!" The mind is at first allowed to dwell, in the deepest silence, on the images and sentiments with which previous reading has furnished it, till the director, warmed with meditation, breaks forth in an impressive voice, not, however, addressing himself to his hearers, from whom he appears completely abstracted, but pouring out his heart in the presence of the Deity. Silence ensues after a few sentences, and not many minutes elapse without a fresh ejaculation. But the fire gradually kindles into a flame. The addresses grow longer and more impassioned; his voice, choked with sobs and tears, struggles painfully for utterance, till the stoutest hearts are forced to yield to the impression, and the chapel resounds with sighs and groans."

Perhaps we might stop here, but we must adduce another testimony in favour of Spanish morality, and the beneficial influence of the Catholic religion in Spain. The author of "Recollections" says:—

"The Spaniards are reproached with being very superstitious; and they are so. But superstition is not *always* the parent of crime. Those who would attribute, to a willing and consenting nation, the establishment of that merciless tribunal, the Inquisition, *greatly err:* that barbarous institution originated in the wicked and detestable policy of cruel rulers and crafty ecclesiastics, who built up their iniquitous power upon the piety, reverence, and zeal of a devout and enthusiastic people.

"The Spaniards, blessed with a fertile imagination and a lively fancy, are exalted, consoled, or awed, by the strange creations and idols of their subject minds. The arm is nerved with tenfold vigour, the heart steeled with tenfold courage, the tear of affliction is dried, or the commission of crime averted by feelings of irresistible influence, the offspring of holy superstition. In a country where the laws are ill administered, this authority of conscience rules the heart of each individual, and with such success, that I do not hesitate to say, I think there are fewer atrocious crimes committed in Spain, than in the British islands: there is more manslaughter, but less murder, less deliberate assassination. There are bands of robbers in their mountain-passes, and their extensive forests, but there are fewer villains in their towns and villages, and crimes are rarely heard of in the peaceful bosom of their inoffensive societies.

He adds:—

"The Spaniards are hospitable and generous, and *unaffectedly* so: they are good fathers, and husbands, humane and considerate masters of families. They are patriotic and brave, temperate and honest."

After this it must be unnecessary to combat Mr. Jacob's statement respecting the want of chastity among Spaniards. He admits that all the fine stories about intriguing nuns are unworthy of notice, because the discipline of the convents is a sufficient guarantee for propriety of conduct; and he ought to have known that morality and libertinism never can exist together. Where there is a want of chastity there is always a want of nearly all the other virtues; and, when he alleges that the Spanish peasantry are humane, tender, *moral*, and affectionate, it argued a great ignorance of ethics to allege that they were addicted to concubinage, and the vices usually associated with such habits. There are one or two facts, however, which effectually repel Mr. Jacob's statement; in the first place, there are, comparatively, fewer illegitimate children in Spain than in any other nation in Europe except "popish" Ireland; and Mr. Huggins asserts that it was the indecent liberties taken by the French soldiers with Spanish females that first aroused against them that formidable spirit which ultimately drove them beyond the Pyrenees.

This article has extended beyond the limits originally contemplated, but we still find that the subject is far from being exhausted. We shall, therefore, at a future time, perhaps in our next, return to it, as we have a few words to say respecting the present state of religion in Spain and Portugal. It excites in us, we confess, mixed feelings; and we intend to be very candid on the subject, in the hope that our remarks may be productive of benefit.

AN ADDRESS,

BY THE LATE REV. JOHN FRANCIS QUICK.

As the poor red-breast, nursed in deserts wild,
Untaught, unguided, Nature's wandering child,
In thoughtless song his cheerful spring employs,
And wantons in the summer's giddy joys,
Till chilling blasts awak'ning serious thought,
He hastens trembling to some friendly cot;
So I to worldly prospects bid adieu,
And trembling, hoping, fly, my God, to you.
My parents, born on error's gloomy shore,
Untaught, misled by false example's power,
Each to my youth those moral truths imparts,
Which Nature's God imprints on humble hearts;
And as my infant mind their precepts caught,
I saw them ever practice what they taught.
In riper years forth rambling from their side,
A giddy youth, without a friendly guide:
The world assailed me with its glittering snares,
And every passion strengthen'd with my years;
Vice hung her specious wiles with syren voice,
And thronging thousands tempted to the choice.
Temptations thickened round my hapless head,
And demon angels lent their guileful aid:
How much I trembled 'mid such pressing woes;
How beat my heart? 'tis thou, O God, who knows.
Oh! had I then Religion's heavenly hand
To guard my youth thro' hell's embattled band,
With power divine temptations to controul,
And balsam healing my enfeebled soul;

Oh! had I then some sage director's care,
To calm my heart, to chase away despair,
To whom unfolding all my burthen'd breast,
His cheering words had sooth'd my soul to rest,
Crushed passion's rage, the alluring bait disarmed,
Put fiends to flight, my mind with ardour warmed.
Oh! then my soul had gained fair virtue's meed!
But now I've caused a suffering God to bleed.
To every wind of doctrine made a prey,
No settled faith to point my certain way;
On raging error's restless surges toss'd,
Then wrecked forlorn on heresy's dark coast,
Hell's gulph yawned wide as on I heedless trod,
What could have saved me? Oh, my friends, 'twas God.
That heavenly parent, in compassion mild,
Sent forth his rod to strike his erring child;
Groaning beneath affliction's keenest smart,
He sent a ray to light my clouded heart;
With potent arm my daring steps repressed,
And kindly placed me on my mother's breast.*
From doubt secure, reclined in calm repose,
Blest with true faith, which she alone bestows;
My heart she lightens from its pressing care,
Recals my mind from terror and despair;
O'er my sick soul her healing balm employs,
And gives a foretaste of immortal joys.
What nobler gift could Providence have given?
What more imparted, save the bliss of heaven?
Yet further his paternal aid to share,
He placed me here beneath your fostering care.
Here let me live in penitence and prayer,
By active zeal a youth misspent repair;
March on, for heaven as life's short moments glide,
Sure of my way with such a skilful guide†.
For who can err beneath *his* pastoral care,
Who dauntless wields Religion's potent spear,
The Church's champion, Heaven his life defend,
To guard her rights, her children to befriend.
And you, the parent of this youthful band,‡
Your labours spread religion through this land.
Fired by example, by your kindness cheered,
A life so precious, long may it be spared.
And you in such a glorious cause conjoined ‖,
You point to heaven with care the infant mind;
You pass in studious toil the live-long day,
Proceed, for lo! your Saviour leads the way.
No more my soul lies grovelling on the ground,
Such generous helps supporting it around;
Weak as I am, oh aid me by your prayer,
That God may give me grace to persevere;
That my whole life may glorify his name,
To *Him* be praise—to me disgrace and shame.

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* Catholic Church.
† Right Rev. Bishop Milner.
‡ Rev. Mr. Southworth.
‖ Rev. Robert Richmond, and Rev. T. Walsh.

SCENES IN AN IRISH VILLAGE.

About thirty miles to the west of Cork is a beautiful and romantic glen, called the Leap, which, in the history of the county, has long been of great importance; for the old adage even yet retains its full force, of "beyond the Leap, beyond the Law." For the space of two miles along the valley, one side of the road is shadowed by a thick forest of oak, forming a strange, but pleasing, contrast to the high and barren hills which rise upon the other; and after passing the bridge, situated at the extremity of the dell, the traveller is instantly struck by the wildness that increases at every step. But, wild as it appears, it still has its peculiar charms; and though, over a plain of miles in extent, little is to be seen but bogs and morasses, yet it is so interspersed with innumerable lakes, some of them highly picturesque, that, to the eye of a poet, or a painter, the prospect must be one of interest, if not of beauty; and the political economist only would exclaim, "all is barren!" To the traveller, its charm is heightened by the change from the gloom of the dark forest, and the high hills; while a few broken relics of some old castles, over many parts of which the plough has passed, and weeds have grown, serve as a relief to the sameness of the view, and afford subjects for meditation as he travels on his bleak and barren journey. In the distance, he beholds the high hills rising above the valley in rude magnificence; with here and there a little cultivated spot, on which its smoke only enables him to distinguish the clay-built cottage from the rocks around it. Miles beyond them he perceives Hungary mountain towering over the rest, and seeming to look with equal scorn upon the hills and the vallies; proud only of its barrenness, for its whole extent does not give pasture to a flock of sheep; while man, the lord of the creation, shuns it equally with the beings of the lower world. Its summit is crowned by an unfathomable lake, with which the peasantry have long associated tales of superstitious wonder, many of them having seen its only inhabitant, an enormous serpent, stretch forth his head, until they have lost sight of it in the clouds!

A road to the left, towards the sea coast, leads to the village of Glandore; but the road is little better than a footpath, totally impassable to carriages of every description, and dangerous even to horses. This way, however, is not altogether cheerless, for, on one side, Brade, and the beautiful demesne of Lord Kingston, and, on the other, the old mansion and rookery of Castle Jane, give a pleasing and romantic cast to the landscape; while the river is seen, at intervals, between the thick wood that slopes from the road to the shore. At the distance of nearly a mile from it, is situated the village, in a valley, surrounded on every side by high hills, consisting of a number of straggling cottages built along the strand, with the potatoe garden behind each, and fronted by the dunghill, formed as a sort of wall on either side the door. It was evening when I first approached it; an evening in autumn, and the sun was setting in all its splendour, an image of that Eternal, whom, though we cannot gaze upon, we feel. It was the vigil of the Sabbath day, and the villagers were assembling to pass it in their customary amusement, and, at least, harmlessly, to welcome the approach of the day of rest. At the entrance, I had to encounter the inquisitive gaze of many a country lass, sitting at her cabin door, folding her tresses, and arranging her rustic finery, in preparation for the evening

dance. A countryman, who, if he was not going my way, made it his, addressed me with "It's a fine evening, your honour; God bless it!" This blessing is the general accompaniment of the Irish to every thing they admire, or wish to be admired; it arises from their religious habits of thinking. I have frequently heard it bestowed on things animate and inanimate,—and "that's a fine cow, God bless it!" or, "it's a beautiful tree, God bless it!" are constant and favourite expressions. My companion, for he became so, was an old and weather-beaten sailor, who had visited one half the globe, and knew something of the other: he seemed not a little vain of his superiority over his fellow-villagers; and it was with some difficulty I prevailed upon him to forget the Esquimaux and the Hottentots, and to leave St. Lawrence and the Table Mountain, for the Glandore hill and river.

At length, in his own dialect, half seaman, and half rustic, he commenced his account of the neighbouring villas and their inhabitants, and continued to point out to me the attractive scenes, as we walked along. "Do ye see that house upon the hill, yonder? that's Mr. R.'s; Oh! he's a hard man to the poor, that; 'tis a bad life his tenants have of it: I'd as lieve be a slave in an Algee rover; and I was once, and by the same token I'll remember it to my death. We fought hard, but they shot away our jib-boom, and so took us. And that little island that runs away from the shore, like the deserters at Madeira,—that's Mr. M.'s,—that is, it isn't now, for he's dead, and the only land that's left him is in the church-yard, forenent you. Och! it's he was the good man in his time, any how! Divil a cratur ever pass'd his door without the bit and the sup, barring the exciseman, the *blaguard* that tuck his potteen, and kilt his illegant little bit of a mare:—Oh wisha! every thing's bad luck to him for that same. Look at that ould castle upon the grey rock; that's Mr. O.'s; him as made a will, and made his dead uncle put his name on it, by holding the corpse's hand: and then he swore he'd life in him; and so he had, faith! for he put a live worm in the dead man's mouth. And that house in the glen yonder, that's the clargyman's; with six Protestants in his rich parish;—divil a one more!"

By this time we had reached the middle of the village; and my companion, thinking it now necessary for me to give some account of myself, were it but in gratitude for his confidence and communications, questioned and cross-questioned me, though to no purpose. An Irish peasant is like a black letter book, which, though difficult to peruse, generally rewards the labour by opening sources of new and curious information; and is seldom closed with dissatisfaction. The very causes that have conspired to depress them, and still keep them down, have at the same time given them that quickness of intellect, and that penetrating shrewdness, by which they are generally distinguished. Believing themselves, as they certainly do, mastered by strangers in their own land, they feel, or fancy themselves, called upon to act on the defensive, and to overbalance might by cunning. They are, therefore, frequently ungrateful, because, unaccustomed to kindness, they often look on a favour as a bribe; or, at best, as the offering of self-interest and policy. After having borne patiently the examination of my companion, like a shrewd witness before a long-headed barrister, who thinks before he opens his lips, and never replies until he has well conned his answer, I pointed towards one of the cottages, round the door of which

a number of the peasantry were assembled, and asked him what was doing there. "It's the potteen, your honour; may be your honour would like to see the gossoons dancing; and sure now there'll be many a nate girl and boy tripping it there, when Blind Jerry, the piper, that's on the hill yonder, is to the fore." We advanced towards the house, over the door of which was a large sign, with a grim figure of St. Patrick, mitred and clad in his robes, bearing a cross in one hand, and a book in the other: before him were toads and serpents, in abundance, creeping out of the way of his curse, while one or two, more courageous than the rest, had ventured to turn round and hiss at the holy man who was thus dispossessing them of their territory. We entered the cabin, and the attention of the company was divided between the strange gentleman, and Jerry the blind piper, who arrived at the same moment; the speaking sound of whose music, as he filled the bellows of his pipes, immediately set the party in motion. "Arrah Jerry!" said one, "what kept you now? and here's Nelly Vaughan's toes cramped wid waiting for you."—"And the stuff you likes to taste growing could," said another. "Well he's here now," exclaimed several, "and girls, if yé have no corns, dance away! and see which 'll be tired first, your legs, or Jerry's music."

A stranger never requires an introduction, and is always sure of a welcome. A seat was handed to me, and I accepted the invitation; "will your honour be plased to sit down? it's little the likes of us has to give your honour, but the quality likes the mountain dew, as they call it; and here it is, nate and beautiful, sure enough!" Some whiskey punch accompanied the recommendation, in a sort of mutilated tumbler, tied round the top, which a large crack made necessary, by a piece of tarred string: "It isn't the best glass, but it's the largest, sir," said the man who presented it to me, and added me with a wink and a smile, "your honour isn't an officer?" thus sufficiently intimating that my liquor had paid no duty to the king. I had now leisure to make my remarks on the group around me; they were principally gazing on the four dancers, and, by a "well done Paddy!" or, an "illigantly danced, Judy!" applauding the endeavours of the young peasants, who certainly footed it with all their hearts. Among the lookers on, the old people, of whom there were but few present, only had seats; the rest were either standing, or sitting cross-legged around the ring. The room was crowded; and I never saw a more apparently happy group; for there was not a single countenance among them that bore any traits of care. The evening was like one of those green spots on their barren mountains; and if they did not at times enjoy such, the lot of the Irish peasantry would be indeed one of wretchedness and misery.

I had scarcely finished my beverage, when a smart young damsel advanced towards me, and dropped her courtesy; though, as I did not wish to show the non-education of my toes, I pretended not to understand her; when a matron who sat beside me, undertook the office of interpreter, saying, "she wants to dance wid your honour." In common politeness, as I had been drinking with the men, I could not avoid dancing with the women; so I rose, and hopped and hobbled through an Irish jig. My buxom partner, however, far outshone me in agility; and when she retired, another came forward, and another, and another, who seemed determined to tire me, but I was determined not to be

tired. At length there was an universal cry of "fadda! fadda!" (*fie, for shame!*) "lave the gentleman sit;" and I was left leaping alone. But, to show that I was not wearied, I made my rustic scrape and bow to a pretty and interesting girl who was seated in a corner. "I don't dance, Oh wisha! I could not; God knows, sir, I could not," was her reply to my invitation. "Och, Mary! hurro!" echoed several of the party, two of whom advanced and forced her on her legs: when I discovered the reason of her bashful tardiness was, that the feet of my chosen one were naked; so, with a natural gallantry, I threw off my own shoes, and we footed it together gaily on the earthen floor.

We were thus engaged, when a man burst into the room, exclaiming, "The ould ferry-boat is gone down, and they're all lost!" The music instantly ceased, and the whole party with eager humanity hurried towards the shore; where we found that the boat had indeed accidentally gone down, but that the passengers were not all lost. On the beach men and women were running, and asking of all they met, who were drowned; each fearing to hear of a husband, or a brother, among the victims; while the joy of those who clasped their faint and dripping relatives, was scarcely less agonizing than the fearful anxiety of those who as yet knew not the fate of their own friends. I soon saw my former companion, and his wet clothes witnessed for him that he had not been idle; three times he had plunged into the waves, and as often returned bearing a fellow-being from the waters. Others had exerted themselves with equal success; and one only of the hapless party was brought lifeless to the land. A few drops of blood issued from a wound on the temple of the young man; and he must have received a fatal blow when the boat upset. Sadly and slowly the party returned to the house where, but a few minutes before, they had been gay and happy; following mournfully the body of him who had been thus cut off in the April of his days. It was dark; but I heard deep sobs from the midst of the crowd; and I knew he was not the only being to be wept for.

The corpse was laid on a table in the room where the dance had so lately been; and there were two female figures standing beside it, the mother and sister of the dead youth. The young girl was moaning and weeping bitterly; while the crowd stood sorrowfully by, offering up now and again a solemn prayer for the repose of dead youth's soul. One of them tried to soothe her, with "Mary, Mary dear! 'tis God's will!" She turned towards the man who had spoken, and pointed to the body: then with the action of frenzy, she shook the pale corpse, shrieking "Tom! Tom dear! why won't ye wake? Oh wake! wake!" and she fell senseless on the floor. I never saw the power of grief more fearfully displayed. It was the very barefooted partner with whom, but a little while before, I had been dancing. The noise roused the mother, who had stood beside the corpse, wiping off the chill damp, and the drops of blood that still oozed from the forehead, with a sorrow too deep for tears. "I tell ye, Mary, he's dead!" she murmured, when she heard her daughter's voice, "and will never wake again!" And she bent listlessly over the body, while her hand was laid upon his pale brow; and she muttered, as if unconscious of the presence of any except her dead child, "You were a good son, agra! how like his father he is now, when I see him last, before they put him in his cold grave:—What'll Mary do when I'm gone? God be with her! and him that's dead, him that's a corpse before me, and I not by, with my blessing for him!"

Most of the villagers had left the scene of sorrow, and, as I saw those who remained were all the young man's relatives and friends, I departed also, with an aching heart, to reflect on the melancholy close of this evening of gaiety and joy; and, once more, to bear testimony to the truth, that pleasure and happiness are, too often, but

"The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below!"

J. C.

NETLEY ABBEY.

"HENCE, avaunt! 'tis holy ground:"
Sceptic Pride, with looks profound;
  Gloom-struck Philosophy, with self-acclaim;
And, hopeless, sinking to the sod,
Stern Atheism without a God,
  And Deism without a saving name!

Hence, avaunt, each step profane!
All that to Superstition's reign
  Ascribe those blest religious days,
When training tenants for the skies
Saints bade this sacred structure rise;
  Hence, ye profane! and I will hymn their praise.

Oh, blest the times when thus 'twas given
For mortals to commune with Heaven,
  And shut out all the fondly-busied train;
The pride, the vanity and noise,
Each idle nothing that employs,
  Business and pleasure equally in vain.

Then, if a treacherous world betray'd,
Then, if a merciless world essay'd,
  To bend the unresisting victim low;
If envy, malice, fraud pursued,
If bitter scorn the soul subdued,
  The cloister spread its shade, a shield from woe.

Now no longer through the air,
Sounds the frequent hour of pray'r;
  No more the wearied pilgrim hither rests;
The neighb'ring cottager no more
Claims for his wants the appointed store;
  But death and devastation are the guests.

To learn to suffer or to die,
No longer here the afflicted fly;
  No more the mariner his passing sail
Arrests, with reverential care
To crave a blessing and a pray'r
  To give his vent'rous toils a prosp'rous gale.

All is changed:—Now sad and slow,
From the shelving banks below,
  The sullen surges silently retreat;*
And the freighted bark deny,
That to the holy fane draws nigh,
  To gain its cloister with unwounded feet.

Thundering through its vaulted walls,
Now the evening gun appals;

* It was low water when we visited the ruins.

And slow the solemn foe of light
Quits his unmolested cell,
His melancholy note to swell,
"And pour it on the leaden ear of night."

Now methinks the vesper bell
Tolls its own eternal knell,
And rising slow, a melancholy band,*
'Mid the intermingled green,
People all the solemn scene;
Their sighs I seem to hear, and see the suppliant hand.

First in sacerdotal vest
One rises, and above the rest
Erects the cross, the sacred standard high;
Now arranged in equal lines,
The shadowy procession joins,
And round the ruin winds with mournful melody.

In each hand of deathly hue,
Gleams a taper palely blue,
And visible thro' darkness all appear;
Sweet, tho' sad, their vesper song,
Echoing vaulted walls prolong,
Till soft it dies upon the "doubting ear."

All at once the vision flies;
All at once the pageant dies,
And lo! a spectre of far other mien†
Glides along with trembling speed;
Oft his wavering steps recede;
And oft he starts the crumbling walls between.

Far, 'even with astonished glare,
His unreposing eye-balls stare;
For even like the hunted hare, his head
Turns, as pursued by threatening foe,
Still fearing the avenging blow;
The death he suffered seeming yet to dread.

But the herald of the day
Bids the shadows melt away,
The distant matin song now soothes my ear;
Sounding from the vault below,
Down, down the fading phantoms go,
Blithe Morn awakes, and I alone am here.

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* "Unseen by all but clear poetic eyes."

† Mr. Walter Taylor, a carpenter, of Southampton, contracted with the Marquis of Huntingdon for so much of the materials of Netley Abbey as he could remove in a limited time. With these a town-house at Newport, and dwelling-houses in different parts, were to be built. Upon this, some of his acquaintance said to him, that, for their parts, they never would be instrumental in the demolition of holy and consecrated places. The words made some impression upon Mr. Taylor (who was a dissenter) and caused him to dream one night that the arch key-stone fell from the east window, and killed him. This dream he related to Mr. Watts (father of the celebrated Dr. Isaac Watts,) who advised him not personally to be concerned in pulling down the abbey. But Mr. Taylor proceeded in the work; and in endeavouring to wrench some boards within the east window, to give air to the workmen, a stone fell from thence, and fractured his skull. The fracture at first was not judged mortal, but accidentally became so by the slip of an instrument which was applied to extract a splinter; it ran through the membrane of the brain, put a period to his life, and fulfilled his dream."—*Southampton Guide.*

THE OSCOTIAN.*

We have been presented with a copy of the new series of "The Oscotian;" and to those of our readers who are interested, not alone in the peculiar welfare of Oscott College, but also in the respectability of the Catholic body, we deem that there will be no apology necessary for again reverting to this meritorious little work. While our adversaries are busied in proclaiming that mental degradation is consequent upon the doctrines of the Catholic church, it is some triumph to be able to produce living and incontrovertible facts in their refutation. Here we have a work issuing from the minds of Catholic youth, replete with talent and amply evincing a prevailing spirit of research in its contributors—a work which will bear not only to be placed in competition with its contemporaries of the Protestant school, but which would come out from the rivalry with the character of superior merit. While the students of Harrow could not succeed in keeping their magazine alive, for more than a few months, we find those of Oscott extending their's to years, and still animated by as active a spirit as when they first began. That such an undertaking as the Oscotian must be essentially beneficial to those who are connected with it we have long asserted; and we are glad to find that events bear out our allegation. Although it may be the occasional repository of bad taste or impropriety of thought or diction, we are convinced that the exercise it compels constitutes the best corrective for such faults. It obliges the youth of the college to think; it calls into exertion every power of their minds—it draws forth talents which school themes may for ever have failed in eliciting, and communicates a necessity of inquiry and a spirit of emulation that must be of the most direct benefit. When the progress of their studies has been assisted by such means as the Oscotian supplies, our young men enter upon the stage of the world, not as mere raw Greek and Latin scholars, with a mass of academical knowledge which they know not how to dispose of, but with minds more or less schooled in the art of thinking, with pens prepared for the defence of their political or religious doctrines, and with a certain precocity of judgment that anticipates what nothing but the experience of four or five years could otherwise have brought. It has been objected that the time necessary for the Oscotian must trench upon application to more essential duties. The only answer we shall give to this is, that the editors of the "Oscotian," those who were oftenest in its pages, have invariably been the very first "longe primi" of their respective schools; and we have heard those say, whose experience may give some authority to their opinion, that they derived as much, if not more, practical advantage, from their connexion with the "Oscotian" than years of extraneous study could have bestowed. Those who write must read; so that it is a very mistaken argument to urge that the constant habit of scribbling is at variance with an extensive acquaintance with books. Our young friends themselves seem sensible of the advantages which we claim for them. Among other passages we find the following, in p. 6. of the *introduction* to the present Number: "Are there not parents who have sons—are there not sisters who have brothers exercising their tender geniuses in these intellectual flights,

* The "Oscotian, or Literary Gazette of St. Mary's." New Series, Birmingham. R P. Stone, p. 156.

from which no material injury can be sustained, and much solid advantage anticipated? If the progress of her boy is a solicitude to the mother, will she not eagerly embrace the opportunity afforded her of bearing ocular testimony to his efforts at advancement? And will she not kindle with animation whilst she calculates, from these puerile essays, his chance of future notoriety?" So persuaded are we of the good effects attendant on such a periodical as the one before us, that it would give us the sincerest pleasure to see the example followed by every Catholic college in England and Ireland.

It seems that some of the former conductors of this little publication having left St. Mary's to contend with a larger world, the arrangement of the manual department has been transferred to Birmingham, which has produced a considerable improvement, so far as mechanism is concerned, making the Number before us a very respectable specimen of provincial typography. We also congratulate our young friends on the very evident improvement which characterises most of the articles of the present Number. Their prose is more chaste, more classical; and, although not yet arrived at the standard of good writing, possesses a degree of spirit, of freshness, and of originality, which promises much. The poetry is, in general, good; sometimes the imitations of Byron are too apparent. And we should say that the verses headed "The Slave" were excellent, were they not so closely copied from Mrs. Hemans. The proportion of poetry is rather too great; and we would recommend our young friends to make a more equable balance in the disposition of their future matter. If our limits allowed us, we should feel inclined to extract the whole of the "Dying Saint." It has struck us much, and we give the following:

"But 'tis an eve of Spring, the festal time
Of the tired soul; and now Death beckons him
Away, away from earth; from all her flowers
Of gold and silver light: when time and life
Are in their May, and when the waking winds
Creep on the odorous air like 'franchised spirits.
Oh! to a delicate and passionate mind,
To die at such a time!—to die when all
Are bursting into life—when all is green,—
And fair, and exquisite—when hope's dear pulse
Beats at the heart, and when the blood leaps up
In an excess of joy—this, this is more
Than the fond heart can bear:—he felt it not;
He had no fellowship with earth, and Spring
Vainly spread lures to win him. Though the brook,
Like tell-tale innocence, was musical
Of murmuring sounds, he turned him far away—
For all, aye all was vain. Gently there broke
On the blue mellowy radiance of the eye
Just sinking into shadow, twilight gleams
As of a sunnier world, and suddenly—
Glory, a burst of glories flung its beams
Around his throbbing forehead: O the deep,
The full overflowings of delight! joy, joy
Is swimming round him; Health springs forth
To paint his purpling lip; from the strong heart
Fountains of bliss gush upward, till each sense

Drunk with the too-deep fulness of its gladness
Voluptuously staggers through a dream
Of speechless extasy—save when the crush
Of lulling breathings, like the wind-harp's close
Is born and buried in its own sweet song."

This is pretty, although we cannot precisely see the justice of the lines,

"Oh! to a delicate and passionate mind,
To die at such a time!

It seems to us that when the soul is engaged with the agony of approaching dissolution, the green fields and blue skies would have little share in its meditations. The last lines of the paragraph are borrowed from Moore; we have read them almost word for word before. The lines on Greece have much strength and force.

The "Hymn" is so feeling, so full of devotional poetry, and so aptly versified, that we cannot resist the temptation of copying it.

"Mary Mother, on whose breast
Smiled the infant God of Love,
Whose seraphic lip carest
Him who sways the world above;
Still a feeling mother be—
Virgin Mary pray for me.

"Thou who stood'st beneath the wood
Where thy Saviour son was hung,
Drenched and crimsoned by the flood,
Which upon thy brow he flung;
Let that day appeal to thee—
Virgin Mary pray for me.

"Shaking off the fearful gloom,
Bursting forth on glory's wing,
When he left the shroud and tomb,
Glorified and triumphing;
By a mother's jubilee—
Virgin Mary pray for me.

"By thy virgin purity,
By thine infant's fond caress,
By the pangs of Calvary,
By thy present blessedness,
Still, oh still a mother be—
Virgin Mary pray for me."

There is a translation from the *Certamen Ajaci et Ulyssei* of Ovid, and another from the *Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles, both of which are faithfully and spiritedly rendered. "The vision of Belshazzar," and "Italy" are not inferior; some lines of the latter are beautiful. The prose articles possess considerable merit; Murtagh O'Carroll's "Romantic Journey" is not only well written, but the sentiments are correct and patriotic. The "Martyr Student" is a powerfully drawn sketch, and we are almost attempted to transfer it to our pages. Our readers, however, we are sure will procure the "Oscotian," and delight themselves with its contents. By doing so they will procure a fund of harmless amusement, and contribute to the encouragement of youthful genius.

MEMOIR OF DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ. M. P.

Mr. O'Connell was born on the 6th of August, 1775, and, of course, is now in his fifty-fourth year. Whatever has been the ancestral dignity of his family, their present consequence is derived from successful industry; and the subject of our memoir may exult in the circumstance that, proud as he ought to be of his name—it is peculiarly national—its honourable associations arise from his individual merit rather than from any "hereditary deeds" of his forefathers. Iverah, the place of his birth, is situated in the county of Kerry, and not far from Cork, where he received the rudiments of his education. At an early age he was sent to St. Omer's, where he continued four years, but was never intended for the church. An eldest son, heir to a splendid independence, was not likely to devote himself to a profession surrounded by privations. Mr. O'Connell has taken the trouble to set the world right on this point, an opinion having long prevailed that he was intended originally for holy orders.

At the age of one-and-twenty Mr. O'Connell entered himself of Lincoln's Inn, and after two years' probation in London, was called to the Irish bar in the eventful year 1798: he commenced his political career by affixing his name to a petition of the bar against the measure of the union. This act of defiance to the minions of power evinced the independence of his character; it was tacitly telling the castle that he was not to be silenced by the golden means usually resorted to when the talent of Catholic barristers gave annoyance to the creatures of corruption.

His attention to the duties of his profession—his ready and masculine eloquence, and the facility which he possessed of extracting truth from unwilling witnesses, speedily recommended him to suitors; his business rapidly increased; but though solicitous to establish his reputation as an able lawyer, he was not indifferent to the claims of his country. The ten years which succeeded the union was a period of national torpor; at length a public meeting was called at the Royal Exchange to petition for a repeal of the union; and here Mr. O'Connell made his debut as an "agitator." His speech filled Ireland with hope; the Catholic spirit was renovated, the Catholic board was revived, and the energies of the country were once more called into operation. Unfortunately there was a want of union in the Catholic body; the invidious question of security was introduced; and, distracted amongst themselves, the government during the administration of the Duke of Richmond had not much difficulty in suppressing the board. With a temerity which argued a consciousness of his own powers Mr. O'Connell assumed to be the rallying point of Catholic Ireland. He published an annual address to his countrymen—called occasionally an aggregate meeting; but it was not until the establishment of the Catholic rent that he was enabled to avail himself fully for the good of Ireland, of the mighty resources of the Catholic body. Since then he has accomplished much; the *world* is acquainted with his indefatigable labours; and the measureless abuse which the enemies of every thing just and liberal continue to heap upon him is the best testimony to his patriotic labours. Mr. O'Connell makes no pretensions to infallibility; but, if he has committed errors, he knows, like Cæsar, that he could afford to acknowledge them. It would be a work of supererogation to detail the benefits which he has conferred upon his country.

DANIEL O'CONNELL ESQ. M.P.

Ingrey & Madeley Lithog. 310 Strand.

SAINT CUTHBERT.

In our number for August last, a correspondent, from whom we should be happy to hear more frequently, furnished some particulars respecting the disinterment of the supposed body of St. Cuthbert; and since that time the Rev. James Raine, rector of Meldon, has published a large quarto on the subject.* This volume has called forth a thin duodecimo†. in reply, and we are sure its value will be duly estimated when the public are informed that it has proceeded from the pen of the great historian of England, Dr. Lingard. We shall content ourselves, and no doubt satisfy our readers, by condensing the matter of this little work.

On the 17th of May, 1827, the Rev. James Raine, accompanied by six other Protestant gentlemen, repaired to that part of the abbey church which is called the feretory of St. Cuthbert; and there, having opened the ground, took out the skeleton of a human body, and subjected it to a long and minute examination. "The reader will naturally ask, what could have led to this extraordinary, this unseemly proceeding? It was, (the reverend gentlemen avowed it,) a charitable desire on their part to open the eyes of the blind deluded papists to the impostures of their church, by demonstrating to them that the body of the patron saint, in defiance of its boasted incorruptibility, is crumbled into dust. How ingenious is the zeal of proselytism! How easily does it accommodate itself to the wants and prejudices of its objects! In Ireland the second reformation began with the exhibition of good cheer to the poor and the hungry; in Durham it begins in a much more solemn manner. It disturbs the repose of the dead, and profanes the sanctity of the grave.

"It would appear that these reverend gentlemen are but little acquainted with the state of the Catholic mind in this country. To the generality of Catholics the name of St. Cuthbert is scarcely known beyond the limits of the bishopric; and neither there nor elsewhere is it believed, that the truth or falsehood of their creed has any connexion with the truth or falsehood of the legend respecting St. Cuthbert's body. Many, indeed, among them are persuaded that there is sufficient historic proof of that body having for ages been preserved without decay. But this notion is not peculiar to them. The same has obtained among eminent Protestant divines. 'This,' says Wharton, 'is most certain, that his body remained incorrupt for many ages after its burial.' 'Id præ omnibus certo constat, corpus ejus multis post sepulturam sæculis incorruptum permanisse.' But with both, Catholics as well as Protestants, this was matter merely of historic opinion. Neither the one nor the other were such illogical reasoners as to conclude that, if the body were once incorrupt, it must of necessity remain so still, or that, if, by the miraculous interposition of Providence, it was preserved in past ages, the same miraculous interposition must be perpetuated down to the present times."

It is the peculiar boast of Catholicism that it has never been assailed but by the ignorant and the unprincipled. Nine-tenths of those who rail against popery are guiltless of the least acquaintance with the tenets

* "St. Cuthbert," with an Account of the state in which the Remains were found, &c. 4to. 1828.

† Remarks on the "Saint Cuthbert," of the Rev. James Raine, M. A. &c. Newcastle. 1828. Heaton.

of the church of Rome; and the other one-tenth, in general, just know enough to consider it necessary to misrepresent our creed, in order to perpetuate the vulgar prejudices against it. Mr. Raine has a most convenient method of rendering Latin into English. When Bede speaks of St. Cuthbert proceeding "to offer up the sacrifice of the saving victim," Mr. Raine says, it was "to celebrate the solemnity of the last supper;" and, when the historian mentions that in his last illness the saint was careful to receive "the communion of the body and blood of the Lord," his translator says he received "the sacrament of the Lord's supper."

"Why these changes were made, or why Bede's account of Cuthbert's conduct when he received the confessions of penitent sinners, was omitted, it were idle to inquire; but most certainly the writer, whose object it is to charge others with pious frauds, ought to be on his guard that he may not lay himself open to similar imputations.

"St. Cuthbert died in 687, and was buried at Lindisfarne, after the usual manner in that age. The body was first washed, and probably rubbed with some aromatic preparation supposed to possess antiseptic qualities; it was then swathed in a cere-cloth, closely adhering to the skin; on this were successively placed the different habits worn by the bishop when he 'offered the sacrifice of the saving victim;' another envelope of cere-cloth was then added, and the body was deposited in a stone coffin, with an altar, chalice, paten, and other articles indicative of the high office which he held in the church.

"The monks had already taken the bones of St. Aidan, their first bishop, out of the grave, and enclosing them in a coffin of wood, had placed them above the pavement, on the right hand of the altar. About eleven years after the death of St. Cuthbert, it occurred to them to honour his remains in the like manner. The permission of the bishop was obtained, and the stone coffin was opened; but, instead of bones, as they expected, they found the body entire, the joints of the limbs flexible, and the vestments untarnished and undecayed. Taking away part of the exterior covering, to be kept as a memorial, they added a new cere-cloth, exchanged the sandals on the feet for others of greater value, cut off a few locks of hair, and spread another napkin or face-cloth over the head. The body was then enclosed in a coffin of wood, and placed upon the stone coffin in which it had previously reposed.

"These particulars are selected from the scattered notices in Bede, and the anonymous monk of Lindisfarne; and the account given by them may be reasonably considered as the testimony of the actors and spectators on the occasion. Both were contemporaries; both wrote at the desire of the monks; and one, probably each, subjected his narrative to their inspection, and corrected it by their suggestions. From many instances of bodies undecayed, it appears that there is nothing so very incredible in their description of St. Cuthbert's body, and no man can read the preface of Bede addressed to the monks of Lindisfarne, without being convinced, that this venerable man was not only incapable of lending his authority to sanction an imposture, but also thought those to whom he wrote incapable of fabricating one.

"In the face, however, of this evidence Mr. Raine comes forward to charge them with fraud. He tells us, that the monks of Lindisfarne wanted a patron saint for the aggrandizement of their church, that they could not select any one of the bishops, the predecessors of Cuthbert, because they all lived in error with respect to the true time of Easter; and that therefore, under pretence that the body of St. Cuthbert was incorrupt, they took his bones out of the tomb, wrapt them up in several envelopes till they had given them the appearance of a human body, and then placed them in a shrine, 'dignæ venerationis gratia, for the sake of

worthy veneration;' words of such portentous and alarming import, that the tongue of the historian refuses to utter the thoughts which they suggest to his mind.

"Now this is but an unfavourable specimen of Mr. Raine's proficiency in the art of calumniating ancient characters. The first canon to be observed in that art is to impute motives which cannot be disproved by positive evidence: but here the fact is contradictory of the motive imputed. For the monks already had a patron saint; and that patron was the first of those very bishops, whom Mr. Raine says they could not select, and they had already done for him what they now proposed to do for St. Cuthbert; they had placed his bones in a shrine near the high altar, according to the honour due to so great a prelate, juxta honorem tanto pontifice dignum; an expression which may serve to explain the dignæ venerationis gratia, so annoying to the sensitive nerves of the historian. It is unnecessary to add, that Mr. Raine does not produce any authority for his assertions: they are fictions of his own brain, suggested by the present appearance of the remains in the coffin."

On the invasion of the Danes the monks of Lindisfarne were expelled. According to the request of St. Cuthbert on his death-bed, they carried his remains along with them. They settled first at Chester-le-Street, and afterwards at Durham, where, in 1104, the shrine of the saint was transferred from the old to the new church, begun by the late Bishop Carileph. Mr. Raine has discovered many frauds of the monks during this period. Reginald, a monk of Durham, who lived at the close of the twelfth century, says there was a *tradition* (*tradition* Mr. Raine renders "recorded") that in the "olden times" one Ælfred Westove was accustomed to expose the hair of the saint to the action of fire, in which, to the surprise of the spectators, instead of burning it became bright *like* gold. Mr. Raine, improving on the story, says the hair *was* gold, being nothing more than portions of the gold wire which bound the mitre to the head! The ingenuity of this explanation is admirable, and shows how valuable an acquisition Mr. Raine would have proved to the monks of St. Cuthbert, had it been his lot to have lived in those olden times. He is so captivated with it himself as to forget that it is but a fanciful conjecture. He takes it for an authenticated fact, reverts to it in all his difficulties, and perpetually reminds his readers of the tricks of old Ælfred Westove. But, unfortunately, Westove came too late. The imposture, if there was any, had been contrived, according to Mr. Raine's own showing, long before—even as early as the year 698.

When William the Conqueror had overrun Durham, he summoned the Earl Cospatric before him, and prepared to impose the feudal service on the inhabitants. They strongly objected: the bishopric was the patrimony of St. Cuthbert; they owed fealty and service to the saint only; they had been freed from all services to others by the grants of preceding sovereigns. The Norman knew nothing of St. Cuthbert, and refused to credit their oaths on the subject. To satisfy himself he ordered the saint's coffin to be opened. A mass was celebrated preparatory to the examination: but, just at the conclusion of the mass, the monastic historian assures us, that the king felt an unusual heat; he was covered with perspiration, and unable to bear what he felt, he precipitately quitted the church, mounted his horse, and rode to the right bank of the Tees.

Mr. Raine sees here nothing but fraud, but he has forgotten that the

quarrel was not between the clergy and the conqueror, but between the people and the king.

"But Mr. Raine's account of the cause, which led to the king's retreat out of the church, is still more extraordinary. The apostle tells us that 'charity thinketh no evil:' the charity of the rector of Meldon is of a very different description. He is ready to charge a body of clergymen not only with fraud, but also with assassination, and that too on mere suspicion, and without an atom of proof. He is convinced that they administered poison to the king to prevent the inquiry. It must at least have been poison of a very peculiar kind, for it began to operate at the very moment when its operation was wanted, and instead of laying the king in his grave, placed him on horseback, and made him gallop out of the county. But could his indisposition, supposing it to have existed, be attributed to no other cause than poison? May it not have arisen from agitation of mind, from apprehension of some dreadful visitation in punishment of his incredulity and profaneness? Never, certainly, was so grievous a charge so lightly made, and so weakly sustained!

"Before the end of the century, Thomas, the Norman archbishop of York, came to Durham. For two years he had laboured under a grievous indisposition, and his case had been pronounced desperate by his physicians. In consequence of an admonition in a dream, he passed the night at the tomb of St. Cuthbert, and during his sleep saw the saint approach him, who passed his hand over his limbs, restored him to health, and ordered him to protect the interests of the church of Durham. Such is the substance of the account given by the archbishop himself, in his original charter, still preserved in the treasury at Durham. This cure Mr. Raine very naturally attributes to the influence of an excited imagination. But in that case it could afford no support to his favourite charge of imposture.

"When the church begun by Bishop Carileph was ready for the celebration of divine service, the 29th of August, 1104, was appointed for the translation of St. Cuthbert's remains to the feretory in the new church. Of the real state of these remains the monks were in reality ignorant, as the coffin had not been opened in the memory of man; and therefore, on the 25th, ten of their number were deputed to make the examination."

The account which has been transmitted us of the appearance of the body approximates to that which we have in the Archæologia (vol. 3, p. 381, et seq) respecting the remains of Edward I. when his tomb in Westminster Abbey was opened in 1770.

"The monks could now speak with certainty of the contents of the coffin, and of the state of the body. But on the day of the translation it was contended, by a neighbouring abbot, that to do away all doubt, a public, not a private, examination was requisite; the bishop and the prior after some dispute, acquiesced in his demand; and the coffin was again opened in the presence of the guests, amounting to about fifty persons, all of them distinguished in the church or state. Ralph, abbot of Seez in Normandy, and afterwards archbishop of Canterbury, was deputed to examine the body. He first raised up the head, bending it in different directions, and found that it was perfect in the joints of the neck, and adhered to the trunk. With his hand he felt the different parts of the body, and satisfied himself that the bones were clothed with skin and flesh. Taking the head between his hands, he raised the body by it till it almost assumed a sitting posture, shaking it forwards and backwards, and, lastly, he ascertained, by examination, the perfect state of the legs and feet. All present were convinced; and the remains of the saint were translated, with due solemnity, from the old to the new church.

"The reader may now listen to the remarks of Mr. Raine on this relation. He observes that the monks doubted not only of the incorrupt state, but even of the existence, of the body of St. Cuthbert. This doubt, however, is attributed by the narrator, not to the monks, but to the strangers. The monks believed, on the authority of their predecessors, though certainly they could not have without ocular inspection. 'They called upon the Almighty to work a miracle, a pretty strong proof that they knew one part of the story at least to be false.'—What! Call on the Almighty to work a miracle in support of an imposture? This surpasseth all belief. They prayed indeed that God 'would remove all doubt by proofs beyond doubt, to the glory of his name,' (ut dubium indubiis indiciis nomini suo dans gloriam excluderet,) but this was most certainly to pray that he would manifest the truth. The first examination was made exclusively by ten of the monks. But does this indicate fraud? Did not Mr. Raine and his coadjutors make their examination in private? Did they call in any Catholic to be present? The examination was made at midnight.—No: it was made as soon as it became dark. Had it been made during the day, the hours of divine service must have been interrupted. . . .

"In the year 1537 we come to the spoliation of the shrine by the visitors appointed by Henry VIII. We are told, that on this occasion the workman, endeavouring to force an entrance into the coffin, wounded with his tool one of the legs; that the body was still entire and flexible, and that on this account it was carried into the vestry, where it is probable that it remained till January, 1542. In that month it was interred under the place where the shrine had stood. It appears, from the treasurer's books, that a vault was made for the remains of the saint, in the first week of the year 1542, and from the record, that the situation of the vault was under the place where the shrine had stood. Hence, it was natural to infer, that this place is that pointed out by the stone slab in the middle of the feretory; but it has been contended by many, that the slab was placed there for deception, and that the body lay under some other part of the floor of the same feretory."

For the next two hundred and eighty-six years the remains of St. Cuthbert were not publicly disturbed until Mr. Raine and his associates opened his reputed grave. The question now is, was the skeleton which they examined that of St. Cuthbert.

"On the important 17th of May, they removed the slab from the pavement, and at the depth of twenty inches discovered another slab, on the inferior surface of which were engraved the words, 'Ricardus Heswell monachus.' This Richard Heswell was a monk of Durham, and prior of Sytham, who died at Durham somewhere about the year 1440. Did the coffin in the vault below contain the remains of this Heswell, or of St. Cuthbert? Had this slab been taken from the grave of Heswell, and placed for convenience as a covering to that of St. Cuthbert; or had the remains of the monk been really buried there, and those of the bishop for greater security removed to some other place? The first is asserted by Mr. Raine, and he thinks it a confirmation that the inscription was not on the upper but the lower surface of the stone: the latter agrees better with the tradition of the country, and may be thought to receive confirmation from the careless manner in which a cavity in the upper course of the stones at the foot of the vault had been filled up; which seems to prove that the vault had been already opened, at least once, since it was originally built. . . .

"The writer of these pages has been favoured with the following information from one of the monks, the depositaries of the secret: that, according to the tradition which has descended to them, the body of St. Cuthbert was buried under the shrine in the reign of Henry VIII. and was

taken up again during the reign of queen Mary; that the Catholic clergy, previously to their expulsion under queen Elizabeth, buried many things which they esteemed sacred, in the vault, under the place where the shrine had stood, but, for greater security, deposited the saint's body in a vault, in a different part of the church; and that the secret was communicated to the restorers of the English Benedictine Congregation, by some of those who had actually been employed in this removal. The spot itself is distinctly marked in a plan of the cathedral which they keep, but that spot they are under an oath of secrecy not to disclose."

But supposing that Mr. Raine had discovered, which he has not—the remains of St. Cuthbert, how does that establish his charge of imposture? Bodies of men, who had few claims to sanctity, have been preserved from decay in different places; and if in these cases there was no accusation of fraud, why should there be in this? If the ancient monks were pious and simple—even harmlessly credulous—the present race of men do not hesitate to believe the most incredible tales, provided they only tend to bring into disrepute the ancient church.

MY NOTE-BOOK.—NO. III.

PROTESTANT writers have laboured so long and so incessantly in perverting the truth of history, that Catholics are beginning to have very indistinct notions of things with which they ought to be particularly acquainted; they have an interest above all men in preserving the *facts* of history inviolable; and their enemies are so well apprized of this, that they exert themselves most sedulously to overturn them. Within the last month or two some ignorant creatures who conduct provincial journals pillaged Musgrave and Temple for an account of the Irish Insurrection of 1641. The "Catholic Journal," as it was bound to do, took up the matter, and published a reply; and the answer was considered so appropriate that the Defence Committee of the British Catholic Association reprinted it in a tract for distribution. Nothing could be more pure than their motives; but the truth is, the tract is a calumny upon the Irish Catholics of 1641. It must be needless for me to say, that this was, on the part of the Committee, quite unintentional, but, at the same time, it shows how little is known of an event comparatively so recent. The writer of the tract appears to have confided too implicitly in his authorities, Warner and Curry; for while repelling the calumny of his assailant, he does not hesitate to admit that, "*they* (the Irish Catholics) *did perpetrate murders to a horrid extent!*" The British Catholic Association have innocently been the means of giving additional circulation to this fearful admission; and yet, nothing was ever farther from the truth! Mr. O'Connell, in the Irish Catholic Association, has also touched upon the subject, but even he appears unacquainted with the facts of the case! No doubt the Irish Catholics are not free from the infirmities of human nature, but in 1641 their conduct was absolutely without reproach. No period of their history, when freed from misrepresentation, is calculated to do them so much honour. Their forbearance, under the grossest provocation, was unexampled in an age of religious violence; and their liberality and love of freedom was unquestionable. Proofs in abundance of this are to be found in the British Museum, and if I can spare time from other literary avocations during this month, I shall collect them for the next number of the Catholic Miscellany.

Does not Protestantism tend to enlighten the people? If incredulous, read the following:—

LEEDS COURT-HOUSE, NOV. 7.

"WITCHCRAFT!—Thomas Hudson, twenty-two years of age, was charged with assaulting Susannah Ormond, the wife of a brush-maker in this town, under very novel circumstances.—The complainant, a decent, sensible woman, stated that her house adjoins that of the defendant's father; and that, somehow or other, the defendant and his relations had taken it into their heads to believe that she possessed the power of witchcraft, and laid to her charge every misfortune by which the family were afflicted. On Saturday night, as she was leaving the yard, she was seized by the defendant, who jammed her against the wall, and continued to prick her upon the arms and other parts of the body with a quantity of pins. She was so much injured that she was obliged to keep to her bed the whole of the next day.

"Mr. Brown said, well, in all my experience, I only remember one similar case to this. Now, then, you stupid fellow, do you deny having assaulted this woman?

"Defendant, first looking with a fearful eye on the complainant—No, I don't deny pricking her; I'll take to the truth. But she's done all the mischief, and let her deny it if she can! She's the cause of it, and I'm the sufferer.

"Mr. Brown: The cause of what?

"The defendant went on to explain that he had actually been bewitched, as had also a relation of his, by the complainant. 'I feel it in me,' he continued, 'it burns like yon fire; its terrible at times, and sometimes our bed is so hot that neither me nor my father can lay down on it; isn't it true, father?'

"Upon this the father, a fine tall old man, stepped forward, and assured the bench that the statement of his son was true.

"Mr. Brown: Now, my good old man, I should imagine, from your years, that you have some little sense; but as to your son, Bedlam would be the fittest place for him; do let me know if you believe in all this nonsense; and that this poor woman really does bewitch your family, as you call it?

"The old man, with much earnestness, said, 'I have reason to believe she is no good. She knows what I mean; but I'll not come near her—(at the same time stepping back a pace or two). Why, bless you, we are so hot in bed sometimes, that we're like to be scorched out.' (*Much laughter.*)

"Defendant: Believe it, indeed! feeling is believing. I feel it now, but that's only because, when I pricked her, it went out of me into this woman (pointing to a woman who accompanied the complainant), but now it has come back again. I should be well to-morrow if I could prick her—(at the same time laying hold of the woman's arm, endeavouring to prick her with a pin).—He was ordered to desist, but the attempt occasioned a roar of laughter, in which the two women heartily joined.

"Defendant: Just let me draw blood of her, and I shall be well. (*Laughter.*) It flies out of me into her; and when she stares at me, it comes back again! Do let me prick her a bit!

"The Mayor said he should not be permitted to do anything of the kind. He did not imagine that there were such jackanapes in existence at this time of day.

"Mr. Brown: Suppose this woman should puncture your flesh with a 'a cobler's awl,' how would you relish that, eh?

"Defendant: Well, I should deserve it if I had done as she has. There's been many a one burnt for less. There's no keeping things right in the house for her—is there, father?

"The old man, with a deep sigh, and a very knowing shake of the head, muttered, 'No, my lad;' and then, turning to the complainant, said, in a solemn tone, 'Say thy prayers, woman; say thy prayers.'

"The defendant went on to describe the manner in which the woman infused the 'spirit of evil' into him. 'She came up to me, and stared in my face.'

"Mr. Brown: It would make any reasonable person stare to meet such a fool as you.

"The defendant continued—When she begins to stare, then it comes over me in a minute. When she took her eyes off me, and went away, it went out of me into the bed, which got so hot that we were obliged to turn out. *(Renewed applause.)*

"Mr. Brown: Psha! It's a delirious fever, a heated brain, if you have any. I think I could cure you, my man, if I dared do, by whipping it out of you.

"The defendant described the means he had taken 'to do away with the spell.' Those means, certainly, were of the most ludicrous description, and the air of *naiveté* with which they were delivered occasioned much merriment; but, as they would 'blur the grace of modesty,' we forbear repeating them.—The fellow was bound over to keep the peace towards the two females, and ordered to pay the expenses. After a suitable admonition from the bench the defendant left the court, under the protection of his father, who seemed to take especial care not to touch the garments of the woman."—*Manchester Paper.*

It is surprising how little Protestants—even liberal and enlightened Protestants—know of our feelings and principles. A little volume has just been published under the title of "The Beauties of St. Francis De Sales, Bishop and Prince of Geneva, selected and translated from the writings of John Peter Camus, Bishop of Bellay," and the Protestant editor, no doubt, calculated on Catholic support, yet he commenced his life of St. Francis thus. "Amidst the vast number of pious characters that adorned the *Romish* church, St. F. De Sales shines," &c.

I have just been reading the last number of the "Foreign Review." The assortment of articles does not furnish much entertainment, and certainly a very questionable kind of instruction. The conductors of this work are labouring hard to secure a Tory interest; but it is quite evident that they are inexperienced in the work of scandal—they should take a lesson from the laureate; he lies with such seeming sincerity—and perpetrates a misrepresentation with such an appearance of candour, that he is an invaluable advocate of a bad cause. But Mr. Fraser and his associates are too fierce by half—their excess of zeal begets suspicion; and in nothing does this force itself upon the conviction more importunately than in the article on the "Jesuits." It consists of refuted calumnies and impudent assertions; the writer appeals only to their interested enemies; and adduces, as a proof of their immorality, the allegations falsely supposed to be borrowed from their works,—sentences wrenched from their context. The strict morality of the Jesuits, however, does not admit of doubt. The Rev. Blanco White, is even ready to acquit them of this charge. "The Jesuits," he says, "till the abolition of that order, had an almost unrivalled influence over the better classes of Spaniards. They had nearly monopolized the instruction of the Spanish youth, at which they toiled without pecuniary reward; and were equally zealous in promoting devotional feelings both among their pupils and the people at large. . . .

"Wherever, as in France and Italy, literature was in high estimation, the Jesuits spared no trouble to raise among themselves men of eminence in that department. In Spain, their chief aim was to provide their houses with popular preachers, and zealous, yet prudent and gentle confessors. . . .

"'The influence of the Jesuits on Spanish morals, from every thing I have learned, was undoubtedly favourable. Their kindness attracted the youth from the schools to their company; and, though this intimacy was often employed in making proselytes to the order, it also contributed to the preservation of virtue in that slippery age, both by the ties of affection, and the gentle check of example. Their churches were crowded every Sunday with regular attendants who came to confess and receive the sacrament. . . .

"Their conduct was correct, and their manners refined. They kept up a dignified intercourse with the middling and higher classes, and were always ready to help and instruct the poor, without descending to their level."

Since the publication of "Waverley," the press has teemed with historical novels; and, though Sir Walter Scott is but an indifferent antiquary, the claims of his imitators are founded on a very superficial knowledge of books. There is a Mrs. Bray—late Mrs. Stothard—for instance, who inflicts a romance every year upon the circulating libraries; yet, whose acquaintance with history does not extend beyond Goldsmith and Mrs. Trimmer. Froissart supplied her with materials for "The White Hoods," and Fox, the veracious Martyrologist, is her authority for the historical facts contained in her "Protestant, a Tale of the Reign of Queen Mary," just published. Her hero is a married priest, a loving kind good man, very fond of his wife and very disloyal to his queen. He hated popery, however, and all the Catholics who figure in this *story* are monsters, and all the reformers angels!!! Happily the dulness of the work counteracts the mischievousness of its tendency.

There is another lady-novelist, who has written "The Rector of Overton," and her object is also to exalt Protestantism at the expense of the "Old Religion." She describes the Jesuits in Lancashire as *now* employing their time in kidnapping young ladies, and immuring them in the dungeons of an old Abbey!! The sight of a Bible fills them with horror; and they prefer the death of their victims to a discovery of their nefarious practices!!! No wonder the Jesuits are unpopular in England, when such nonsense can find publishers.

A set of politicians have just discovered that emancipation would be of no benefit to Ireland, and that the poor laws are all that is wanted to make an El Dorado of Paddy's land! But have the poor laws been of such mighty benefit to England? The inhabitants of St. Giles in the Fields are now engaged in litigation with their select vestry. They charge the "chosen few" with having abstracted on one occasion about 3,000*l.* from the fund raised to support the poor, to pay for work done, in beautifying the church, by individuals belonging to the select vestry! What pickings the "Ascendancy" in Ireland would have out of a poors' rate! Oh! but the *defects* of the system would be avoided in Ireland. Indeed! how pray?

ANTIQUITIES, FINE ARTS, &c.

Confining Jurors from meat and drink.—The Gothic nations were famous of old, for the quantities of food and drink which they consumed. The ancient Germans, and their Saxon descendants in England, were remarkable for their hearty meals. Gluttony and drunkenness were so very common, that those vices were not thought disgraceful: and Tacitus represents the former as capable of being as easily overcome by strong drink as by arms. Intemperance was so general and habitual, that no one was thought to be fit for serious business after dinner; and under this persuasion it was enacted in the laws, that judges should hear and determine causes fasting, and not after dinner.

An Italian author, in his Antiquities, plainly affirms, that this regulation was framed for the purpose of avoiding the unsound decrees consequent upon intoxication, and Dr. Gilbert Stuart, very patiently and ingeniously affirms, in his Historical Dissertation concerning the Antiquity of the British Constitution, p. 238, that from this propensity of the older Britons to indulge excessively in eating and drinking, has proceeded the restriction upon jurors and jurymen, to refrain from meat and drink, and to be even held in custody, until they had agreed upon their verdict.

Surgeons and Butchers.—The reason commonly assigned for the privilege of surgeons, in being exempt from serving on juries is, that they are too constantly in the habit of suppressing the human feelings. But this is not the real cause of the privilege, as appears from the following extract from Andrews' History of England.

"In the same year, (i. e. 1513) the corporation of surgeons, consisting of twelve, a number then thought equal to the care of the metropolis, petitioned parliament to be exempted from bearing arms, or serving on juries and parish offices; and their petition was successful.

This, however, is not the case with the Knights of the Cleaver, commonly yclep'd butchers. In M'Queen's Historical Records we find the following notice on the subject. During this session, (1661) Mr. Hyde brought in a bill to prohibit butchers from serving on juries in cases of life and death, which unanimously passed both houses of parliament, and received the royal assent. It is very strange, continues the historian, that so judicious and humane an enactment had not been passed before; not that they (butchers) should be considered as devoid of the common feelings of humanity, but more liable to its infirmities, from their avocations necessarily compelling them to the performance of a duty, incompatible with those feelings which they hitherto have been called upon to exercise in the capacity of jurymen.

Pawnbrokers.—The first pawnbroker was a Roman Emperor. The Emperor Augustus, we are told, converted into a fund the surplus of the money which arose to the State from the confiscated property of criminals, and lent sums from it, without interest, to those who could pledge effects equal to double the amount. Tiberius also advanced a large capital, from which those were supplied with money for three years, who could give security on lands equivalent to twice the value. Alexander Severus reduced the interest of money by lending money at a low rate, and advancing sums to the poor without interest to purchase lands, and agreeing to receive payment from the produce of them. These examples were followed by the Christians. Successive Popes interested themselves in creating capitals from the contributions of the wealthy and the pious that might be lent to the poor, without interest, for a certain time, provided they could deposit proper pledges of sufficient value. The utility of these lending houses soon became circumscribed; and ultimately it was found impossible to carry them on without taking interest, which was disguised under the name *pro indemnitate.* Persons of acuteness, however, were not long in discovering the concealed interest, and a violent contest, in which the greatest divines and jurists of the age took part, arose, respecting the legality of lending houses. To silence the clamour, the Pope declared the holy mountain of piety, *sacri monti de pietà,* to be legal. All the Italian cities now hastened to establish lending-houses, and their example was at length followed in other countries.

The Minorites were their great advocates, and seem to have established them in consequence of the evils which the Jews had inflicted on the poor, by lending on pledges. The Dominicans uniformly opposed the establishment of lending-houses. Strange to say, the early reformers seconded their efforts; but they did it on the same principle which induced them afterwards to oppose the corrections in the calendar,—because they were approved of by the Pope!

RURAL AND DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Mouth Waters.—Physicians have sometimes entered into long disquisitions to prove the necessity of food for animals, but we shall take that for granted. When food is taken into the mouth of the larger animals, it is torn to pieces by the teeth, and largely mixed with saliva; I am now speaking of the human subject, and, during mastication, the saliva is poured out in considerable quantity, as may be easily seen from what happens when a hungry man smells his dinner; the salivary glands pour out a fluid in such quantities, that his mouth is said to water, and this saliva is blended with food taken into the stomach, and then the food is converted into a pultaceous mass called *chyme.*

Temperature of Animals.—All the higher order of animals preserve a very uniform temperature under great external changes; and it is found that whatever may be the temperature of the air, that of the body will be about 98° or 100°, or thereabouts. You may ask what is the source of animal heat? and that is a question not so easily answered. It was supposed that the capacity of carbonic acid for heat was less than the capacity of oxygen; and therefore that, when the blood was deprived of carbonic acid by respiration, its capacity for heat was increased; this was the theory of Dr. Crawford, but of late it has received a death-blow, more especially from the experiments of Mr. Brodie. He decapitated an animal, and he found that he could keep up respiration by artificial means; that the heart would go on beating; that the change of the blood from venous to arterial was perfect, and that there was a due abstraction of carbonic acid as before, but the temperature of the animal gradually cooled down to the temperature of the atmosphere, and then the heart ceased to act. So that you see the preservation of animal heat appears to depend on the influence of the nervous system on respiration; but if you should ask me why? I cannot tell, I might assume a style of importance, and say that it was owing to electrical or magnetical influence, since we now refer to that to explain every thing. Such is the uncertain state of physiological discoveries, connected with this subject, that we know nothing of the absolute cause of the preservation of the temperature of animals, and it will, probably, continue to remain among those arcana of nature, which, perhaps for the wisest purposes, are hidden from the ingenuity of man.—*Brande's Lectures.*

MONTHLY INTELLIGENCE.

Bruges, Oct. 27.—The magistrates of the city of Bruges having petitioned his majesty to fix the episcopal see in this city, according to the concordat concluded with the court of Rome, and declaring that they would consent to any measures that his majesty should please to order, his excellency the minister of foreign affairs has signified to the magistrates, by the king's order, that the city of Bruges is fixed upon as the episcopal see;—and, at the same time, the rector of St. Salvator's church was informed by his majesty's order,—that that church is to be the cathedral of the Bishopric of Bruges. It was reported, yesterday, that a bishop was appointed, but this probably arose from the above communication.

Liberality of the Methodists.—The Rev. J. A. Carr, of Alton Abbey, Staffordshire, having lately received several pressing invitations, from a numerous congregation of Methodists of Furnace, in that neighbourhood, to address them on the subject of religion in their own meeting-house, last Sunday evening accepted the invitation, and repaired thither in the company of several Catholic gentlemen. Mr. Draycott, their preacher, was in the pulpit when they entered, and several other neighbouring preachers were near him. After Mr. Draycott had delivered a very sensible, religious, and, in respect of the Catholics, most liberal speech, the proprietor of the meeting-house signified to Mr. Carr the general desire to hear him. Mr. Carr then complimented them, and in particular their worthy preacher, Mr. Draycott, for their liberality and good-will to him and his fellow Catholics, and warmly insisted upon the necessity of charity to every human being of whatever sect and denomination, utterly disclaiming all rancour on the part of the Catholics, towards them or any sect whatsoever. He spoke for an hour and a half, and was listened to with the utmost attention, upon the importance of, and dispositions for, religious enquiry, as connected with their eternal interests, and on the means of finding out the true religion, pledging himself, in the end, to show them, in the spirit of charity, the fallacy of the rules by which they and the Dissenters from the religion of their forefathers had been guided in their religious

choice; to point out to them the true Catholic rule of faith, and to answer any objections that might be coolly and deliberately advanced by Mr. Draycott, or any of their other teachers. To this proposal there was not one dissentient voice, and an impression most favourable to Catholics and their religion was effected among all, both young and old. It was particularly noticed that Mr. Draycott made his way, as fast as possible, to Mr. Carr, at the end of the speech of the latter, and shook hands with him most cordially, whilst several voices cried out, "God bless him! he is right."

Kent Liberal Petition.—The following petition is now receiving signatures through Kent: "We, the undersigned freeholders of the county of Kent, convened by the high sheriff, 'for the purpose of petitioning parliament to adopt such measures as may be best calculated to support the Protestant establishment of the united kingdom in church and state,' impressed with the conviction that these objects may be best attained by relieving all classes and denominations of our fellow-subjects from those civil disabilities which deprive them of the benefits of the constitution, and that the just discontent of a very large portion of the community, who are excluded from those benefits by the existing laws, solely on account of their religious opinions, is a source of great and increasing danger to that establishment, which danger can only be removed by such effectual and speedy relief to his majesty's Roman Catholic subjects as the deliberate wisdom of parliament may afford, approach your honourable house in perfect confidence, that in the present difficult and dangerous crisis of the empire, you will proceed immediately to adopt such measures as may unite, in cordial attachment to the constitution, all descriptions of his majesty's subjects."

British Catholic Association.—A general meeting of the British Catholic Association took place on Monday Nov. 10th at the Freemasons' Tavern; and we have the pleasure to state, that the circumstances by which it was characterized constitute a ground of exultation to Catholics at large, such as we confess we did not expect to have had the opportunity of witnessing. It was announced that at twelve o'clock the chair would be taken. Long before that hour the room, which was usually engaged for meetings of the Association, was thronged to excess. The forms and chairs were all occupied; and when the Duke of Norfolk entered, followed by other members of the committee, it was with difficulty that he could make his way to the chair. His Grace was received with the greatest enthusiasm; and the last plaudits had scarcely died away when they were renewed with increased energy, to the exclamation of "One cheer more!" We think we do not subject ourselves to the slightest charge of exaggeration when we say that the vast majority of this meeting consisted of Catholics *who never before took a part in Catholic politics.* For number and respectability, we have no hesitation in affirming that it was, beyond all comparison, one of the most important assemblages which we have witnessed in the history of Catholic affairs.—*Catholic Journal.*

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Rev. Mr. Husenbeth contemplates the publication by subscription, of a small portable edition of *The Roman Breviary.*

"The Harp of Innisfail" is, we understand, on the eve of publication.

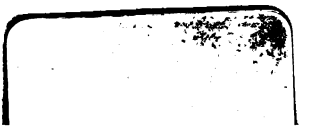
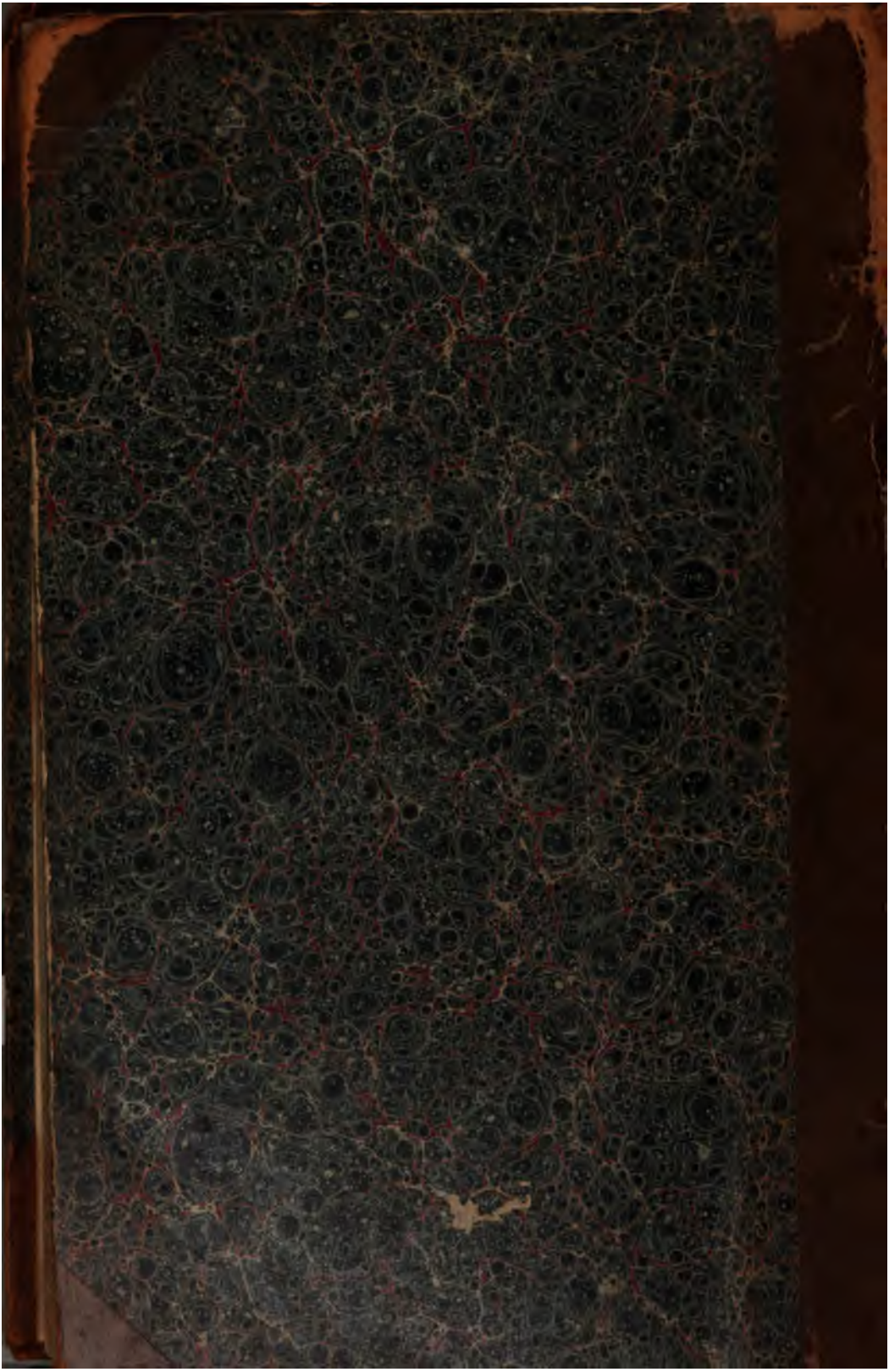
Dr. Forster, of Boreham, has in the press, almost ready for publication, a work "On the effect of change of Air in the Pestilential and Intermittent Fevers," so common in this county.

MARRIED.

On the 11th of November, by the Rev. B. J. Addis Portico, Wm. Poynter, son of Mr. John Poynter, late of Portsmouth, and nephew to the late Dr. Poynter, to Miss Massey, only daughter of Mr. Edward Massey, watch-manufacturer, Schole's House, Prescot, Lancashire.

OBITUARY.

On the 1st of November at the age of 87, Mrs. Smowton, mother of Mr. Smowton, Secretary to the Catholic Charitable Society, Norwich.

At Bourdeaux, the Rev. Dr. Nicholas Slevin, Librarian and Prefect of the Dunboyne Establishment at Maynooth College. He died of a decline, caused by a heavy cold which he caught during his protracted examinations before the Commissioners of Education Inquiry.

In May last, at Kirkham, near Sydney, New South Wales, John Oxley, Esq., Surveyor General of Crown Lands, and a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy. He was a native of Yorkshire, and brother to the Rev. H. L. Oxley, Roman Catholic Clergyman of Leeds.